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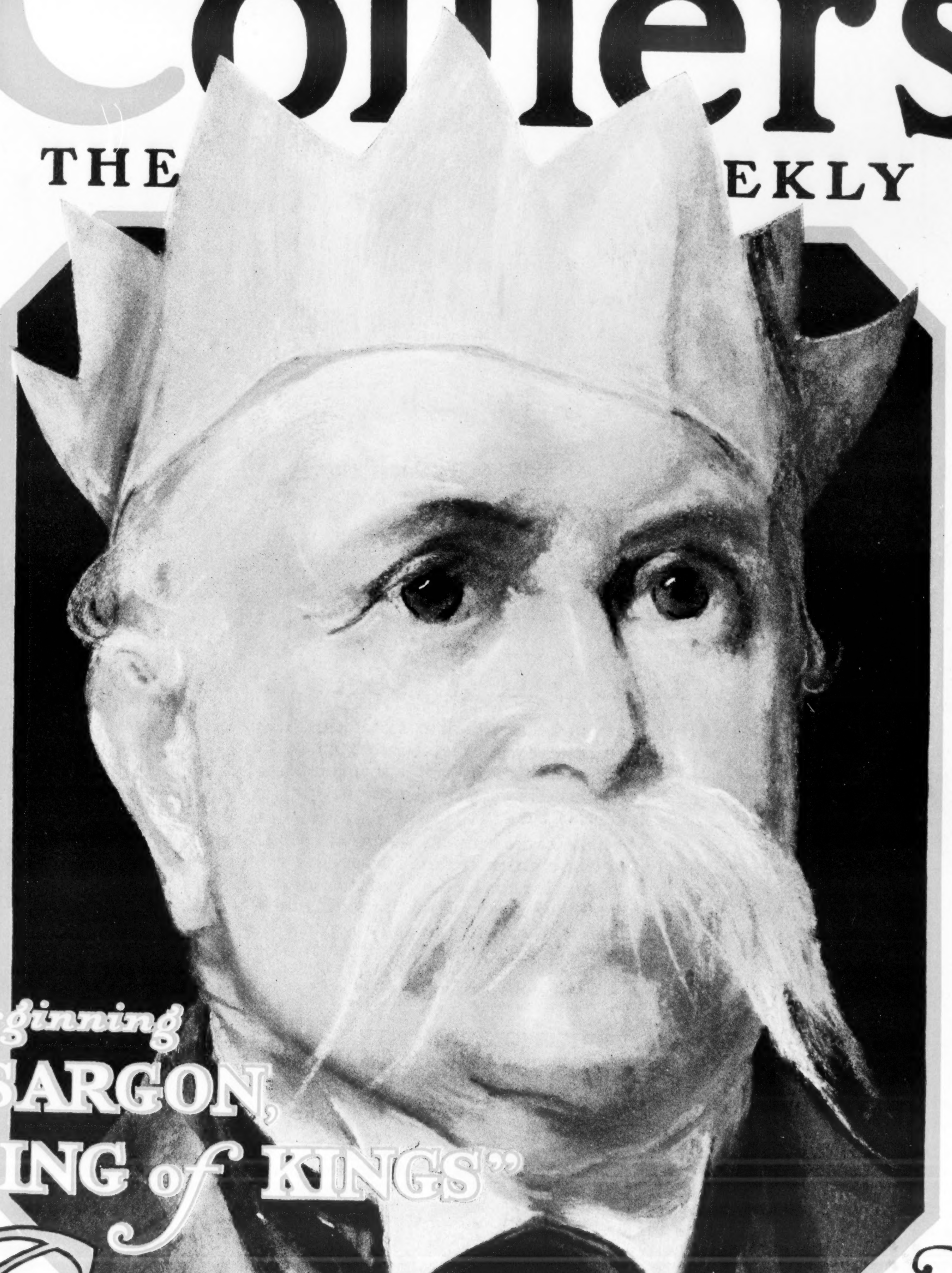

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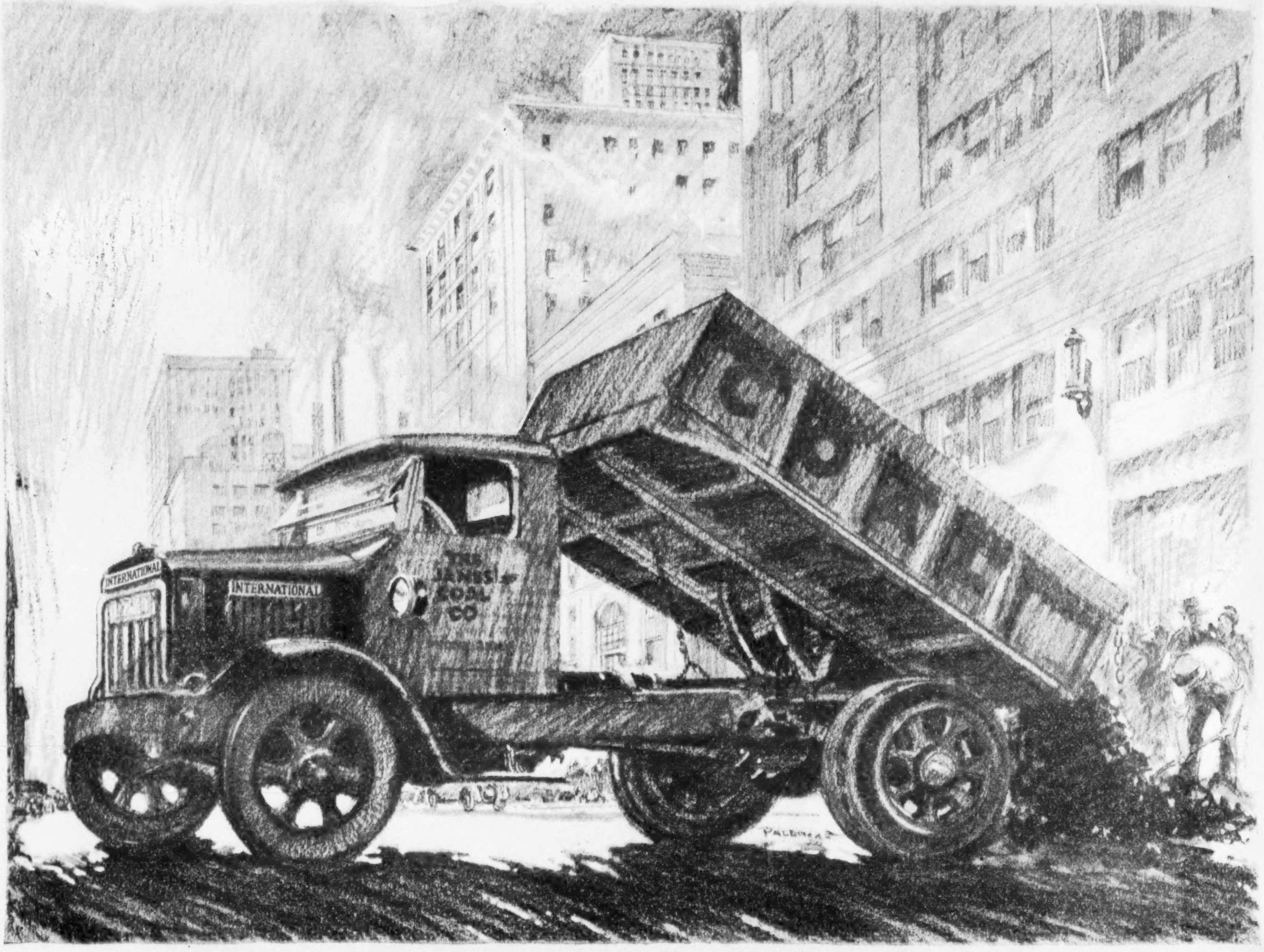

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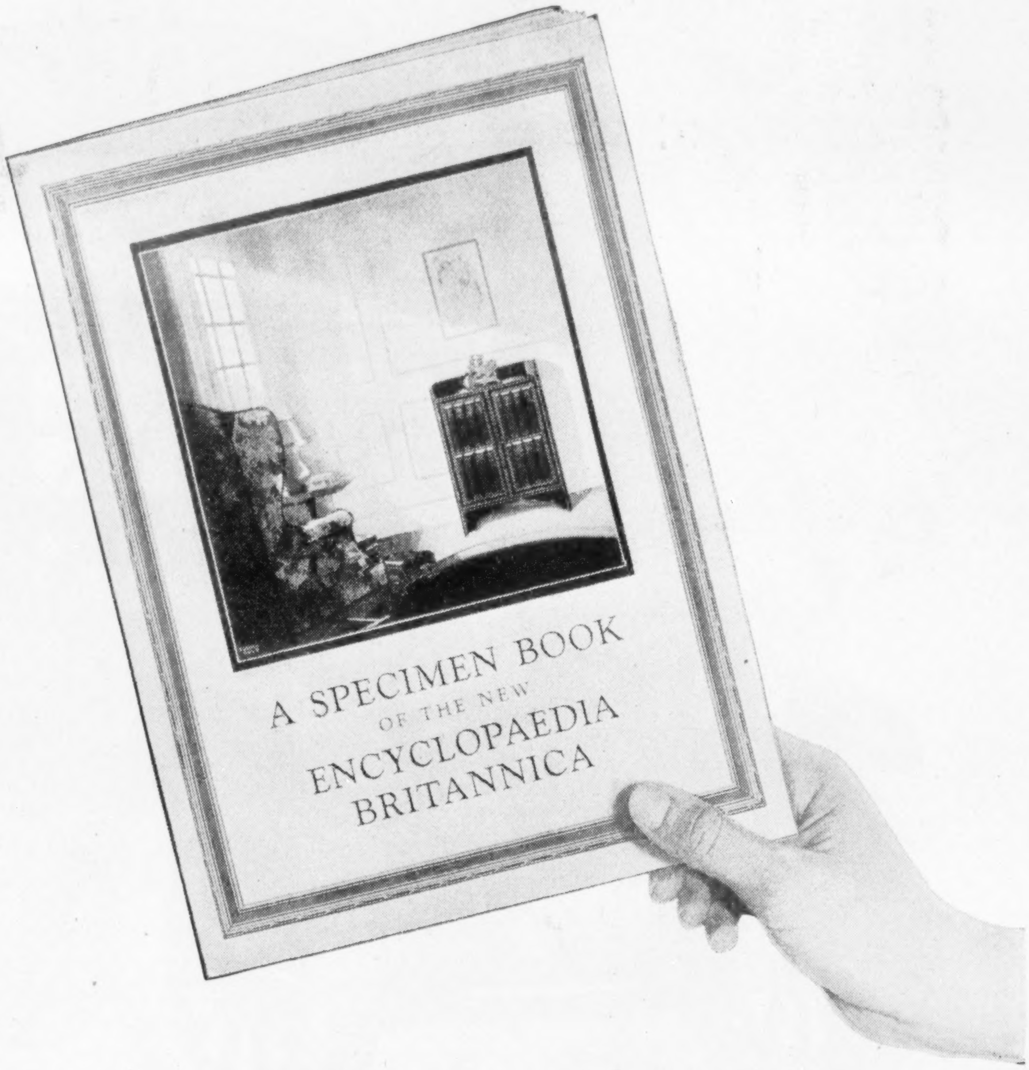

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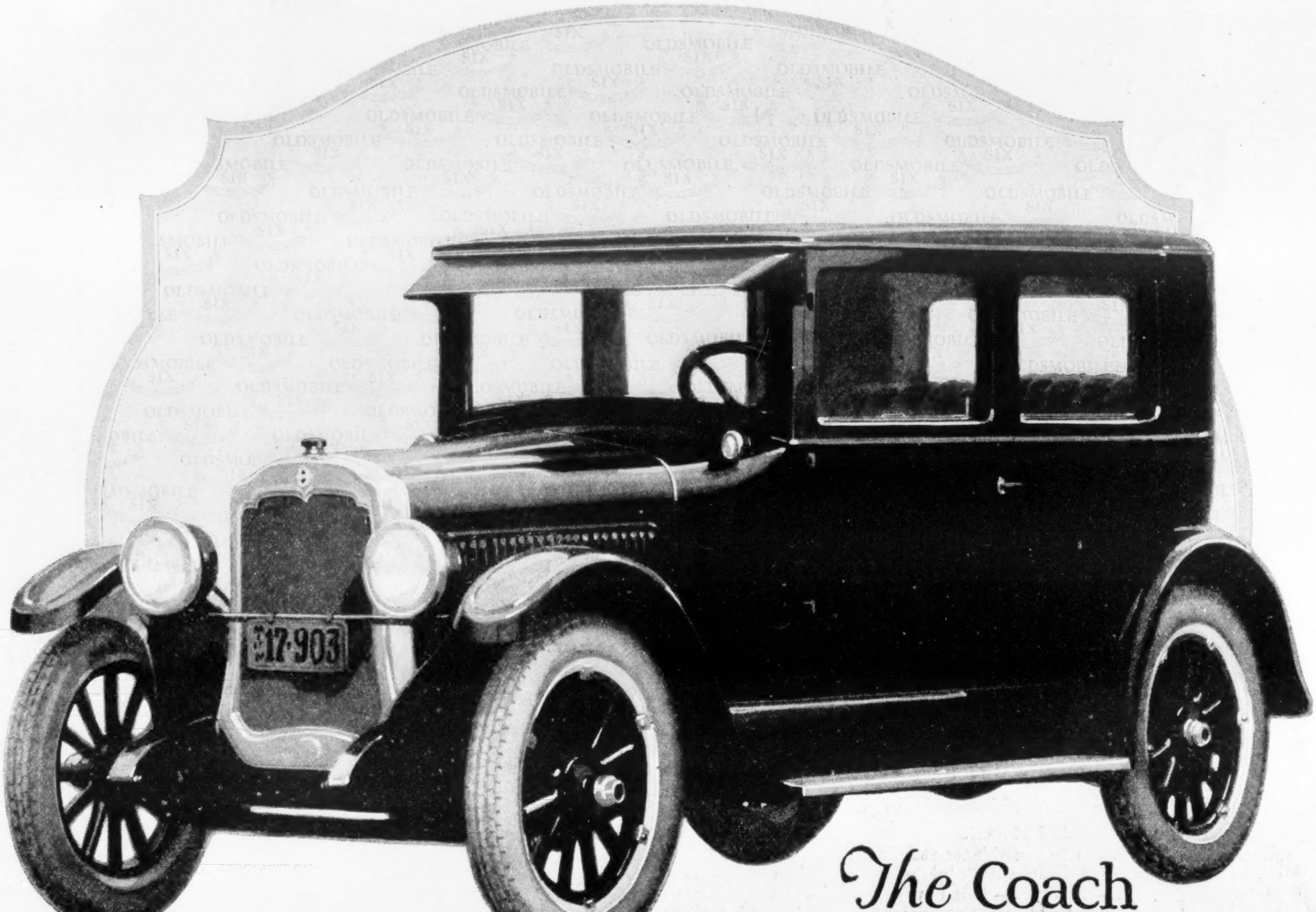

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SARGON, *King of Kings*

A New Novel

By H. G. WELLS

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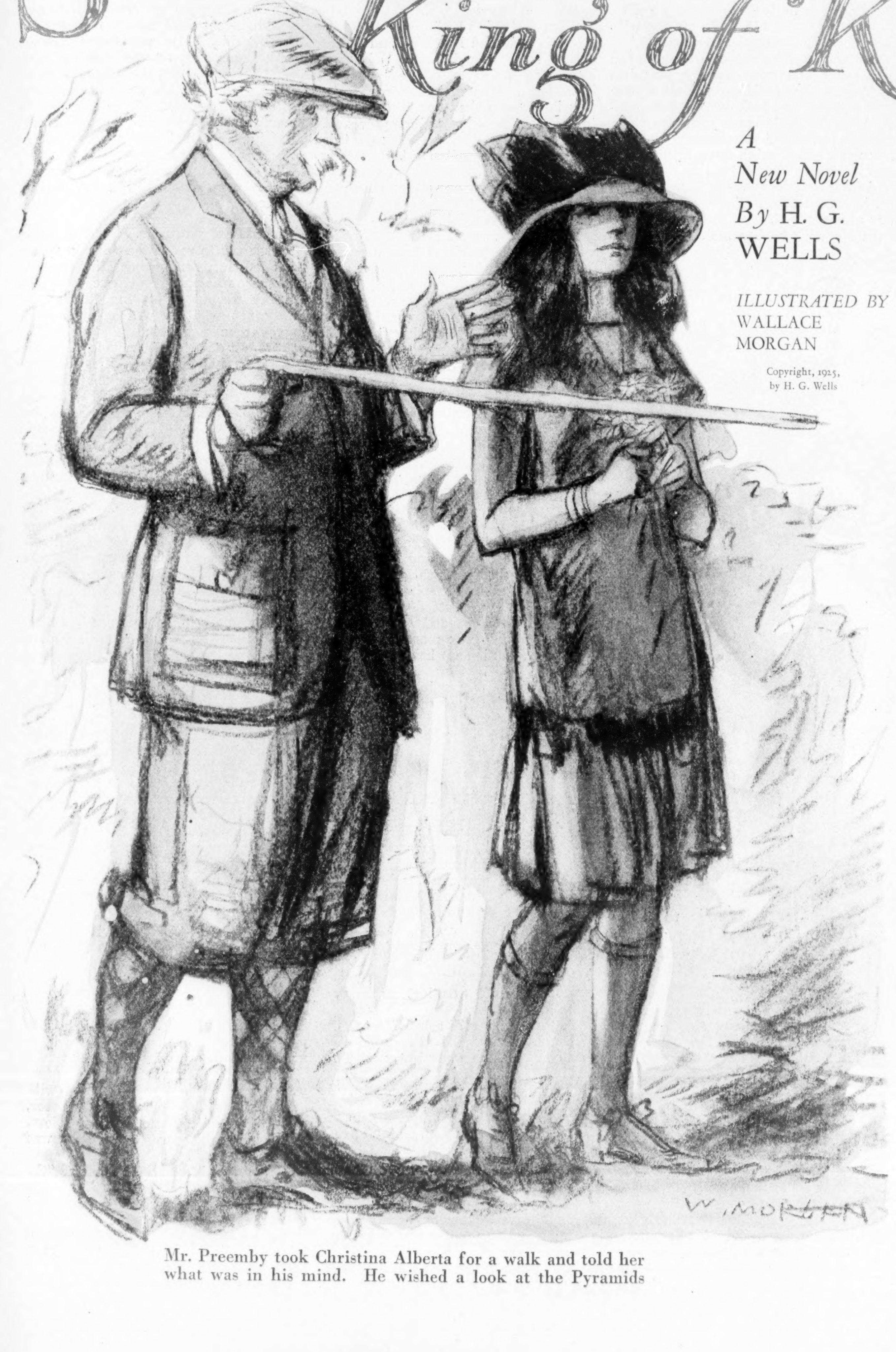


Mr. Preemby took Christina Alberta for a walk and told her what was in his mind. He wished a look at the Pyramids

Chapter I

IN DUE course the reader will learn why this book is called, and very properly called, "Sargon, King of Kings." But it will restrain impatience and prevent disappointment if it is stated plainly and at once that it is the story of a certain Mr. Preemby, a retired laundryman and widower, who abandoned his active interest in the Limpid Stream Laundry in the parish of Saint Simon Unawares near Woodford Wells upon the death of his wife so recently as the year of grace 1920. Some very remarkable experiences came to him. The story is essentially a contemporary story; any expectation of a kind of Sumerian Salammbo that the archaic name of Sargon the great conqueror may have aroused should be at once dismissed. Mesopotamia is not our scene nor the remote Bronze Age our period; this is a story of London in the age of broadcasting, and the first Labor peers.

And since washing in London, like the milk trade and baking and the linen-drapery and various other branches of commerce, is something rather specialized and hereditary and a little difficult toward outsiders, it is necessary to explain that Mr. Preemby was not a laundryman born. He had little of the spirit and go of a London laundryman. He married into laundrying. He met a Miss Hossett at Sheringham in 1899, an heiress and a young lady of great decision of character; he wooed and won her and married her as you will be told, almost without realizing what he was doing. The Hossetts are big people in the laundry world, and the Limpid Stream concern which presently fell into the capable hands of Mrs. Preemby was only one of a series of related and sympathetic businesses in the north, northeast and southwest districts of London.

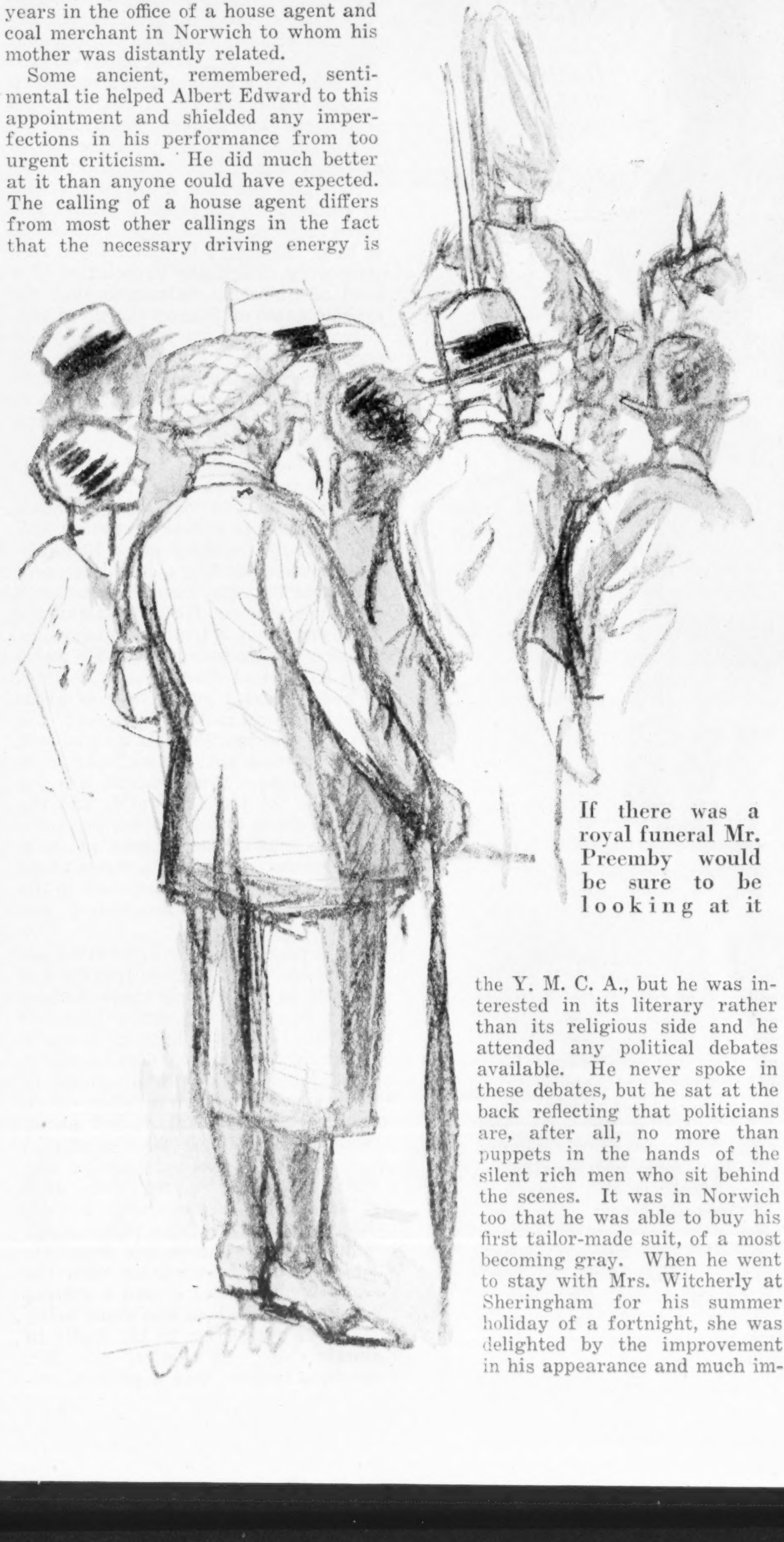
Mr. Preemby, as Miss Hossett's family came to recognize quite frankly and explicitly at a very early stage, derived from a less practical strain than his wife. His father had been an artist of considerable charm and unpunctuality, a photographic artist, who resided at Sheringham and made what were called, in the eighteen-eighties, "gem" photographs of the summer visitors of that place. In the eighteen-eighties he was a well-known Sheringham figure, dark and handsome and sometimes a little unkempt, wearing a brown velvet jacket and a large gray soft felt hat. He would fall into conversation with the visitors upon the beach, and a certain air of distinction about him would bring a sufficient proportion to his studio to maintain him. His wife, our Mr. Preemby's mother, was a patient, underdeveloped personality, the daughter of a farmer near Diss. When presently Mr. Preemby senior passed out of his son's life—he became romantically entangled with a small variety entertainment in the summer of 1887 and passed away with it in the autumn with as little fuss as possible, never to return to Sheringham—Mrs. Preemby senior became the working partner in a small lodging house and died in a year or so's time, leaving her furniture, her interest in the lodging house and her only son to her cousin and partner, Mrs. Witcherly.

YOUNG Albert Edward Preemby was then a good-looking slender youth of sixteen, with his father's curliness and his mother's fair hair and eyes of horizon blue, dreamy and indisposed for regular employment. Even as a child he had been given to reverie; at school he would sit with sums or book neglected before him, looking beyond them at unknown things; his early experiences in business were disappointing by reason of this abstraction. After a number of unsuccessful attempts to exploit his gifts at some favorable point in the complex machinery of our civilization, he came to rest for several years in the office of a house agent and coal merchant in Norwich to whom his mother was distantly related.

Some ancient, remembered, sentimental tie helped Albert Edward to this appointment and shielded any imperfections in his performance from too urgent criticism. He did much better at it than anyone could have expected. The calling of a house agent differs from most other callings in the fact that the necessary driving energy is supplied entirely by the clientele, and there was something about the letting of the larger houses that touched the dormant imagination of young Preemby. He revealed a natural gift for attractive description, and was duly intrusted with the work of collecting particulars from prospective lessors. He had a quite useful hopefulness. And even the coal proved unexpectedly interesting so soon as he found that none of it had to be carried about by him. He could never believe that all the golden scales one finds in it were pyrites. He cherished a secret dream of a great commercial enterprise to work cinder heaps for residual gold. He told no one of this project, he took no steps to realize it, but it warmed his daily routines with its promise of release and wealth. And when things were slack in the office in the early afternoon and he was left in charge, he would go and sit on the coal counter and pick out the coal samples for the little trays and turn them over and over and view them from various angles and weigh them in his hand and lapse into the most splendid visions.

And if inquirers after houses came in, he would receive them with a manner almost regal.

In Norwich he became a member of the Y. M. C. A., but he was interested in its literary rather than its religious side and he attended any political debates available. He never spoke in these debates, but he sat at the back reflecting that politicians are, after all, no more than puppets in the hands of the silent rich men who sit behind the scenes. It was in Norwich too that he was able to buy his first tailor-made suit, of a most becoming gray. When he went to stay with Mrs. Witcherly at Sheringham for his summer holiday of a fortnight, she was delighted by the improvement in his appearance and much impressed by the active hopefulness that had replaced his former lethargy. Upon the sea front in the afternoon in his gray suit, to anyone who did not know about him, he might have been almost any sort of prosperous summer visitor.



If there was a royal funeral Mr. Preemby would be sure to be looking at it

It seems a yesterday and yet it seems ages ago that our plump and short Mr. Preemby was that small blond young man twirling his stick and glancing furtively but desirously at the lady bathers in their vast petticoated bathing dresses and oilskin caps, as he strolled along the Sheringham front. That was in the days when motor cars were still rather a joke, a smell and a noise and wayside repairs, and flying was understood to be impossible. Queen Victoria had had her Diamond Jubilee and nobody thought Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, would ever survive to be king. The war in South Africa was being arranged for that summer, to last six months and employ forty thousand men. And it was on the third day of his gray-suit holiday at Sheringham that Mr. Preemby was run into by his future wife, Miss Hossett, riding on a bicycle, and thrown against and almost run over by her friend Miss Meeta Pinkey.

Because, incredible as it may seem to the modern reader, people did succeed in those distant nineties, before the coming of the more suitable automobile, in knocking down and running over other people with the sluggish apparatus, bicycles, horse-drawn vehicles, and so forth, then available.

Miss Meeta Pinkey was an emotional blond girl, and she fell off her machine gracefully and naturally into Mr. Preemby's arms as he was hurled against her. It would seem to have been the original intention of Destiny to make this the beginning of a permanent relationship, but in that matter Destiny had reckoned without Miss Hossett. Miss Meeta Pinkey was as ripe for love just then as dry gunpowder is for a bang, and she was already deeply in love with Mr. Preemby before she had been replaced securely on her feet. She stood flushed and round-eyed and breathless, and Mr. Preemby looked quite manly and handsome after picking up her bicycle with an air of rescue.

Miss Hossett, after butting against Mr. Preemby, had swerved, dismounted, and stood now prepared for a dispute. The collision had further loosened the already loose handle bar of the entirely untrustworthy hired machine she had been riding. It was this looseness that had caused the accident. Her attention seemed divided equally between this and the possible grievance of Mr. Preemby. "I rang my bell," she said.

She was flushed and erect. She was a round-faced girl with a long, thin neck, a good bright complexion, glasses on her thin nose and a resolute, thin-lipped mouth.

"I did all I could to avoid you," she said.

"Awkward of me," said Mr. Preemby disarmingly. "I was lost in a daydream."

"You aren't hurt?" asked Meeta.

"Startled," said Mr. Preemby, "especially where the wheel got me. This place is full of corners."

"I'd 've been over," said Meeta, "if you hadn't caught me."

Miss Hossett was reassured about any possible conflict with Mr. Preemby. Evidently he was going to be quite nice about the accident. "This handle bar was as loose as could be," she said. "Look at it! You can twist it about like on a swivel. They ought to be punished for letting out such machines. Some of these days one of 'em 'll get let in for damages. Then they'll be a bit more careful. Scandalous, I call it."

"You can't ride it at all now," said Mr. Preemby.

"No," she agreed. "Have to take it back to them."

It seemed only right and proper for Mr. Preemby to wheel the machine for her back through the town to the hiring place, where Miss Hossett reproved the hirer, refused to pay anything, and secured the return of her deposit in a few well-chosen words. Miss Pinkey paid the hire of her bicycle for a first hour. It seemed natural after that for the little party of three to keep together. They kept together with a faint sense of adventure, and Mr. Preemby behaved as nothing less than a normal lodger at Mrs. Witcherly's establishment and summer visitor to the seaside. His new-found friends were Londoners, and he referred himself to Norwich and the management of house property. He was quite amusing about Sheringham. He said it was "a dear little backward-forward place" that it was a real treat to come to for a breath of sea air.

"I don't like regular smart places," said Mr. Preemby. "I'm too absent-minded."

IN AFTER years Mr. Preemby would often try to recall the various stages that led to his marrying Miss Hossett, but there was always a vague sense that he missed out something, though he knew not what it was nor where it ought to have come in.

At first things did not look in the least like his marrying Miss Hossett. Indeed, they did not look like his marrying anyone, and if the word marriage had been whispered in his ears as the possible consequence of this encounter he would have been terrified. He perceived that he was acceptable company to these girls, but it seemed to him that it was Meeta who formed the link between them and himself. A fourth person presently joined their company who answered to the name of Wilfred, and it seemed to Mr. Preemby that the air of mutual proprietorship between Wilfred and Miss Hossett was unchallengeable.

The young people wandered in a little party along the sea front until the sea front came to an end, and there they found a sheltered and comparatively secluded niche in the brow of the low cliffs and gave themselves up to the delights of spooning; and it was Meeta who spooned with Mr. Preemby that afternoon and Wilfred who spooned with Miss Hossett. Across the gulf of a quarter of a century the memory of Mr. Preemby was still certain that this was so.

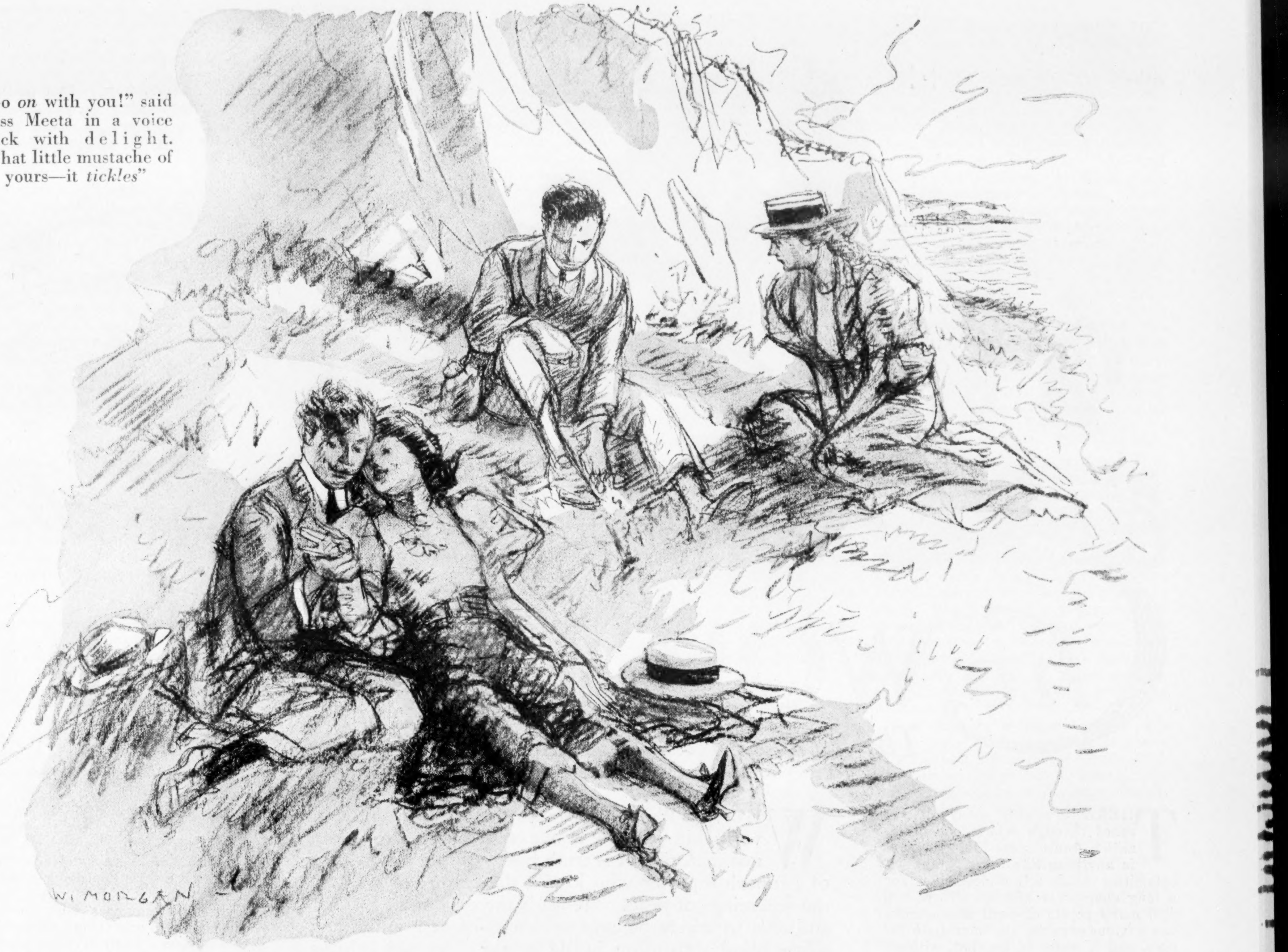
The fashions of life change from age to age. Knowledge has spread and refinement increased; and a generation of young people, more restrained, more sophisticated, or more decisive than their predecessors has taken possession of the world. This spooning was an artless, clumsy dalliance in great favor in those vanished days, a dalliance that was kept within the bounds of strict decorum—if ever that became necessary—by cries of "Starp it," or "Starpit, I tell you," on the part of the lady. They embraced, they kissed, and put their silly young heads together and so whiled away the long waiting time before love had its way with them. The summer resorts of England were littered with young people indulging in these poor, silly, undignified anticipations of love. Mr. Preemby, it became manifest, was a natural-born spooner.

"It's lovely," said Miss Meeta, "the way you squeeze me."

Mr. Preemby squeezed some more and ventured to kiss a hot ear.

"Go *on* with you!" said Miss Meeta, in a voice thick with delight. "That little mustache of yours—it *tickles*."

Flushed with encouragement and pre-



"Go *on* with you!" said Miss Meeta in a voice thick with delight. "That little mustache of yours—it *tickles*"

occupied with ideas for further enterprises, Mr. Preemby did not remark that the affairs of Miss Hossett and her Wilfred followed a more troubled and less satisfactory course. Wilfred was not a type that appealed to Mr. Preemby. In spite of the fact that he was much less neat in his dress than Mr. Preemby—he had gray flannel trousers, an old fancy vest, a tweed Norfolk jacket, and low brown shoes with light colored socks—he impressed Mr. Preemby as being consciously a social superior. He was young—the youngest of the party—and yet dominant. He had large red hands and big feet, much untidy hair, ill-regulated features that might later be handsome, and a hoarse guffaw. He viewed Mr. Preemby as though he knew all about him and thought the worse of him for it, but did not intend to make any positive trouble for the present about his existence. He was, Meeta whispered, a medical student at Cambridge, and his father was a Harley Street physician who had been knighted. He did not spoon with any abandonment; he seemed weary of spooning, he had perhaps been spooning for some days, and his conversation with Miss Hossett went on in subdued contentious tones. He sat a little apart from her amid the sand and coarse bluish grass, and her face was flushed. What they said was inaudible to our intertwined couple.

"Chris and Wilfred don't get on together as we do," Meeta said in a low voice. "They're sillies.

"He's like all the men," said Meeta, " 'cept one, perhaps. Want everything, they do, and give nothing.

"He won't even say they're engaged," she said. "Dodged seeing her father."

There was a pause for reflection and then a renewal of endearments.

"I'm gorne on you," said Meeta. "I *am* fair gorne on you. You've got the bluest eyes I've ever seen. China blue they are."

SO DETACHEDLY it was that Mr. Preemby and his future wife passed their first afternoon together. He remembered it, as he remembered most actual things, indistinctly, in a setting of hot sand and sunshine, blue-gray grass and a line of poppies nodding against an intense blue sky. And then across these opening memories Chris Hossett seemed to leap at him with flushed cheeks and glowing eyes, magnified by her glasses.

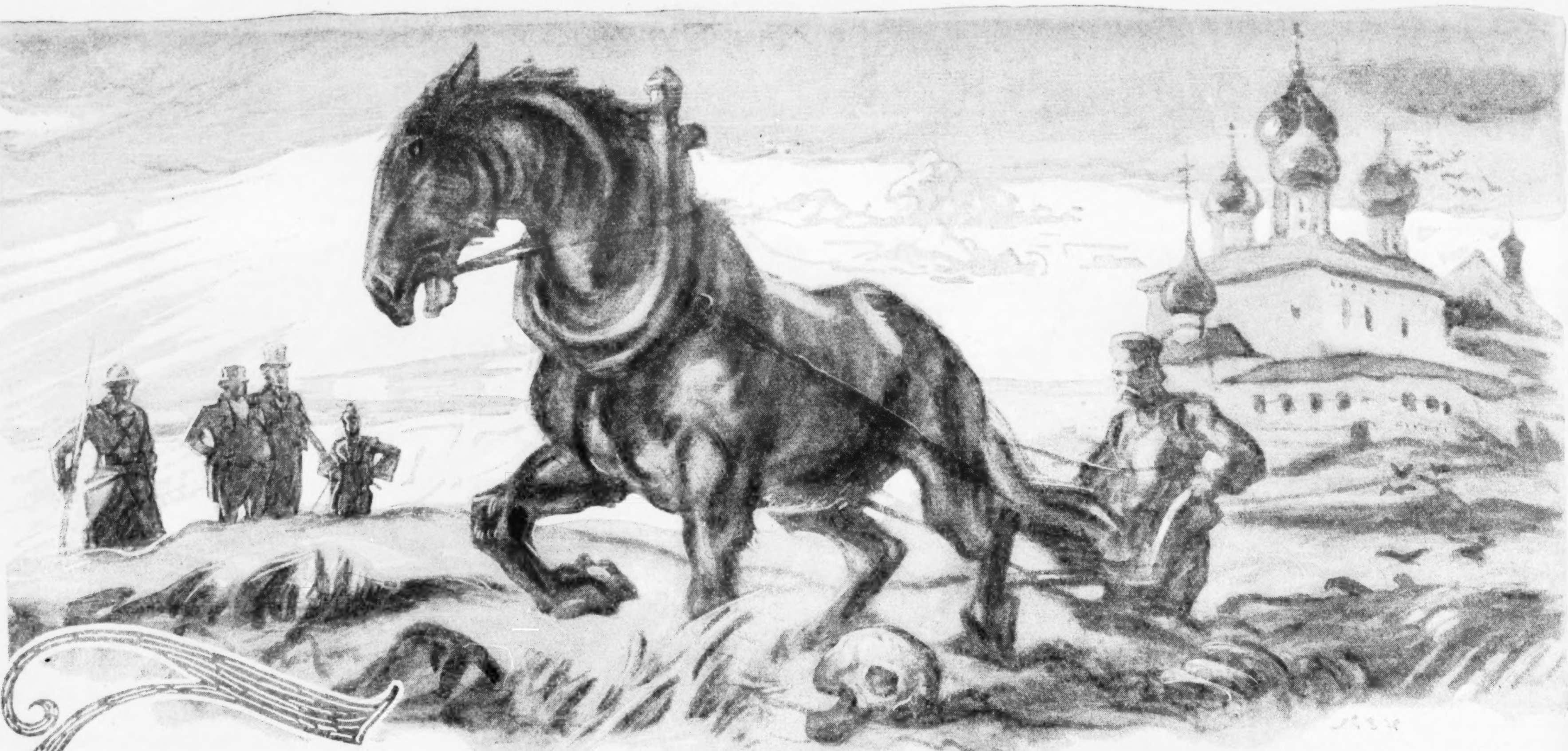
Two or three days intervened before that passionate pounce. Mr. Preemby, in his character of an incidental visitor to Sheringham, was under no obligation to produce a social background, but Miss Pinkey introduced him to two large kindly aunts of a sedentary sort, as a young man related to Miss Hossett who had saved her from a nasty fall off a bicycle, and he and she both went to tea with Chris Hossett's "people." Old Mr. Hossett was a very ailing man, excessively fat and irritable; he had never been the same, whatever the same was, after his only son had died, and Mrs. Hossett, an energetic lean threat of what her daughter might become, had to wait on Mr. Hossett hand and foot. She had spectacles instead of Chris's glasses, her eyes were careworn, and her complexion was leaden and her neck lean. There were also a married cousin and his wife, a Mr. and Mrs. Widgery, who seemed to be under the impression that Mr. Preemby was a relation of Miss Pinkey's. Mr. Widgery had a long, pock-marked face and the dullest brown eyes Mr. Preemby had ever seen. There was nothing difficult to eat at tea and Mr. Preemby got on very well listening to an explanation of the precariousness of Mr. Hossett's existence, due to heart trouble, from Mrs. Hossett and of just how unsatisfactory and distressing it was to come away and leave the laundry in the hands of a manager. Wilfred did not come to the tea. He had been asked, but he did not come.

The next day Mr. Preemby met Wilfred on the sea front watching the girls bathing from a bathing machine. Afterwards all four went for a walk in search of privacy, and it became evident that Miss Hossett declined to spoon further with Wilfred. It was evident that there was profound trouble between Chris and Wilfred. They scarcely spoke as they returned toward the town; and before the sea front was reached Wilfred said "So long," quite suddenly, and turned away and vanished up a road running inland. Thereupon Wilfred passed out of Mr. Preemby's world; Mr. Preemby never knew what became of him and never wanted to know; and the next day he became aware for the first time of Miss Hossett's magnified eyes regarding him with an interest and a challenge that made him feel almost uncomfortable.

Miss Hossett became a serious obstacle to the spooning of Meeta. The quartette was now reduced to a trio; and Mr. Preemby found himself the apex, so to speak, of a triangle, the eternal triangle in an exceptionally acute form. Whenever Meeta was on the one hand, Chris was on the other. She called him "Our Teddy;" she pressed upon him; she went so far as to stroke his hair. Meeta's endearments faded to some extent in the presence of this competition, but she made no explicit objection.

Deep in the nature of the human male is a fount of polygamous pride. Mr. Preemby in these novel circumstances was proud and disingenuous. He believed himself to be "carrying on" with two girls at once, and it seemed to him to be a very splendid situation. But indeed it was not so much a case of carrying on as of being carried off. In the American world of emotional imaginations there is an ideal called the Cave Man—much cherished by quiet, unaggressive women because its realization would involve so little trouble on their own part. The Cave Man is supposed to seize and grip and carry off and adore. In this simple love story of Mr. Preemby's Miss Hossett played the Cave Man's

(*Continued on page 38*)



The WORLD in PERIL

The Second of the SIR PHILIP GIBBS Articles

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR CESARE

WHEN Sir Philip Gibbs says Europe is "walking on very thin ground above smoldering fires" it is not rhetoric. It is truth based on the observation of a superb reporter who knows the torture of war and the schemings of peace. He reads the eyes of all nations, and tells us where he sees fierceness of new ambitions, where blind absorption in old power. An old fighting race, looking with scorn upon new occupants of its territory, says: "It will not always be like this. Something will break and we shall move. Not all the tears of women will put out the red flame of that future war of liberation." This is but one of the voices that evoke a thought-provoking picture of a dangerous mess. In his next article -"The Hope Ahead"— Sir Philip points the way out.

THERE are still many danger zones through which our civilization must pass before there is anything like security against calamities which might destroy it for a long chapter of history. There are still many points of peril which make one anxious even for the immediate future, and it seems to me that, without raising imaginary bogies or allowing pessimism to paint too dark a picture, it is necessary to look at these possible causes of trouble and to realize the very thin ground upon which we are all walking above smoldering fires.

The present dangers which must be eliminated somehow, lest we all stagger on to catastrophe, are of three kinds: racial, social, and economic. The last indeed is of such overwhelming influence upon racial rivalries and social upheavals, that many students of modern history are inclined to believe that it is the underlying meaning of all wars, revolutions, and human struggles. The pressure of population, the need of food, the desire to get raw material for industrial manufactures, national competition to capture trade markets, are, according to the modern school of thought, the main causes of international friction and explosive episodes.

Racial passion is in the very heart of Europe. The majority of the German people refuse stubbornly to accept the consequences of the defeat inflicted upon them as more than a temporary check to their strength and supremacy among civilized people. They are so conscious of their own genius in organization and industry, so confident in the future destiny of the German folk, so sure that their increasing population is bound to prevail over the weaker and dwindling stock of a nation like France, that they are only waiting for the time when, as they think, the inevitable laws of history will carry them in a tide over the present barriers that have been imposed upon them. Meanwhile they rage at the humiliations they have to suffer.

Many old women in Germany would like to march with sharpened scissors behind the German troops. Many young girls would gladly go with their hatpins to stab a Frenchman or two in revenge for the Ruhr. Europe will not be safe until that racial hatred between France and Germany has died down or has been killed by a new spirit and a community of interests.

In Hungary, and to a less extent in Austria, racial passion is also smoldering, and could be quickly fanned into flame. The Hungarians are a proud fighting race, who feel themselves superior to neighbors like the Serbs and Roumanians occupying some of their ancient territory. "It will not always be like this," some of them told me. "Something will break, and we shall move. Not all the tears of women will put out the red flame of that future war of liberation when we shall join hands with our kinsfolk and smash these artificial boundaries imposed by a scandalous peace."

The Balkans are still a stew pot of racial passions and rivalries—Serbs, Bulgars, Montenegrins, Albanians, Roumanians, Greeks, and Turks all snarling at each other, all waiting until the Great Powers get to grips again, or are too busy to intervene between these smaller nations.

What Road for the Dark Horse?

RUSSIA is becoming race-conscious again. Now that the revolutionary period seems to have ended, and internal peace has been established, the Soviet Government is thinking far more racially than communistically. Communism no longer exists in Russia as a strict system.

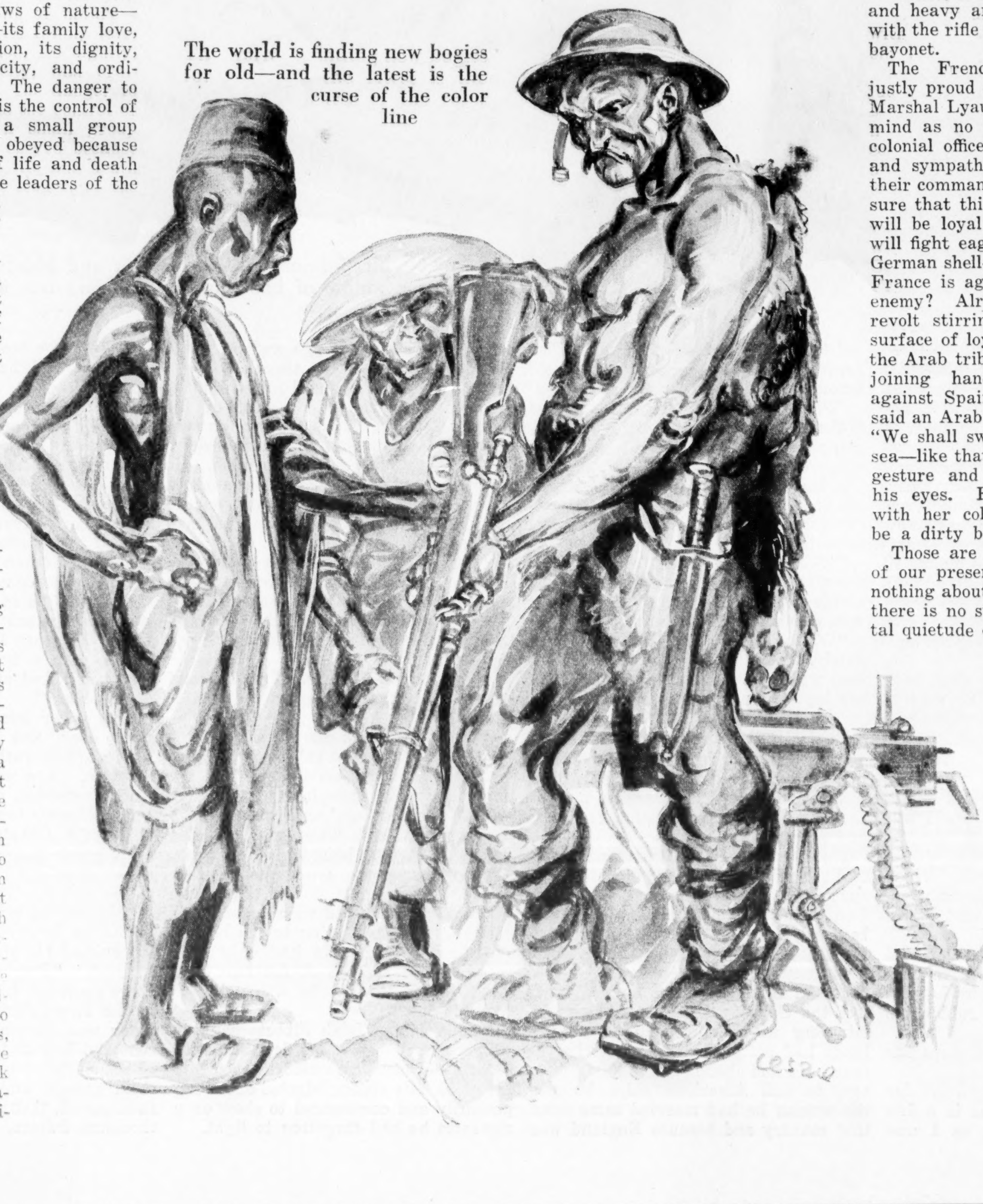
The Communistic propaganda is reserved mainly for foreign consumption, in order to create trouble in other states and especially to weaken those countries which are most antagonistic to the Russian form of government. Men like Radek and Tchicherin, whom I interviewed in Moscow at the time of famine, were beginning to think again of Russia as a world power. All their talk was of that. They are Russians before they are Communists. They would be glad to see a world revolution, and their agents are doing what they can to provoke it, but mainly because they see the Slav race rising above that economic ruin and taking advantage of its weakness. Their eyes are turned to Riga, outside their present boundaries, as an open port when Leningrad is blocked by ice. They have no love for those new Baltic nations—Latvia, Esthonia, and Lithuania—which gained their independence at Russia's expense. They hate the Poles, and the new war, if it happens in Europe, will begin when Germany and Russia try to join hands across the prostrate body of Poland.

The Germans are already in close commercial alliance with Russia. German plows, railway engines, manufactured goods, are being exchanged for Russian wheat, flax, furs, oil, and diamonds. The Russians do not love the Germans, but they will coöperate with them in self-interest. A German revolution would please them mightily. But German imperialism will not be spurned by Soviet Russia, certainly not by Tchicherin and his friends, if a military and trade alliance would result in the downfall of Poland, followed perhaps by the capture of Constantinople and the way through Serbia to the Adriatic.

Russia is the dark horse of Europe. It is impossible to foretell what road it will travel. Above the mass of ignorant and patient peasants desiring peace in their fields and praying God for good harvests, there is a crowd of nimble-minded men holding the machinery of power; ambitious, cynical, with some cause, of the high moralities preached by other powers, unscrupulous and adventurous. Some of them, in my opinion most of them, are not personally ambitious for gold or luxury or greed. They lead austere lives. They were relentless against their political enemies, like all leaders of revolution who live in terror of reaction, and by their terror are made cruel. In the Red Army, officered by many sons of the old *bourgeoisie*, they have a weapon which is not negligible in training or equipment. As ambassadors and agents they have men whose intellectual abilities are more than a match for the elder statesmen of Europe and not bound by the same code of honor because the foundations of their faith are different.

It is false to think that the majority of the Russian people are living in a state of sullen subjection under a hated tyranny. There are many who think so and suffer the agony of despair. But as far as I could see and learn the ordinary mass of people, peasants, artisans, and the Soviet workers, do not trouble about politics, and dislike the government and its petty laws and restrictions neither more nor less than most primitive peoples dislike the far-off power that imposes taxes, issues disagreeable by-laws and regulations, and makes a mess of things from their point of view. Far from Moscow and its Soviets the village folk in Russia carry on much as they did under Tsardom, with more land, less flogging, the same amount of lice, and periodical famine.

Greater than the little ruthless men in Moscow, or the fanatics there, or the idealists, or the atheistic "intellectuals," is the life in the fields of Russia with its obedience to the laws of nature—very cruel sometimes—its family love, its faith, its superstition, its dignity, labor, courage, simplicity, and ordinary human passions. The danger to Europe and the world is the control of Russian manhood by a small group whose orders must be obeyed because they hold the power of life and death and in any case are the leaders of the Russian race for weal or woe, in peace or war.



The world is finding new bogies for old—and the latest is the curse of the color line

Although in my opinion the guarantee of a loan to Russia is not within the bounds of business common sense so long as the Soviet government refuses to obey the usual moralities of international relations, I am convinced that England and other countries will be ill advised if they refuse to "recognize" the present rulers of Russia—recognition not meaning approval—or to encourage trade relations with them independent of national loans. As long as Russia is isolated and ostracized the Soviet tyranny will be maintained, a great potential market will be closed to the world, and Red propaganda will work in an underground way to promote revolution in Europe and Asia. But with recognition, which means diplomatic intercourse, the enterprise of private traders, and the admission of Russia to the League of Nations, the Russian people would be brought back to the family of nations, and it is possible, even likely, that their present rulers would be influenced, modified and liberalized by the general pressure of world opinion. What Russia needs as a moral cure is the fresh air of international intercourse.

There is a new peril in the world which is already becoming a bogy in the imagination of men. It is the "Rising Tide of Color." I do not believe in a world conspiracy of the colored races to overthrow white rule. I do not believe in a new challenge of the Mohammedan peoples to Christendom. But I do believe that the massacre of the World War and some of its lessons and watchwords have aroused passions and ambitions among the dark-skinned races which will lead to many new problems and perils. The British Empire is face to face with these in India, Egypt, and Asia. France, Italy, and Spain will have to face them in northern Africa. America will have to face them in her own southern states and on the Pacific coast. The ringing phrase, "the self-determination of peoples," was translated into many tongues East as well as West. "A War for Liberty" was an ideal which was carried across the deserts and into the very jungles of the world. Young Indian students at Oxford or Cambridge or London University saw the war fever in Europe, read its rhetoric, thrilled to the words of President Wilson, saw the weakening of European power, the overthrow of dynasties, the setting up of new nations, the proclamation of independence for Poland, Ireland, Czechoslovakia, all sorts of states and races, the triumph of Turkey in Asia Minor. They asked themselves a whispered question: "How about India?" The young Egyptians said: "How about Egypt?" The Arab race said: "Independence is good for us as well as for others." The overthrow of "tyrannies" is very catching, even though one form of tyranny is substituted for another. The spirit of revolt travels far and is infectious, especially when it is carried by homegoing soldiers, who have fought in other people's wars, as Indian troops in Palestine, Mesopotamia, and, for a time, against their will, in France.

The Danger Zones

THE British people are already confronted with grave troubles in India and Egypt and the Soudan. England will lose India if she grants self-government too quickly, or too generously, to native rulers who cannot hold the scales of justice, even as England has held them; who cannot control the native princes by any such allegiance as they have given to a white emperor; who could not keep Hindus and Moslems and other religious fanatics from each other's throats, nor administer justice with common sense and impartial judgment. But the agitators in India, the "holy men" like Gandhi, the student with Western education, are in revolt against this benevolent despotism. They believe that India is able to govern itself.

So also in Egypt and the Soudan. The Egyptians ignore the benefits that have come to them from British rule, British engineering, British science, which dammed the Nile and fertilized their fields, gave a better chance of life to the peasants, brought peace from the passions, barbarities, slave-driving of the African races. They have a new sense of power because they know England's need of peace. They are prepared to blot out all British benefits for the sake of that cry, "Egypt for the Egyptians!" shouted from Cairo across the deserts. They demand the Soudan, although its barbarism was tamed by British rule after a hellish cruelty to which, beyond any doubt, it will return if the British Government releases its control. If Great Britain, for reasons of economy or lack of strength, retires from these regions, as the Romans did from their own wide empire, chaos and upheavals in Africa, India, and Asia will let loose a world of human passion and revolt. Other powers will claim the succession, and another world war, on a more terrible scale, will begin.

France is storing up trouble for herself in north Africa by raising her colonial army from the dark-skinned races. She is training Arabs and Negroes to handle machine-guns with great efficiency, to throw the latest type of bombs, to be familiar with field guns and heavy artillery, to shoot straight with the rifle and stab straight with the bayonet.

The French military leaders are justly proud of their work in Morocco. Marshal Lyautey understands the Arab mind as no other man. The French colonial officers have a wonderful skill and sympathy with the legions under their command. But can the French be sure that this army they have created will be loyal to French interests, and will fight eagerly, even gladly, against German shell-fire and poison-gas if ever France is again attacked by the same enemy? Already there is a spirit of revolt stirring in Morocco below the surface of loyalty to France. Some of the Arab tribes in French Morocco are joining hands with those fighting against Spain. "Our time is coming," said an Arab guide to a recent traveler. "We shall sweep the *Feringhi* into the sea—like that!" He made an arrogant gesture and smiled, with ferocity in his eyes. France will have trouble with her colonial troops, and it will be a dirty business in future history.

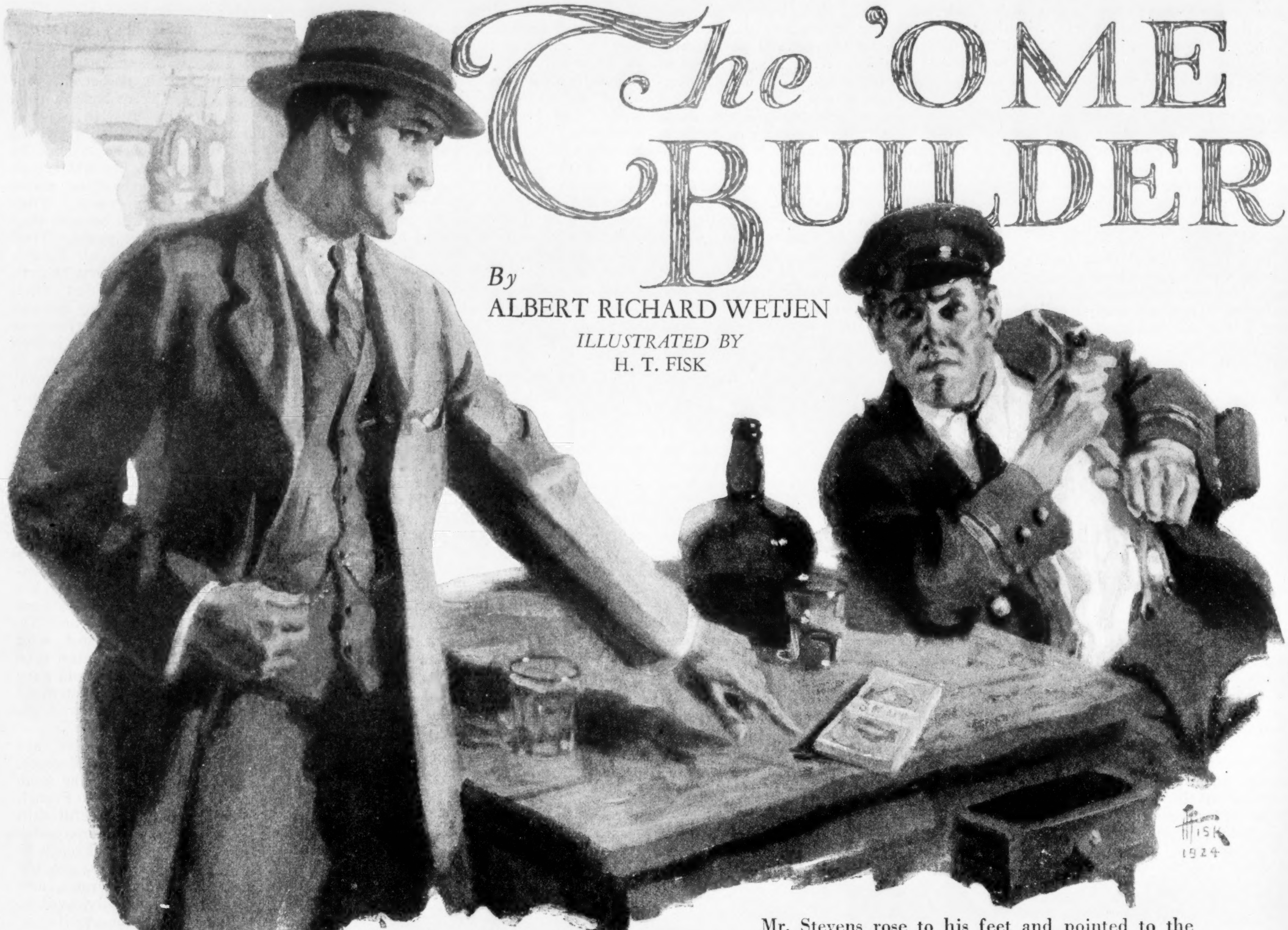
Those are some of the danger zones of our present state; and I have said nothing about Japan or China, in which there is no standing still in the Oriental quietude of ancient history. Japan has learned to use modern weapons on sea and land. She has great ambitions. The white races have got to be careful lest they be weakened and exhausted by wars of their own, and let their own causes of quarrel blind them and make them mad.

Meanwhile the economic struggle between the white nations is threatening to develop with a severity of competition which is alarming to all students of international affairs. Great Britain and the United States of America are bound to be competitors in (*Continued on page 32*)

The 'OME BUILDER

By
ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. T. FISK



Mr. Stevens rose to his feet and pointed to the bundle of bank notes. "I'll leave this with you"

THE MARTHA J. was registered at something over fifteen hundred tons. She was twenty years old, rusty and unpainted, and her engines caused the German engineer to weep behind his thick-rimmed spectacles. Her decks were gashed and scarred from many years of heavy cargoes scuffing them. Her funnel was like a cigarette sticking from a narrow slab of putty and her masts were matter for laughter, stumpy and out of all proportion to the rather well-lined hull. But for all the Martha J.'s shortcomings Uriah Jibbets regarded her with pride, for he owned her and signed himself master on the articles.

"She ain't lovely an' she ain't fast, but she's a ship, Mister," he said to Arthur, his mate. The two men stood on the ramshackle wharf in an obscure corner of San Francisco's harbor and looked the vessel over.

"I 'ad command of th' Goodrich up th' coast," the captain went on, "an' I was doin' very well. My missus 'eard o' this tub an' tells me t' buy 'er. 'Be a owner,' says she. 'Be a owner, Uriah.' So 'ere we are an' 'ere's my ship an' I ain't got a job no more. Point is, 'ow c'n we make 'er pay?"

Arthur, who was very young and very irresponsible, and therefore very cheap to hire, which was why he was first mate of the **Martha J., rubbed his** yellow hair and **thought.**

"Didn't you advertise you were for charter, sir?"

"Aye, an' all it's got me is a bill fer three insertions. Th' missus is a fine lady, but I ain't as young as I was an' that job I 'ad wi' th' Pickle Fleet kept me warm an' hearty. . . . Y' see, I named th' ole 'ooker arter th' missus."

"Pickle Fleet," it may be explained, is the name given by sailors to the little ships that convey freight and passengers between the smaller ports of the Pacific coast. These ships are of all shapes, sizes and ages, hence the expression. "Pickle Fleet. Fifty-seven varieties."

"Well, something will turn up," said the mate. He ran his eye over the hull beside which they stood. "I'll have th' men slap a coat of black over her."

"White," corrected Captain Jibbets firmly. "I allus said when I 'ad my own craft as I'd paint 'er white. Class, my boy. Slap on th' white."

HE TURNED and rolled back to the gangway, sucking at the battered old pipe he once said he needed for navigation more than he needed his sextant. He was a placid man, red-faced and plump.

He was in his fifty-second year, and the fringe of hair circling the bald spot on his head was not a little gray. Ships had claimed him since early boyhood, since the day he had run from the school in Canning Town and joined a tea clipper out of London. He had not been home since, but he had never lost the Cockney accent, though much mingling with many men in strange lands had softened some of its harshness. He had chosen, in his late middle age, to sail American ships because the woman he had married came from that country and because England was far away and long ago and he would have been a stranger there.

The mate hurried and joined him by the gangway where the foot of the rough wooden steps rested on the wharf. Arthur was slim and upright, with yellow hair and white teeth. He smoked a cigarette, and his uniform was neatly creased. Both men paused and waited as a slender, keen-eyed man in light tweeds hurried up.

"Captain Jibbets?" he snapped, looking at the faded gold braid on the sleeves of the ancient uniform coat.

The captain removed his pipe and spat cautiously into the dock. "Aye," he grunted.

"My name's Stevens. I understand this ship is for charter."

"Aye."

"Can I talk with you alone?"

"I 'ave a room on th' lower bridge," said the captain heavily, "an' if my mate ain't been snoopin' around I 'ave a little somethin' an' some glasses. . . . Arter you, sir." They went up the gangway, Arthur bringing up the rear. At the gangway head the captain turned on his mate, poked him in the ribs and winked, and then ushered his guest up the companion to the bridge. Arthur chuckled. He had only been mate of the Martha J. for two days now, but he thought he was going to like his job.

In his cabin Uriah Jibbets sank to a swivel chair before his desk and with painful slowness crammed tobacco into his pipe. His visitor fidgeted about impatiently and commenced to chew on a cigarette he had forgotten to light.

"Well," he broke out at last, leaning forward. "What are you asking a month?"

"Oh! Ah!" And the captain reached out a huge hand and struck a bell on the desk. A white-jacketed steward boy appeared and the captain frowned heavily. The boy nodded and vanished to reappear with two glasses, some ice and a dark green bottle. The captain sighed and waited. And not until his visitor had taken a first sip of the drink would he condescend to talk business.

"My missus is a Meth'dist an' don't approve," he said with a chuckle, winking. "Not that I take much, y' understand, with a 'igh blood pressure. . . . But you asked about a charter. Is it for freight?"

The other hesitated, looked at the open door, and then leaned forward again. "It's rather a delicate matter, Captain. Are you willing to do anything provided you're well paid . . . and hold your tongue?"

Captain Jibbets set down his glass with great deliberateness. He sucked at his pipe and considered the pattern of the carpet.

"My missus wouldn't want me t' get mixed up in anything, y' understand." He rubbed his big chin and nodded to himself. "But, as th' sayin' is, if there's enough in it—"

The tweed-clad man, who said his name was Stevens, reached inside his coat and laid on the table a neat stack of new bills. Captain Jibbets regarded them gravely and not a muscle of his face moved, though each bill was for a thousand dollars. Mr. Stevens tapped impatiently on the arm of his chair. "There are five one-thousand-dollar bills," he snapped.

The captain sighed heavily. "When I wus a young man down in th' China Sea—"

"I'm in a hurry," Mr. Stevens said. "I've got to get this settled by this evening, and if you don't want the charter I'll find someone else."

The captain lifted his glass and finished his drink. Then he rubbed his chin again with a massive thumb.

"If you'd tell me somethin' about it," he commenced. Mr. Stevens nodded and hitched his chair closer.

"The mail boat Sunda Queen is sailing to-night. You probably know from what dock. At eight o'clock, when it's dark, I shall bring to the dock a certain young man. I will take care to draw him into the shed where it's darkest and you'll take him from me after having what must look like a struggle. Understand?"

The captain removed his pipe and frowned into the bowl.

"Pass the matches."

Mr. Stevens clicked his teeth with ill-suppressed anger and thrust a box of matches across the desk.

"When you've got the man you'll bring him aboard and you'll put to sea. The point is he must not communicate with anyone or land anywhere until after the fifteenth of April, two weeks from to-day. Is that clear?"

"My missus," started the captain, shaking his head doubtfully.

"Damn your missus! . . . I mean, never mind your wife," Mr. Stevens amended hastily, for the captain had raised his head, and there was a strange light aflame in the sleepy, gray eyes. "The point is, will you do it? You'll keep your mouth shut afterward for your own sake."

"And 'ow many years do they give fer abdukshun?"

"You've got to handle the thing so that you get clear. Don't let him see any of your faces. Don't let him know what ship he's on. In any case I'm paying you five thousand to take that risk."

"An' why is this young man t' be kep' away fer jest so long?"

"That," said Mr. Stevens, coldly, "is my business."

THE captain raised his brows. "Now, ain't that surprisin'?" He seemed satisfied with his attempt at humor and chuckled all over his fat bulk. "Well," he said at last. "This packet's eatin' up my savin's, an' th' missus is talkin' already about a new 'ome in Marshfield. I suppose I must."

"Good!" Mr. Stevens rose briskly to his feet and pointed to the bundle of banknotes. "I'll leave this with you. I know enough about you to know you are honest. They tell me when you were young you had quite a reputation."

"Aye. I 'ad a lot o' foolish notions. . . . Another drink, Mister?"

"Thanks, no. . . . Then I can rely on you?"

The captain did not rise from his chair and he did not seem to perceive the other's outstretched hand.

"You c'n rely on five thousan' dollars, Mister," he chuckled. Mr. Stevens scowled and with a curt nod walked out of the cabin. Captain Jibbets sank deeper in his chair and puffed thoughtfully at his old pipe. Then abruptly, after a long interval, he spat with some energy into the battered brass cuspidor near his feet.

ON THE lower bridge, outside the cabin, he ran into Arthur. He gripped the young man's arm and steered him into the port bridge wing, out of earshot of a seaman who was in one of the bridge boats coiling down a painter.

"I misdoubt but what th' missus wouldn't care for it, Mister Mate," he started. "But we've a charter now an' 'tis a matter o' mystery but from some new bills in th' safe. Aye, a mystery no less," and the captain shook his ponderous head.

"And where do we go?" Arthur wanted to know.

The captain scratched his neck.

"'Adn't thought o' that. Y' see, this ain't no ordinary charter. It's a matter o' abdukshun. Gotta get a feller off the mail boat wharf at eight t'night."

The mate chuckled. "And then we pick up some young jane and prance all over the sea for a week while they have a good time, eh?"

The captain glared. He cleared his throat and commenced heavily: "Young man, my missus is a Meth'dist an' she wouldn't stand fer that sort o' thing, not fer a minnit. . . . This is all straightforward, y'understand? We take th' feller, an' we treats 'im like a gentleman, an' we keeps 'im aboard fer two weeks."

"And then, sir?"

"We dumps 'im somewhere near 'ome and looks fer another charter. We gotta 'andle this with caution—caution, mind yer. We've gotta 'ide our faces and never let 'im know what's what. Y' understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the mate. "And do I take a chance on a federal prison for the magnificent sum of one hundred and—?"

"'Old on. Your blarsted tongue runs away wi' you. You'll get a commission, so will th' crew, on all jobs pulled off and paid for."

The mate grinned and was quite satisfied. But he had to endure patiently a long discussion as to ways and means of removing a young man from a certain steamship wharf at a specified and certain time.

The interior of the cargo shed was densely black, except where a string of electric bulbs run from the roadway where the taxis drew up, through the shed to the foot of the broad gangway leading to the saloon deck of the mail boat Sunda Queen. At the foot of the gangway yawned a couple of white-jacketed stewards. At the head stood a tall, slim officer in blue uniform.

At five minutes to eight a taxi drew up in the roadway, and the two stewards at the foot of the gangway sprang to sudden life. They darted across the width of the shed and pounced on a pile of hand baggage the taxi driver was drawing like a magician from the cab's interior. After the bags came forth two men, both in evening dress, with soft dark hats and overcoats. They were much of a height and appeared about the same build.

One said, in a loud voice. "Suite three on the upper deck," and the stewards bobbed and departed laboring under mountains of grips and hand bags. The two men talked for a moment in low tones, apparently arguing. The taxi shot away in a cloud of dust that eddied for a long time in the light. Then one man drew the other by the arm into the shadow inside the shed. "Let's talk here. The lights hurt my eyes."

"First time I knew your eyes were bad, George. Let's go aboard and get a drink."

"Never mind. . . . Watch out for yourself, Harry. It would be tough luck if you slipped up with only two weeks to go."

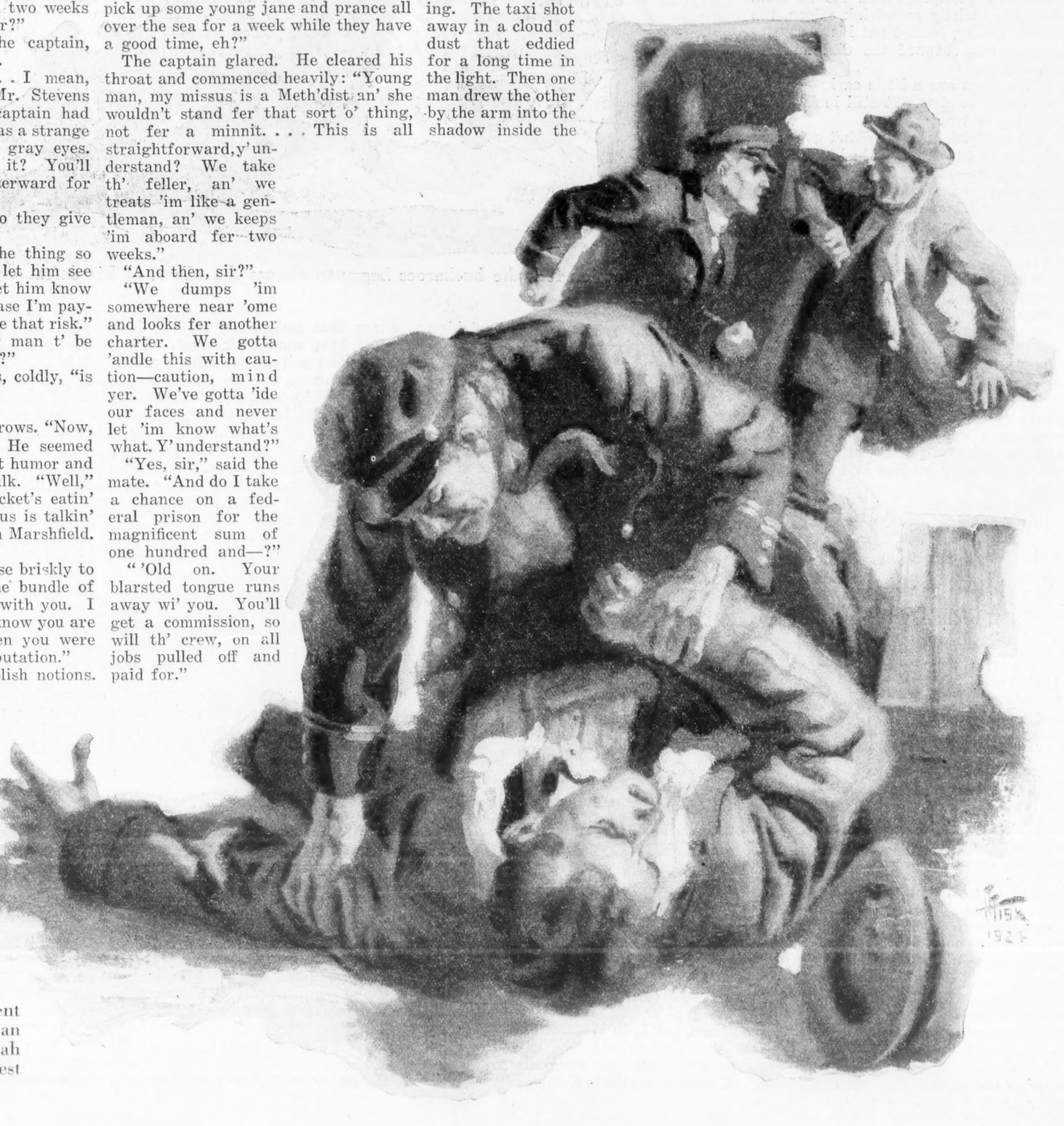
"How could I slip up? You're very nervous to-night. . . . What's that?"

That was Captain Uriah Jibbets swearing softly to himself as he stumbled over a discarded plank and stubbed his toe. He hushed immediately and squeezed the arm of the man next to him.

There was a sudden, silent rush. There was a muffled, gasping cry. One young man went sprawling with Uriah Jibbets' bulk on his chest. The other was dragged over, gagged and bound with miraculous suddenness. Then unseen arms lifted him and hurried him away.

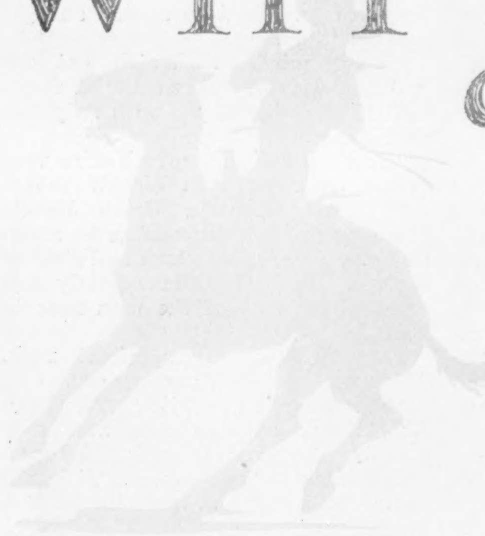
"'Andled neatly, sir," Uriah Jibbets whispered hoarsely into the ear of the man he sat on.

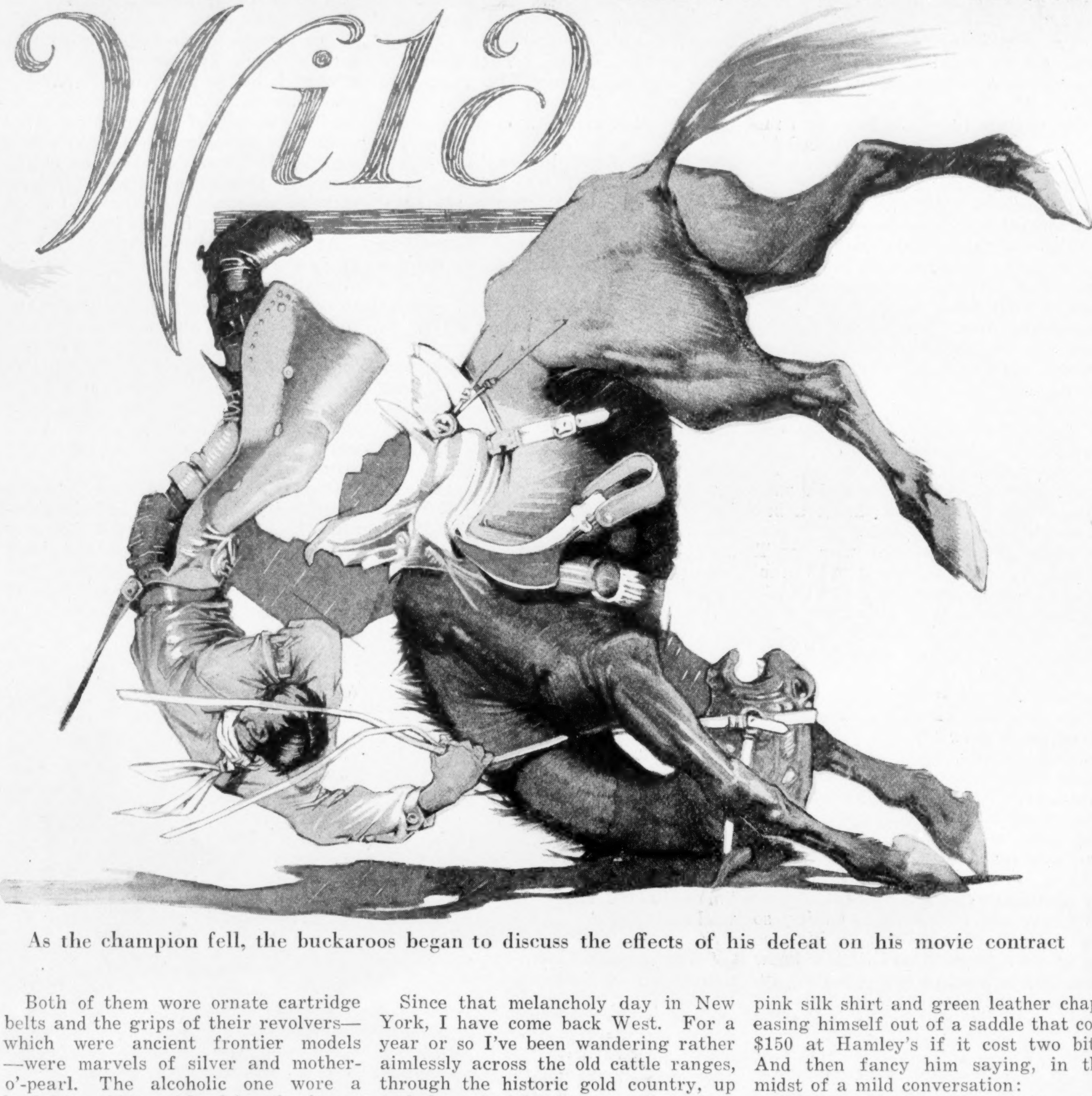
A gasping voice started: "I say . . . I say . . ." But the captain's huge hand covered the open mouth and he soothed, "There now. Keep 'ushed or you'll be 'eard." *(Continued on page 34)*



There was a sudden, silent rush. One young man went sprawling with Uriah Jibbets' bulk on his chest

WHY THE WEST IS *Wild*





As the champion fell, the buckaroos began to discuss the effects of his defeat on his movie contract

By WALLACE SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

DOWN the narrow, dusty street of the little cow town sounded the quick-tempered repartee of revolvers. Three-Notch Haskins, who was gossiping with me in Bum Carroll's strictly soft-drink saloon, the Silver Dollar, hauled out his presentation watch, scanned the dial and remarked:

"The boys are a little early—or else my watch is slow. It still lacks three minutes of ten."

Three-Notch Haskins didn't get much of a laugh out of me. I had heard that gag before—many times before. It was used to indicate that a town was so tough that one might set his watch by the opening of the day's hostilities. My laugh was more a salute to Haskins' two-gun reputation than an appreciation of his humor. Then I joined him as he made his way, unhurried, to the street.

It was deplorable marksmanship that we witnessed. The kind of shooting where, after the smoke has cleared, the active participants take a drink together and agree to let bygones be bygones and no hard feelings, while the coroner is wondering how he can notify the relatives of the quiet stranger whose curiosity led him into the line of fire.

The bad shooting couldn't be blamed entirely on the fact that one of the duelists was surpassingly drunk. Just a short time before, in the Silver Dollar, Bum Carroll had refused to serve him another strictly soft drink until he cooled off a little.

"Three-Notch" Gets Busy

FINALLY, when the shooting seemed certain to get nowhere, Three-Notch Haskins lugged out his duplex six-shooters. Taking a wide-legged stance, he covered the skirmishers and shouted:

"Hold on thar, pardners! This yere town aims to be peaceable an' law-abidin' ef we-alls got to make it so with vi'lence. I'm shore fixin' to let daylights into the next gent which is loco enough to pull a trigger. Savvy?"

Armistice came with an abruptness as startling as Haskins' switch to dialect. He hadn't been using such picturesque words during our chat in the Silver Dollar. But his words, backed by his terrible hardware, were enough to stop two men bent on murder.

Coming from behind the water trough, where I had been viewing the action, I looked with new admiration on Three-Notch Haskins. And I looked with fresh interest at the earnest gun-fighters, now in the center of a curious crowd. Both of them wore ornate cartridge belts and the grips of their revolvers—which were ancient frontier models—were marvels of silver and mother-o'-pearl. The alcoholic one wore a buckskin shirt with fringed sleeves and shoulders, Mexican spurs, stamped-leather boots and a red neckerchief with green dots. The other wore a beaded vest, orange-dyed, angora chaps, a lavender-and-yellow-striped kerchief and beads strung into the chin straps of his rolling sombrero.

I marveled. This, be it remarked, took place just a couple of months ago in a back-trail town in Oregon. It is the way of the sentimentalist—and especially the literary sentimentalist—to grieve over the passing of the colorful West. The fencing of the great ranges; the picturesque custom of sudden homicide and, generally, the fictional tinge of what is, or are, called the great open spaces. He sheds a tear over the riding of the last cowboy over the figurative hill and mourns the decline of the Fenimore Cooper brand of Indian into a reservation business man. He regrets exceedingly the coming of the iron horse of civilization.

Every now and then one of them laments thus in print. Sometimes the mourner modestly intimates that, if it were not for his personal knowledge of such things, the epic of the West would have a slim chance of being written. The last time I was in New York one of these authors had me weeping with him over the decline of the good old days. It had been more than a year since I had been West, and many years since I first crawled aboard a wide saddle and made life miserable for a lot of mooing scatterbrained cows.

Since that melancholy day in New York, I have come back West. For a year or so I've been wandering rather aimlessly across the old cattle ranges, through the historic gold country, up and down bad lands, over the Indian reservations, hither and yon. As a sentimentalist in my own right, my heart was lifted as it had not been since the day of my boyhood when I was permitted to ride in the old stage coach in Buffalo Bill's show, while the band played "The Arkansaw Traveler" and war-paint Indians chased the white man twice around the arena.

And now I crave to cheer the Eastern author.

"Brace up, paleface brother," I wish to say to him. "The good old West is booming along greater than ever. She's the gun-totin'est, bronco-bustin'est, hell-roarin'est outfit you'll find in a week's hard travel. Out here in the great, triple spaces men are still men. The iron horse hasn't stampeded the life out of the country, nor yet the gasoline camel."

The Good Old Days Are Back

IT WASN'T only the recent shooting experience in the little Oregon cow town. That was selected as a spectacular case in point. In all the wanderings of the past year I have been more and more impressed with a revival of a life that was considered a thing of history. History colored by the memory of old songs—"Lula Gal" and the "Lone Prairie"—and supplemented with learned research books telling the ways and manners of the cowboy with his low-waisted pants, and his high-heels in the middle of his shoes.

Just fancy watching a cowboy in a pink silk shirt and green leather chaps easing himself out of a saddle that cost $150 at Hamley's if it cost two bits. And then fancy him saying, in the midst of a mild conversation:

"Yes, sir, I shore sets a mighty store by this yere pinto pony o' mine. Her an' me's been in a heap, we-alls have. An' she's allus carried me through thick and thin, Faro has. It don't sound natcheral nohow, stranger, I reckon. But if anythin' was to happen to this yere little hoss, Faro, I'd plumb weep scaldin' tears unashamed!"

Fancy! Yet it happened down in Klamath County just last August. It was in Umatilla two weeks later that we encountered an Indian brave with an eagle feather in his braided hair, a striped blanket and beaded moccasins.

"Grizzly bear all memloose—gone away!" declared this copper warrior. "Antelope memloose, too, and buffalo. Soon Indian memloose. Indian hear voice of Great Tyee calling to Happy Hunting Grounds. Soon Indian fold tepee and, in last rays of golden setting sun, pass over High Divide."

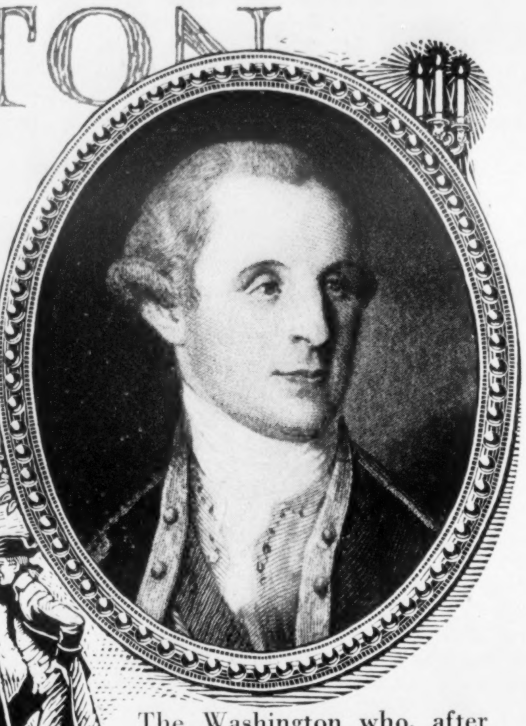
If it had happened once or twice! But time after time we ran into such dialectic, emotional cowboys and rhetorical redskins. There was a town which we had been warned not to visit. Of course we went. We were rescued later by an anxious friend who motored to the scene. He arrived just as a tawny-mustached desperado in bearskin chaps and carrying twin guns was about to assist the writer in his life ambition to be a buck-and-wing dancer.

We were rescued—but not until we had been through the fever of an old-time gambling hell and a free-and-easy dance hall. (*Continued on page 42*)

What WASHINGTON did for a Living

And how he succeeded in becoming the first millionaire in America

By FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE



The Washington who, after fighting French and Indians, went back to real estate

IT'S hard to imagine George Washington as a Rotarian. But after I had tramped around Washington's home town for a few days that was precisely the picture of the man that I got. The only reason why he was not a member of the Rotary Club of Alexandria, Va., is that there wasn't any Rotary Club in Alexandria in his day.

At first the realization that George Washington was *that* sort of man gave me a little bit of a shock. I was brought up, as most Americans of my age were, on the school histories which almost deified him. He had never seemed human to me. The standard portraits strengthen this impression. Oh, for even the tiniest snapshot of the real George Washington! Gilbert Stuart may have painted a true likeness, but it is the likeness of an old man whose false teeth didn't fit him, dressed up for a costume ball and posed like a movie director's concept of royal state.

Brady's photographs of Lincoln have preserved him to us as a human, lovable man; but there is only one authentic portrait of Washington that looks like anything anybody could really love.

This is the miniature painted when he was twenty-five years old and a small-town real estate agent in Alexandria. They'd call him a realtor to-day. As handsome as Davy Windsor or Rudy Valentino, and with more than a suggestion of a lurking bit of deviltry behind those merry eyes and those full lips. If *that* picture of George Washington were the likeness impressed upon school children, instead of the preposterous little prig of the apocryphal cherry-tree episode or the formidable old man of the Stuart paintings, how differently the present generation would feel toward the greatest American!

But what warmed me, as I wandered around the old Virginia city, crossing Washington's trail at every street corner, was the realization that the Father of His Country had started out in life just the way every up-and-coming young American starts out to-day. He got himself a job; then he went into business for himself in the same line. And he never lost an opportunity to mix with the other young business men of Alexandria and to share their amusements.

They tell a story in Alexandria about George Washington as a harum-scarum youngster of seventeen, riding up from his brother Lawrence's country place at Mount Vernon, where he had gone to live when he was fourteen, and challenging a couple of other boys to a horse race down King Street, which had just been surveyed. The story goes that George won the race only because the other boys reined in their horses to keep from going into the Potomac, while George rode his mount off the wharf and into the river, ruining one of Lawrence's best horses. It's at least as true as the cherry-tree story, and I like it better.

It's hard to escape the suspicion that Lawrence Washington found his husky and restless young half-brother a handful to manage. That would explain why, when George was sixteen, Lawrence got him his first job, which was to go out with a surveying party into western Virginia to establish the boundaries of the lands which their neighbor Lord Fairfax had obtained by royal grant. When he got back from this adventure, on which he had learned not only how to take care of himself in the woods but also about surveying and a good deal more about the buying and selling of real estate, he found that his brother, together with Lord Fairfax's cousin and steward, William Fairfax, some of the Alexander family and a few others, had obtained a charter for a new town on the Potomac, to be called Alexandria.

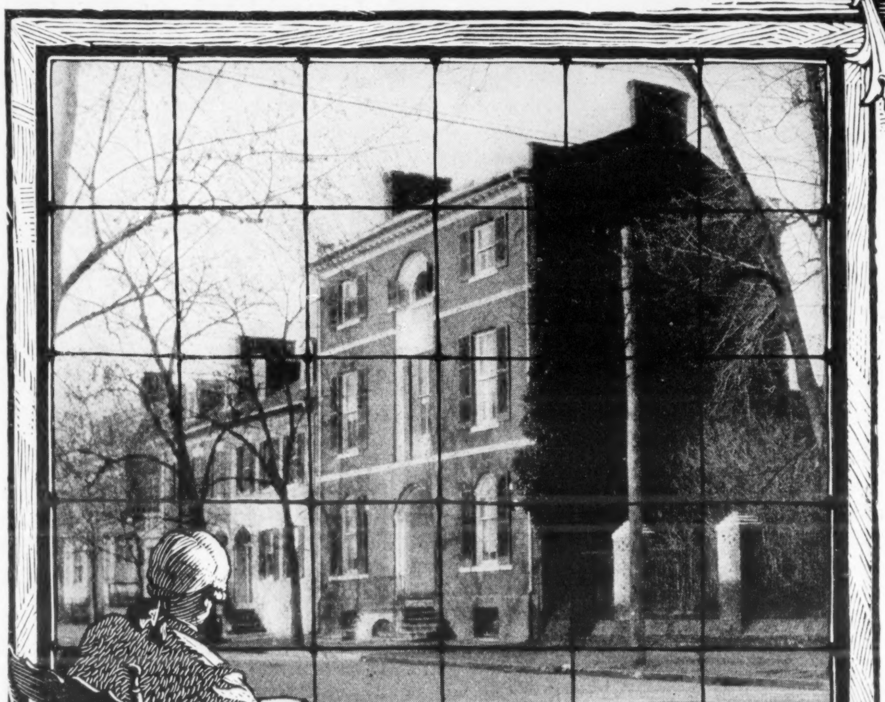
From 1749 on Alexandria was George Washington's home town. He helped to survey its streets—the streets whose ancient names intensify the old-world flavor which the lovely old mansions that still line them emanate; stately homes where the fifth and sixth generations of their builders still live—King Street, Prince and Duke; Queen and Princess, Pitt and Cameron and Fairfax; Royal, St. Asaph, Patrick and Henry, with Orinoco hinting of romantic adventure. He was active in the subdividing and sale of lots and the building of houses in his brother Lawrence's interest and that of his patron and employer, Lord Fairfax. The first house built in the new town still stands at the corner of King and Fairfax streets.

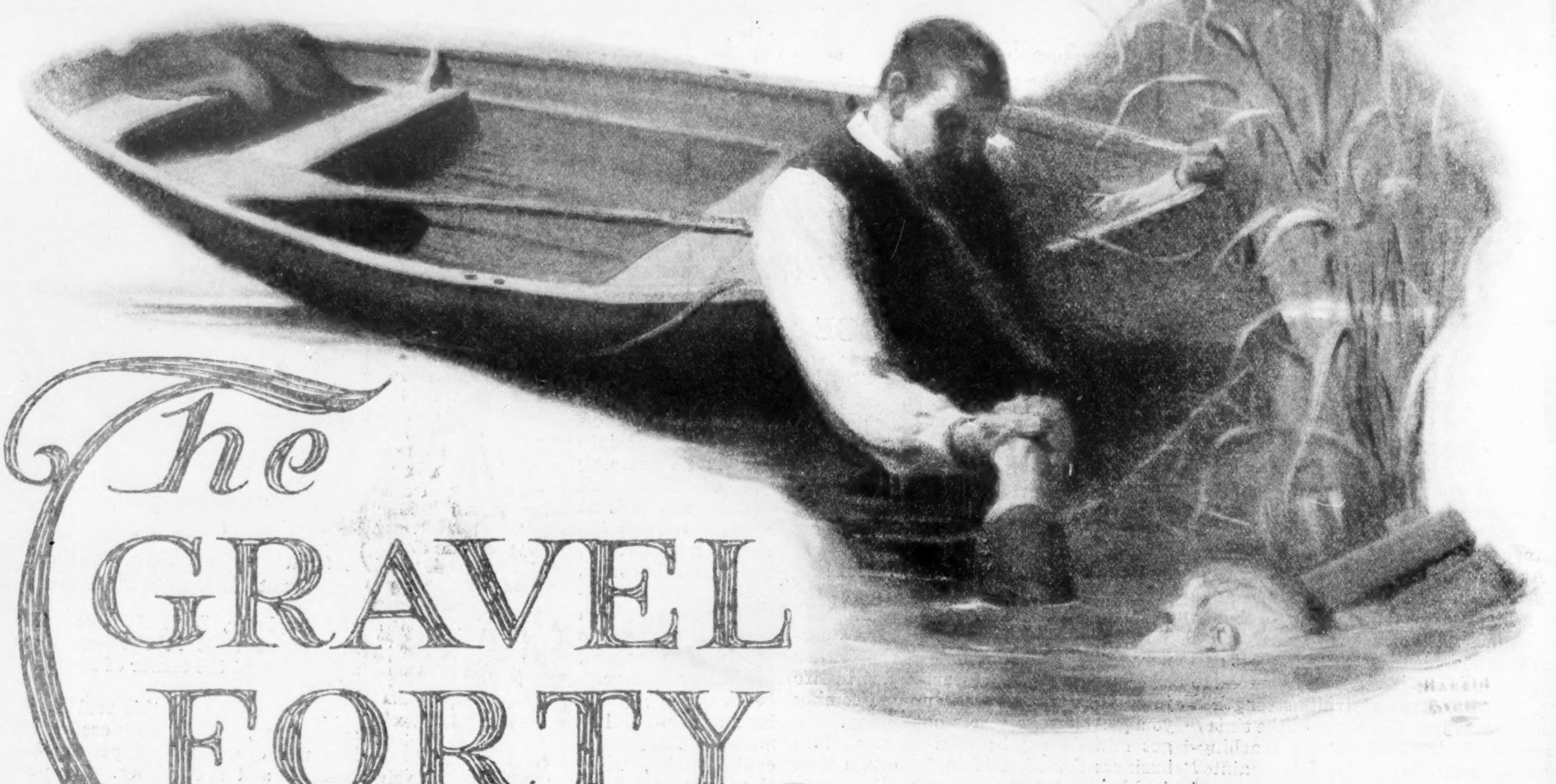
It was a success, this real estate speculation, which was essentially like the operations of present-day realtors and subdividers. Its promoters made money, and they decided upon a more extensive land speculation: nothing less than the development of the "Ohio Country" beyond the Alleghenies. They organized the "Ohio Company," just as real estate promoters to-day organize companies to exploit great tracts of Florida land. There was good land in the headwaters of the Ohio River, and George Washington had been up that way, surveying for Lord Fairfax. There was a colorable title to all this land, held by some Pennsylvanians under the terms of Penn's treaty with the Indians, but the French were claiming it, too, under their interpretation of the "Law of Nations." Père Marquette had descended the Mississippi River to its mouth not many years earlier. The French claimed, by right of discovery, all the land drained by the Mississippi and all of its tributaries, and they had set up a fort, "Le Bœuf," on Lake Erie to enforce their title.

The "Ohio Company"—Lawrence Washington, the Fairfaxes, John Carlyle, who had married into the Fairfax family as Lawrence Washington had, and others who had profited by the Alexandria subdivision—took over the Pennsylvania claim to the Ohio land. Then—for business and politics were as intimately mixed in those days as they are now—they appealed to the government of Virginia for aid in getting the French off their property. And young George Washington, bringing his dying brother Lawrence back from the West Indies in 1752 and himself just convalescing from the attack of smallpox which he had picked up in the islands, found Governor Dinwiddie and his council ready to back up the Ohio Company, but uncertain as to just what to do first. Lawrence Washington's death left George the owner of most of his brother's estate, including the farm on Hunting Creek, Mount Vernon, and the Ohio Company shares.

"Warn the French off, and if they won't go peaceably, drive them off," was the advice of the young man of twenty-one. (*Continued on page 31*)

It's still standing—the fine old Lord Fairfax mansion which Washington could see from his office window





Jeff gave a great heave at the hand. He saw the white face coming up to meet him

The GRAVEL FORTY

By WALTER GREENOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT

JEFF CLARK had read the letter over, fumbled with it until it was torn where it had been folded. He knew its every word by heart. Hopelessly he stuck back in his overalls pocket now.

He leaned his head in utter weariness against the soft flank of old Daisy as he milked her, and wished he might never have to move. Here, beside the old cow, he was alone—safe. He didn't have to do anything but sit there if he didn't wish to. What a relief it would be if he might just quietly die, sitting there, leaning his head against old Daisy!

But, then, he thought, what a coward he was to shirk things like that. He'd never plumb quit before. Not that he'd ever amounted to anything. He knew he hadn't. But he hadn't quit—not yet. And he couldn't quit now. There was Sarah! She thought little enough of him as a farmer and a husband, anyhow. He knew that. She'd never said so. But to himself he'd acknowledged his failures for a long while now. And he knew what she'd been thinking for a long, long time.

There was the melon failure last year, he remembered bitterly. Not his fault entirely, and yet, somehow, it had looked to Sarah as if he could have gone to Lawrence and found a market for the cantaloupes, instead of sitting there at the little melon shack for two whole weeks in the height of the ripening season, and waiting for customers who did not come.

Nobody ever came to the Blackhawk country any more, it seemed. Wasn't much use of 'em comin', anyhow, he mused. Nothin' here much any more. Just corn—late corn. So late the frost was sure to catch it now. Ought to get ready to cut it for fodder, he reckoned. If he only had the money for a silo. Even the straggly stalks, "fired" as they were now, would make a lot of mighty good feed. But what did he have to feed it to? Takes money to buy shoats! Money!

Well, it sure wouldn't make any corn. Not now. Nights too cold. Middle of September. Ought to have a month more of hot weather. No chance!

He thought of Clem again. Clem wasn't worryin' about a little corn failure. He had money—plenty of it—in the bank at Lawrence. And bonds! Liberty Bonds! Clem had a gittin' way somehow. Always had. He'd had sense enough to rent his corn land this year. Jerry Skelton would be the loser. Clem already had his cash rent out of it. What difference would it make to Clem if Jerry's corn didn't do any good? Clem was mighty tight! And sort of lucky too! Maybe that's what it takes, Jeff thought.

The letter thrust itself from his pocket as he moved a bit, almost fell to the ground. Old Daisy switched her tail impatiently. He leaned back and set down the milk bucket. The letter fell at his feet. He picked it up, and, dazedly, reread it:

"Dear Jeff: Our loan man has just handed me the file which holds your mortgage notes and has called my attention to the fact that principal and interest on all of them are now long overdue. I have held off action by our committee for two months on this paper, but am unable to do so any longer. Unless you can see your way clear to make substantial payment by October 1st, I shall be obliged, much against my will, to begin foreclosure proceedings in the name of the bank. I know you will appreciate that if this were my own money I would let matters go. But it is the money of our depositors, and I must act at once. Can you find time to come in to-night—here at the bank—and talk the matter over witn me? I am sorry that I cannot give you more time. Yours, Julian T. Hayes, President."

Mechanically Jeff started toward the stable door. Just then he heard a shot—two shots—back in the timber behind the barn. He stopped, startled, yet welcoming the interruption to his thoughts.

"Must be Lew, shootin' squirrel," he muttered. "Didn't sound like Lew's rifle the second shot, though. More like Clem's duck gun. Don't s'pose Clem'd be up in my timber, though—not after all th' trouble th' families 've had. But I guess that's like Clem! Mebbe he ain't got no squirrel on his place."

He unlatched the stable door, and the old cow addled past him into the blackness of the barn. He latched the door and, in the gathering shadows, went back to take up the milk. He heard a hail from the lane behind the barn. He set down the bucket on the curbing of the water trough and moved around the corner of the barn to the lane gate.

LEW KNIGHT was coming through the long shadows, beneath the trees of the orchard.

"Hello, Jeff!" called the boy.

"C'm in, Lew!" Jeff greeted him with enthusiasm. It was good to have somebody besides the family in at suppertime nowadays.

"Got some squirrels?"

"Yep, a couple. Should've had another too," said the boy.

"Git 'em both on one tree, Lew?"

"Nope. Got these back of my place, just starting out, Jeff. About an hour ago, I guess."

"Thought I heard ye shoot twict jest now, Lew?"

"Nope, just once, Jeff. Clem was up there in your woods, and I didn't see him. We both shot at the same squirrel. Clem said he killed him, and I didn't argue with him. You know Clem!"

"Ain't that jest like Clem, now, Lew? Jest like 'im! Bet a dime—'f I could dig one up—that you got that squirrel, Lew!"

"Yep, believe I did, Jeff. Squirrel was falling when Clem shot. Scared me some when his old blunderbus broke loose, Jeff. I was thinking of something else."

"Bet I kin guess in three guesses what it was, Lew!"

"Sure, you can, Jeff. I think about her all the time. When do you think we can get married, Jeff? This fall?"

"Dunno, Lew, dunno! Don't look like much hope o' a weddin' dress, or nothin', this fall. Mebbe things'll come aroun' better in th' spring, boy! Lew—"

Jeff faced the young man squarely: "Lew, yo're marryin' a pore girl! Better think about that some! Startin' out in life, even with Mina, won't be much fun—'f neither of you's got nothin'."

"Oh, Jeff, things'll come back. Farming'll pay again—some time. Folks just have to eat, Jeff! And the farmer grows the food—you know that!" There was a question in the boy's voice—disbelief in his own argument.

"Dunno, boy, dunno," Jeff said and reached for one of the squirrels. "Better skin these for supper. Sarah an' Mina'll like a taste o' squirrel. I ain't had time for no squirrel huntin' this fall, seems like."

"I brought 'em over to you, thinking maybe you folks would like 'em," said Lew.

The two men worked at dressing the game for a time.

"Anything new, Lew?" Jeff asked eventually.

"Nope. You heard anything?"

"Letter from Hayes, Lew. Says he's got t' foreclose. It'll hit Sarah an' Mina purty hard, Lew!"

The younger man whistled through his teeth softly.

"It sure will," he said. "Can't something be done, Jeff? Won't Clem lend you some—at least until the corn has a chance to make?"

"Wouldn't ask him no more, Lew. Not after th' way he's done about th' gravel. Won't hear to sellin' a yard of it, Lew. I guess mebbe I ought t' go t' court about the gravel, Lew. 'Nough gravel there on th' crick to pay ever'thing I owe an' then some. But a feller hates t' sue his own brother, Lew. Don't know what we're goin' t' do, boy. Guess I better go in town t'night an' talk t' Hayes, like he says. Mebbe he kin think o' some way. He's all right, Hayes is. Good friend o' mine for forty year! Used t' hunt out here with us, an' fish. Too bad he has t' be th' one t' pull down on us, Lew."

"Yep, it's too bad, Jeff. I wish I could do something!"

"Well, ye can't, Lew. But I'm much obliged t'ye. Mebbe somethin' 'll turn up. Mebbe. Purty black, though, Lew!"

"Sure is," said the boy, and the two started toward the lighted kitchen doorway.

THEY came to the arbor, and were yet out of earshot of the house. Lew spoke earnestly:

"Seems a pity Clem couldn't be decent just once. I believe I'd go on and take out your half of the creek there on the creek forty—and let him rave about it—if I was you, Jeff. That would ease up a whole lot on you and Mina and Mrs. Clark, Jeff. They're wanting gravel, all they can get of it, for the Cloverill Road. Paying two dollars a yard for it, they tell me, and planning to ship in stone for the ten miles of the lower end, because they can't get good gravel like yours is. It's yours by right—the half of it, anyhow. Seems too bad your old dad didn't realize how Clem'd be about dividing! Funny that he didn't know Clem well enough to divide the Gravel Forty up in his will instead of giving it to you jointly like he did. I'd go in there and start taking it out of your half—Clem or no Clem!"

"We can't do it, son!" Jeff leaned against the arbor, and his big hand fell helplessly on Lew's shoulder. He spoke dispiritedly: "Clem'll never be no other kind than what he is. Set 'is head that he's a-goin t' keep that gravel. Don't need th' money, he says—an' why rush int' somethin' we don't know nothin' about? I'm a-hopin' th' corn'll make, mebbe. Feels like frost, though, now. I dunno, Lew, I dunno. Seems like worryin' don't help a bit. Git right provoked at Clem sometimes. He knows how hard up we've been, since th' bottom dropped out o' farmin'. He's got plenty, an' it just seems like he wants t' see me fail. Mebbe he wants t' buy this half o' th' old farm too. Can't hardly believe that o' Clem, though. But it ain't brotherly, somehow, it ain't, of Clem! Well, boy, le's go in. Mebbe th' corn'll git two weeks more 'fore a frost—an' then I kin pay th' in-t'rest, anyhow. Le's go in, an' Sarah'll fry these squirrels, Lew. Mina's been a-waitin' for ye all afternoon too. Mighty fine girl yore a-gittin', Lew—mighty fine girl! 'Way yonder too good for ye, Lew!"

"That's right, Jeff. She is!" Lew turned and strode on ahead to the lighted doorway.

JEFF straightened his shoulders and threw up his chin as he carried in the milk. Even a note of banter in his voice:

"Oh, Sarah! Here's Lew Knight a-hangin' round here ag'in! Better git th' broom handle ready!" He slapped Lew on the shoulder and laughed—hollowly.

Sarah Clark wiped her hands on her blue apron, thrust one out to the boy, and smiled him welcome. From the next room came a low, sweet laugh.

"Mina—" the boy almost shouted. And the next moment she had bounced through the doorway and was in his arms by the kitchen table, squeezing his neck joyously with her round arms.

"Here, here!" chided Jeff, laughter, real and happy, bubbling in his voice. "Cut out that lallygaggin'!"

Sarah Clark grinned at her husband and gave a proprietary pat or two—of understanding—to the shoulder of her daughter which was nearest her.

"Squirrel, you brought, did you, Lew?" She turned to the white sink to pour water over the meat. "We'll have 'em for supper—if you and Mina'll stay apart long enough to let her get the skillet on the fire. Stop that, Mina! Come over here, like a young lady. No, don't use that grease. Get the fresh lard from the jar in the milk house. Such younguns! Such younguns!"

Finally she gave it up and went out to the milk house and came back with the lard, smiling. Lew and the girl seemed not to hear her.

Lew sat down finally on one of the straight chairs and watched the two women, busy with the meal.

"Wish I'd driven over, now," he said, yawning. "I'm a little tired. Walked two miles after a squirrel barking up there on the ridge. Be lonesome walking back home there along the ridge tonight. Maybe you'll go part way with me, Mina—" teasingly.

"Land sakes!" said Sarah Clark explosively. "Sit up there to the table, Lew, and quit your talkin'. Cut yourself some bread!"

"I'l be goin' to town, Lew. Drive ye over after while," Jeff said between bites.

"And take me, too?" the brown eyes of the girl were dancing—coaxing.

"Oh, I s'pose so. But ye better be in bed," Jeff grinned at her. Somehow things couldn't be serious, with Mina there. "But I'll be late gittin' back t'night. Got t' see Hayes— Got t' borry some more money t' pay int'rest with, your Dad has, girl! And that ain't no laughin' matter—not for me—no more!"

Sarah Clark turned from the stove. Her voice was vibrant, tense:

"Jeff, can't we get along, someway, till th' corn's sold? I've told you I've been savin' th' butter an' egg money, there in th' jar. You can use that—to run us or pay int'rest—till November. I don't want to have to borrow more money, even if we can."

Lew Knight fidgeted in his chair. He was out of place—embarrassed. Mina found his hand beneath the table, patted it, then turned to smile upon her father:

"Don't worry, Dad!" she said. "Things are coming out all right. Smile, Dad, smile. Good for folks to smile." She tickled his chin with a soft little finger, then squeezed Lew's hand again. She had to bridge, somehow, the gulf that she wouldn't look into—knew, somehow, that life was sunny, always had been, always would:

"They want us to think times are too hard for us to get married, honey—saying everything's going to pieces. Teasing us—that's all. Don't you let 'em tease us, honey. Tell 'em they can live cheaper when we get over there on the ridge together, Lew. Tell 'em. Grin at 'em. You can do it, honey. I've seen you—grin!"

The boy managed a sorry little smile.

"I wish she was right," Jeff Clark said, his face averted from his wife.

"What would you think of my going to talk with Clem once more, Jeff?" Lew asked.

Sarah Clark spoke—harshly: "He ought to have somebody big enough to spank him—like a big, bad boy. That's all he is, anyhow. Only meaner. Spoiled—all his life!"

"Now, now, Sarah! Clem's got his rights. Clem's got 'is rights!" Jeff reached clumsily for his wife's hand. She snatched it away from him. He sent an embarrassed glance toward Lew:

"Le's be goin', children, le's be goin'—'fore Mother says somethin' she'll regret."

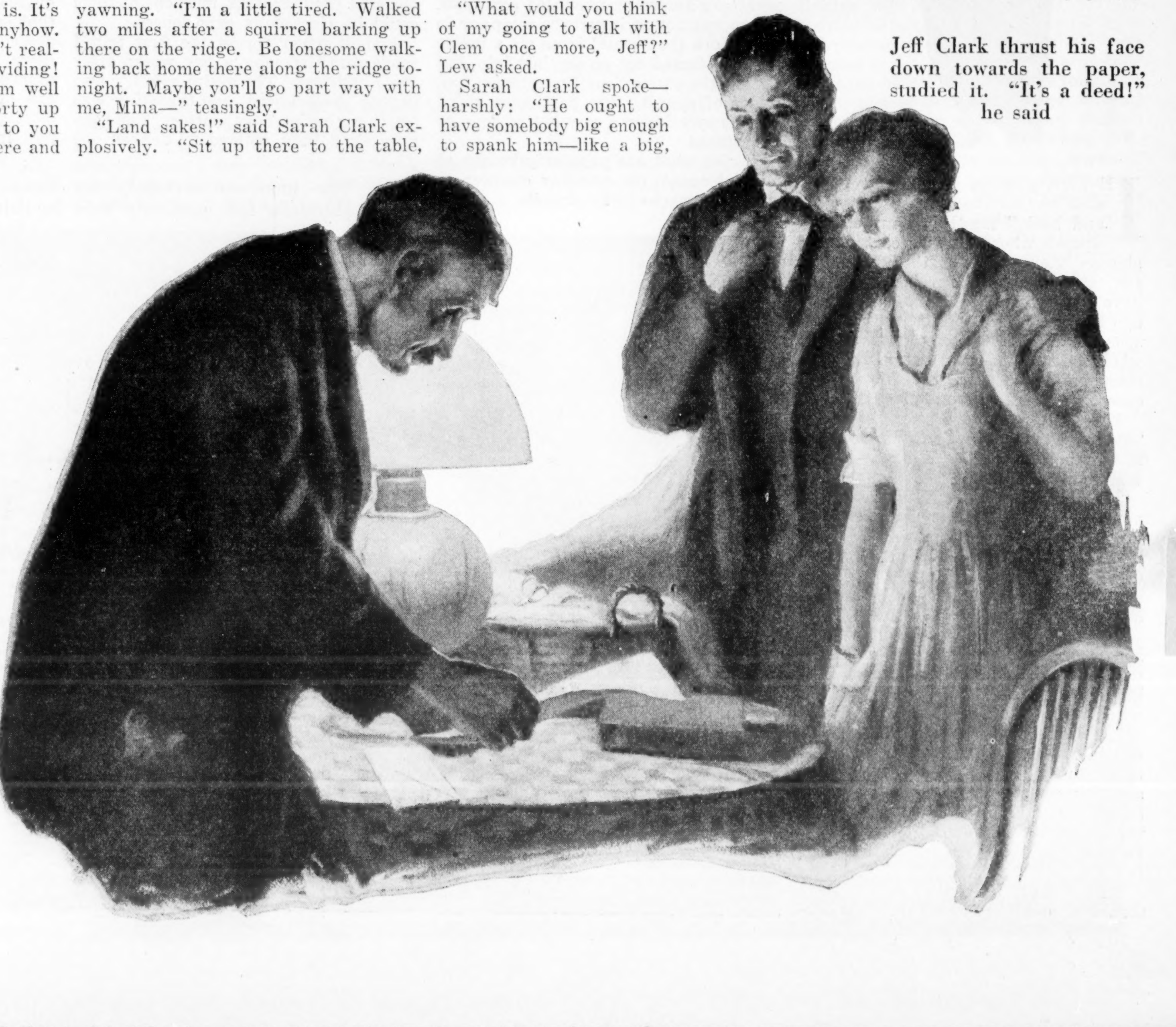
"Regret!" she exploded, her hand finding Jeff's and clenching about it, as if she sought to hold a wayward child, while she lectured him. "That's your big failing, Jeff Clark. Too easy-goin'. Ought to have a fire built under you every so often! Lettin' folks impose on you—all your life! Clem Clark never did think o' nobody but himself all his life since you two were little fellows. I remember. And you never raised your voice against him. Just because he's older'n you, he's always done your decidin' for you. And now he's doin' it again. Why don't you whip him—good—once? Keeping things from all of us—not just you—he is! Half of that gravel is ours—says so in Ren Clark's will, an' you know it. I wish—I wish—"

She rose, almost at the breaking point, and went out through the kitchen doorway—out into the cool night, where she could explode her feelings and get hold of herself again.

"Not like herself t'night," Jeff murmured. "'Tain't like Sarah t' scold thataway." Dimly he knew she was terribly tried—had held in mighty long already.

"Awful nervous, she is t'night! Guess I'm too easy on folks—like she says." He fumbled in his shirt pocket. Found his pipe and tobacco—and the letter—there against his breast. The old surrender laid hold of him again. He got up from the table and wandered aimlessly to a window. Dark out—mighty dark—it was!

(*Continued on page 43*)



Jeff Clark thrust his face down towards the paper, studied it. "It's a deed!" he said

I'm not afraid to Travel

By MARGUERITE E. HARRISON

IN THE past six years Mrs. Harrison—a writer and an authority on Russia—has traveled 50,000 miles. She has girdled the globe and taken many other long journeys that carried her through far-off lands. "There was not an insurance company that would issue me a policy when I started out on my last trip," she says. But she sailed blithely away regardless, and she had about as many narrow escapes as she would have had on Main Street. However, she has found one real danger spot New York City. This is the way she puts it: "There is no traffic to speak of in the Gobi Desert, and in most countries where there are bandits you know where to look for them. In New York you can never tell what is going to happen."

IN THE past six years I have traveled several times "over the world and back," mostly by myself. A woman whose lot was cast among strange men—some of them rated by the stay-at-homes as barbarians—I have journeyed 50,000 miles. Not long ago I returned to America after a year spent in Near Eastern countries; and wherever I went I was met with: "You must have had some terrible experiences in those dangerous places!"

My answer? Something like this: "It seems to me that *New York* is the most dangerous place I know—for a woman."

That's exactly what I think. Since my return I have been in a subway tie-up and a taxicab accident. I have been solemnly warned about crossing Central Park alone at night. I have been duly impressed by the gruesome admonitions to jay walkers on Fifth Avenue; and I have prudently consumed my minutes at street crossings waiting for the traffic to stop, only to be butted in the back by cars that slid around the corners. I have read of half a dozen murders and as many holdups in the daily papers. There is no traffic to speak of in the Gobi Desert, and in most countries where there are bandits you know where to look for them and are prepared to meet them. In New York you can never tell what is going to happen.

I have made one entire trip around the world, crossing Siberia from the borders of Kamchatka and returning via Moscow after visiting Japan, Korea, Manchuria and Mongolia. During the months immediately following the Armistice, I was in Germany, then still in the throes of revolution and unacknowledged defeat. Later I spent some time in Poland, which was just struggling into national existence, the turbulent Baltic states and dismembered, war-torn Austria. I spent nearly two years in Soviet Russia, and for the past year I have been in Turkey, Arabia and Persia, where I lived for a large part of the time in native huts and in tents with nomad tribes.

Most of the countries I visited are what are known as unsettled countries. There was not an insurance company in New York that would issue me a policy when I started out on my last trip, but during the entire time I was never conscious of running any particular risks, and I never knew a moment of fear or uneasiness.

As for what are popularly known as "experiences," the peculiar dangers to which a woman who travels alone is supposed to be exposed, frankly I have never had any. Experience, yes, aplenty; but no experiences. Any woman who goes wandering about by herself can have either, but an American woman can go all over the world and into the most unfrequented places and be safer than she is on Broadway. It is all in her own attitude toward the people she meets, and if she comes of pioneer stock, as thousands of American women do, she will have to put up with no more physical hardships than did her own great-grandmother.

Of course I don't mean to say that I have not occasionally been placed in what might have turned out rather unpleasant predicaments, but none of them could be classed as experiences.

I shall never forget the first trip I made into Germany a few weeks after the Armistice. The entire country was utterly demoralized, and traveling was anything but an easy matter. The Germans had been obliged to deliver one hundred and fifty thousand locomotives and a vast number of cars to the Allies, and there was almost no rail transportation. It took me thirty-six hours to get from Frankfort to Berlin and I traveled in a train packed with demobilized soldiers returning from the front. They fairly swarmed all over the roofs, between the bumpers and on the running boards, and the compartments were crowded to the doors. I managed to squeeze into one where the only available space was half of the baggage rack.

I was preparing to swing myself up to this dizzy perch where a long-legged corporal was already sitting munching a piece of black bread, when a soldier in the corner seat got up and gave me his place. There was neither heat nor light in the car, and no food to be had at the stations, but we all shared rations, and two of the four men who occupied the seat with me took turns standing so that I could stretch out to sleep. It was on this trip that I first made a priceless discovery: Germany and all that was in it was yours if you had soap and American cigarettes!

Berlin, in the months following the Armistice, was not precisely a peaceful place. There were street riots and demonstrations almost every day, two Spartacist revolts which amounted virtually to civil war, and frequent general strikes, during which there was no transportation available in the entire city. Tramways, the subway and even taxis were all out of commission, and everybody went on foot—and the streets were dark at night.

One evening my way led along Tiergarten—a particularly lonely place at that hour of the night. The streets were deserted. A man passed me, then slowed down to let me by. I sized him up at a glance. He was no footpad—evidently one of the Prussian jeunesse dorée—most appropriately called "Bummler" in Berlin—looking for adventure.

The men are certainly not Beau Brummels, but Mrs. Harrison felt perfectly safe in this village guest house

ALONE

This is the way Mrs. Harrison traveled in a Tatar araba. She found her driver and the gentleman on the left (a dancing dervish) both good fellows

"Well, I'll give him one," I reflected, so, when he accosted me, as I knew he would, I was most cordial.

"May I accompany you home, Fräulein?"

"With pleasure," I answered serenely, and we sauntered down the Tiergarten together.

My new acquaintance was obviously under the impression that I was one of his own countrywomen and quite of the same mind as himself. I was secretly rejoicing in the fact that I had a stalwart escort. Taking the situation for granted, he never even asked my address, and we proceeded through the Brandenburger Thor and down the Linden to the entrance of the Adlon, where I stopped short.

"Here's where I live," I said, "and I am an American. I was really rather nervous about that lonely walk through the Tiergarten, and I want to thank you for your chivalry in succoring an alien enemy."

That German's face was a study.

It Doesn't Pay to be Squeamish

THE first night I spent in Vilna (in 1919) was decidedly trying. I occupied a huge room, furnished with one chair, a deal table and a dilapidated bedstead, on which with many misgivings I spread my sleeping bag over the filthy mattress, only because the floor was even dirtier. In the middle of the night I waked up with the feeling that there was something stirring in Denmark, and switched on my electric flashlight. Bed, floor and walls were alive with countless armies on the march! In my desperation I put the chair on the table in the middle of the room and climbed on top of the pile, where I spent the remainder of the night.

While in Soviet Russia I traveled through the Red Army area by sleigh, in box cars and sometimes even on foot. I was always quartered in army billets, sometimes in fairly substantial houses, sometimes in peasant izbas. During my stay in Moscow, I was the guest of the Soviet government, first in government guest houses, later for over a year in prison, and while I endured many privations I was always able to keep clean, whatever my surroundings. I met all kinds and classes of people, both in and out of prison; I was put through cross-examinations lasting hours on end, and subjected to the third degree; but all my troubles were political, not personal. I was never insulted or subjected to any indignity. Even the prison guards in the Checka, while they were brutal in some respects, never failed to accord me the respect due a woman.

In 1922 I was taken as a prisoner from Chita to Moscow, over five thousand miles, across the trans-Siberian railway. On the trip, which lasted ten days, I occupied a sleeping compartment with two guards, who were supposed to take turns watching me day and night. But we made a "gentleman's agreement." I promised not to jump out of the window or try to escape, and they consented to leave me alone while I prepared for bed and in the mornings when I dressed. They even got me hot water at the stations, so that I could take my daily sponge bath.

When I first traveled in out-of-the-way places in Asia, I was rather curious to see what treatment I would receive, as a woman, among peoples who are popularly classed in this country as more or less barbarians, and who have little if any respect for their own women.

Of course in all Eastern countries there is a cultivated minority which has accepted Western ideas and standards with regard to women, but the majority, even among educated people, have changed very little. It was probably a rather bitter pill to some of the Oriental gentlemen I have come across in my travels to have to accept me, as an American woman, on an equal footing with themselves, but they invariably did so.

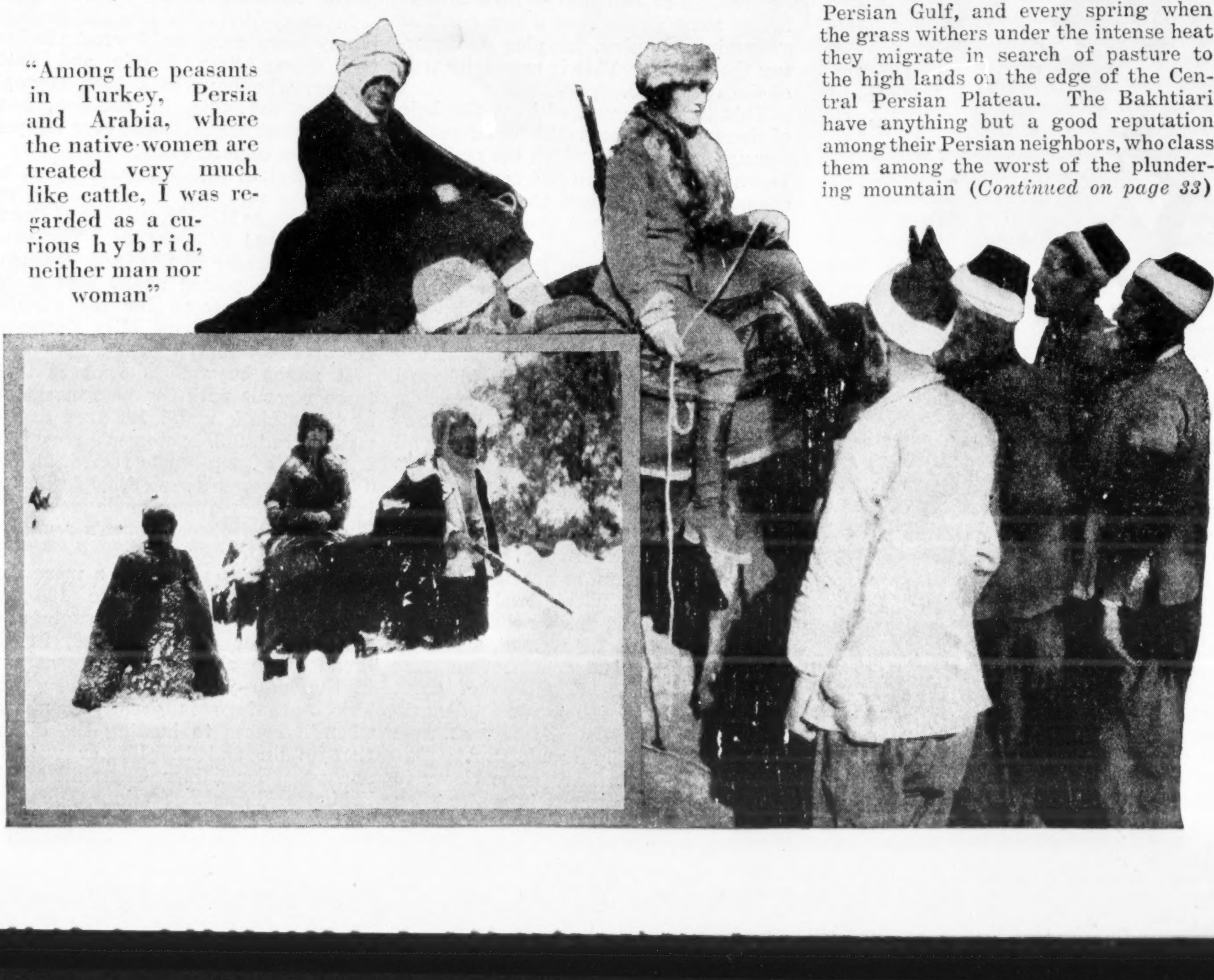
My most amusing experience with men of this type was in northern Sakhalin, the Russian island off the coast of Siberia occupied by the Japanese, where I was the guest of General Machida, commander of the expeditionary forces. Machida is a Japanese of the old school, but he never turned a hair when I descended on him at headquarters, though he acknowledged that I was the only woman who had ever been entertained by the Japanese general staff. The evening of my arrival he gave a dinner, at which all the officers of the general staff were present. It was quite an official occasion—there were a number of speeches, to which I was asked to reply. The officers all listened most respectfully, but I couldn't help wondering what was behind those impenetrable yellow mask-like faces. Later I traveled through the entire Japanese occupied area of Siberia, and everywhere I was received with the utmost courtesy and royally entertained.

Among the peasants in Turkey, Persia and Arabia where the native women are treated very much like cattle, I was regarded as a curious hybrid, neither man nor woman. I was something entirely outside the range of their experience. I was always treated with the utmost respect, and I have had Bedouins, who would consider themselves demeaned by performing any such service for their own women, help me pitch my tent, hold my stirrup for me when mounting. At meal times I always had the place of honor by the sheik or chief, and the not altogether unalloyed pleasure of having him pick out choice morsels and present them to me in his fingers.

Privacy, as we understand the term, is not possible when traveling under such conditions, and on my last trip, when I was helping to make a motion picture, I had two men companions and an interpreter. We always shared the same quarters, frequently with a number of natives as well. In Turkey, outside the large cities, we were put up in the muzefir khanehs (village guest houses)—which consist of one large room with a big open fireplace at one end. Any traveler passing through has a right to claim shelter in the guest house, and I often spent the night in one with eight or ten men in addition to our own party. At first I wondered how I would ever manage to dress and bathe, but I never had any trouble. The minute I showed any signs of wanting to take off or put on something, they all vanished as if by magic.

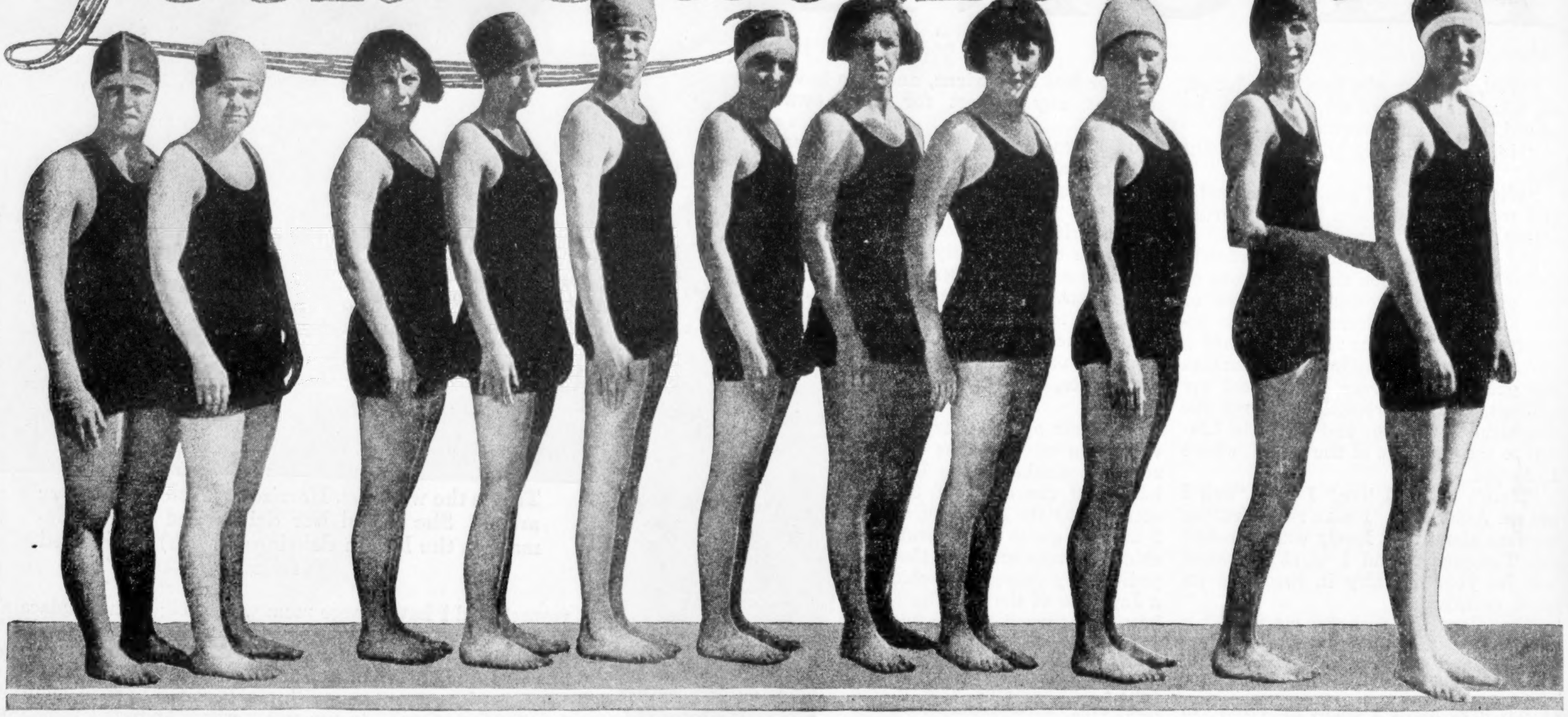
We traveled across the Salt Desert in Anatolia with a camel caravan and spent many nights in ruined caravanserais, sleeping under the stars. Under such conditions, "in the blue," as the British say in Iraq, the only privacy I could obtain was that afforded by a voluminous wadded kimono, and I soon learned to dress, undress and even take a sponge bath underneath its folds.

For nearly four months we traveled with the Bakhtiari—migratory Persian tribes who live in black goat's-hair tents and subsist entirely on their flocks of sheep, goats and cattle. They spend their winters in the low valleys near the Persian Gulf, and every spring when the grass withers under the intense heat they migrate in search of pasture to the high lands on the edge of the Central Persian Plateau. The Bakhtiari have anything but a good reputation among their Persian neighbors, who class them among the worst of the plundering mountain (*Continued on page 33*)



"Among the peasants in Turkey, Persia and Arabia, where the native women are treated very much like cattle, I was regarded as a curious hybrid, neither man nor woman"

Look Out for the



SOME day, just a few generations further on, there will be a big ship in distress at sea. Above the roar of the storm and the lash of the tempest as the rush is made for the life boats a strident female voice may call out: *"Men and Children First!"*

We offer this as no set and certain prediction. A few generations may not be long enough to offset the trend of the ages. But one thing, at any rate, is a certainty! Within a few generations star women athletes will give their male rivals real battles in many competitions, especially those which call for speed and agility instead of sheer strength.

Lucille Godbold, champion shot-putter

Woman's advance in sport has been remarkable.

The vital statistics will show that in spite of a late start the women have now moved up to within twenty-five or thirty per cent of matching the best of the males.

How much better is the male to-day in athletic competition? The margin runs from 10 to 40 per cent, but it is gradually being chopped away. We had May Sutton and a few good women golfers fifteen or twenty years ago, but there were not many stars. And there were few women who amounted to anything at swimming, track, field or any other sports where to-day they are constantly setting new records. You can hardly turn around before some girl has set a new mark at swimming, running, jumping or throwing the javelin. This is especially true of the swimmers.

This has all come without the help of heredity, without the development through generations which the male has known. If the women had been athletic competitors for several thousand years and the men had just started, the difference would be just as big as it is now upon the other side of the sex border.

There are competitions now where the women are not outclassed by the best of the men. Only a few years ago Harold Kruger set a new back-stroke swimming record for the 440-yard range at 6 minutes and 28 seconds. That record has been considerably lowered since; but only last year Sybil Bauer, a co-ed at Northwestern University, traveled the same back-stroke route in 6 minutes and 23 seconds, 5 seconds faster than Kruger's old mark. During 1924 Miss Bauer broke more records than any competitor in any game. Within twelve months she smashed no less than twenty-one records for women, a mighty harvesting no one else has ever approached. And one of these records at 440 yards is dangerously close to the fastest time ever made by a male star.

The girls have come closer to masculine records in water than they have on land. Such stars as Misses Naurelius, Ederle, Wainright, Geraghty, Bauer and others have been shattering records for all distances for the last two years. This alone shows how swift the improvement has been. Records that stood two or three years ago from 100 yards to two miles have not only been broken but have been shattered, dislocated, annihilated and completely wrecked.

Will the Men be Left Behind?

IT MUST be admitted that none of the girl swimmers have been able to reach the great speed shown by Johnny Weismuller, but the point is they have made a remarkable series of advances in the last year which shows imposing possibilities later on.

In fancy diving it is quite doubtful if any mere male could wrest the laurels from Aileen Riggin and Betty Becker, who have both been Olympic winners and who, in addition, have shown great improvement over the performances of past stars.

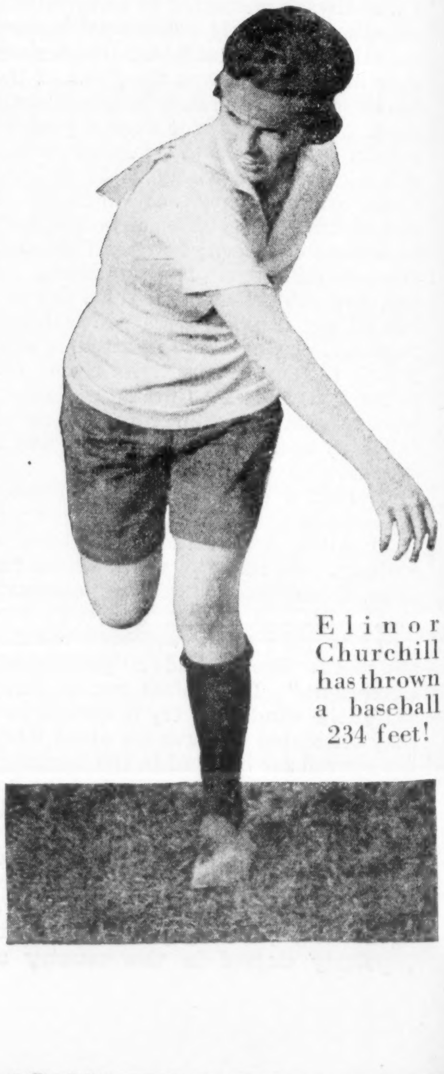
The fastest hundred yards that we have seen recorded by a feminine entry belongs to Miss Mejzlikova of Czechoslovakia—11 2/5 seconds. The same agile contender holds the women's broad jump record at 20 feet 2 2/5 inches. The record for the running high jump belongs to Miss Katherine Lee at 4 feet 10 7/8 inches.

It might be well to compare these three records with the best marks set by the athletic male: 100-yard dash—male record, 9 3/5; women's record, 11 2/5. Broad jump—male record, 25 feet 6 inches; women's record, 20 feet 2 2/5 inches. High jump—male record, 6 feet 7 5/16 inches; women's record, 4 feet 10 7/8 inches.

This brings us down to a more concrete comparison. In the 100-yard dash the male has an advantage of about 18 per cent in speed, in the broad jump about 25 per cent and in the high jump over 36 per cent. This advantage is greatly increased when it comes to hurling the discus, the javelin and the lighter weights, and yet Miss Elinor Churchill of the Robinson Female Seminary, Exeter, N. H., has thrown a baseball 234 feet!

Naturally as the distances are extended the woman is at a greater disadvantage. Jackson Scholz and Paddock have run the 220-yard sprint in 20 4/5 seconds against 28 seconds, the best time yet made by Miss Cast of England for the women's record.

What will happen in the next few years? It is almost certain that within five years some girl will run the 100 yards in 10 2/5 seconds and be able to jump well over five feet. The most marked improvement will come in those games calling for speed and agility, rather than strength and stamina. These two latter developments will come along more slowly since there is



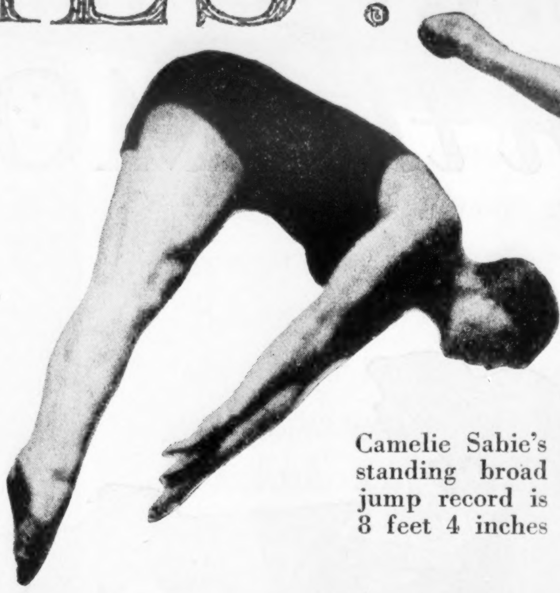
Elinor Churchill has thrown a baseball 234 feet!

LADIES!

By GRANTLAND RICE

With the women in their swimmin'
Turning records into wrecks;
With the ladies raising hades
In a matter quite complex,
With their biceps getting stronger
Where their strides are getting longer,
In about four generations
Who will be the weaker sex?

When the lassies find their brassies
Have a tendency to vex;
When their crashes and their smashes
Grow from lighter jabs and pecks;
When they turn to the primeval
In a track and field upheaval,
If they keep on getting better
Who will be the weaker sex?



Wide World Photos

Could any man take the laurels of Betty Becker, fancy diver?

Camelie Sabie's standing broad jump record is 8 feet 4 inches

a wise supervision against overeffort. The javelin throw and the discus toss are in harmony, but weight-throwing has been restricted to the 8-pound shot, which is quite heavy enough for the present generation. The somewhat distant future will be time enough for girls to whirl the 16-pound hammer into open space.

It will not be long before the record of 28 seconds for the 220 will be cut down to 25 seconds. But whether the feminine contingent will ever overhaul the male in the next few hundred or the next few thousand years is peering just a trifle deeper into the mists of the future than the human eye can see.

It must be remembered in golf and tennis that a far greater number of males are playing these two games. Yet there are not so many males—very, very few, in fact—who can beat Miss Wills consistently at tennis or Miss Glenna Collett or Miss Joyce Wethered at golf. We should say that Miss Wethered and Miss Collett could beat at least 97 per cent of all golfers, possibly 99 per cent. We doubt if more than 1 per cent of all who wield wood and iron could beat either of them with any consistency whatsoever.

We have found out that the male swimmer is about 20 per cent faster or better than the female swimmer, comparing only the champions. We have also shown that the male track and field star is on a general average about 25 or 30 per cent above the best of the women.

Just how much better than Miss Wills is Tilden? The comparison here is difficult. Tilden, with so much more speed, strength, reach, stamina and skill, is much better. Yet it must be remembered that, outside of one or two, Tilden can beat any male star 6-1 almost any time he cares to put on pressure.

Golf lends itself to a much safer form of direct comparison. There are tests held every season wherein the best four amateur golfers are pitted against the four leading women who have a handicap allotment of five "bisques," which in somewhat plainer English means five strokes wherever desired or needed. The male contenders just about manage to win, but there is never a clean sweep. Miss Edith Cummings, a former champion and one of the best, has won her last two matches on this basis.

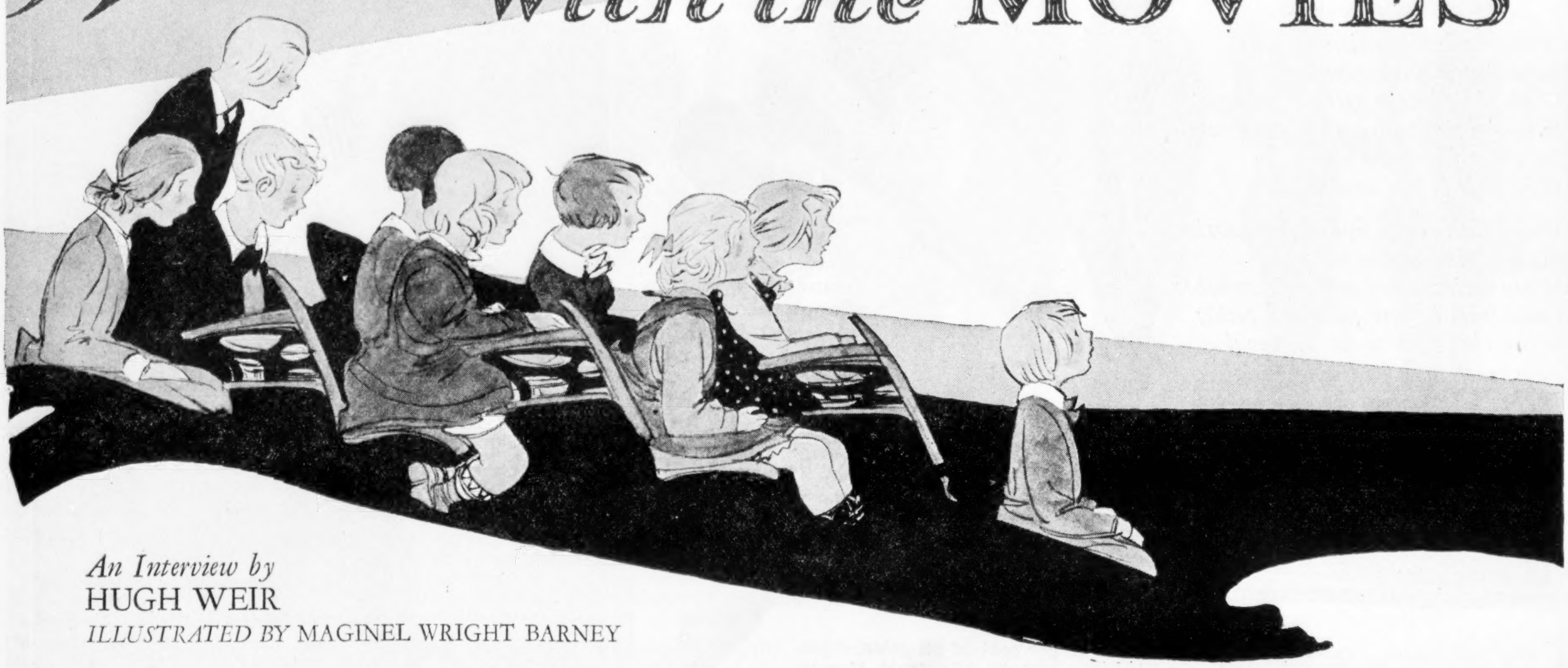
We should say that Bobby Jones, averaging around 73, would be about seven strokes better than any woman star, who could hardly hope to average better than 80. Yet when Miss Collett or Miss Wethered (among others) are hitting their best pace it would be almost impossible for any male golfer to spot them more than two or three strokes. Jim Barnes on one occasion gave Miss Cecil Leitch of England a nine-stroke allotment; but he needed a 68 over the long Pelham course to win a close match.

In all these divisions of sport there is sufficient evidence to show the remarkable advance made by women in the last few years. They have women Rugby teams in France and England and they have a number of girl boxers and wrestlers in Germany—which is going a trifle further than we in the United States have progressed.

The male has almost reached the limit of his record-making. Not quite, but he is at least down to a matter of split seconds and half inches. The other sex has only started. Records will be improved year by year, and by 1950 the margin will be nothing like as wide as it is to-day.

Miss B. Mejzlikova (right) steps the 100 in 11 2-5 seconds. The diver above her is Aileen Riggin

What Edison would like to do with the MOVIES



An Interview by
HUGH WEIR
ILLUSTRATED BY MAGINEL WRIGHT BARNEY

A YOUNG man was pacing slowly across the floor of a huge, shadowy laboratory in the Jersey hills some thirty-five years ago, revolving in his mind a question that was to affect intimately the lives of many millions of people.

His eyes were kindling, and his thick hair was rumpled. He had just completed a remarkable invention that was to multiply the horizons of the human vision—and ultimately build up the fourth greatest industry of civilization.

On a littered work-table facing him was the first practicable motion-picture camera.

The eyes of the young man in the laboratory rested upon the rude oblong case with a far-away light. Had he produced after all just an interesting plaything for an idle hour—or was his more daring speculation justified? Had he created an agency that might revolutionize the dissemination of knowledge?

The other day the speculative young man of thirty-five years ago, now an analytical old man, returned to the question he had asked himself a third of a century ago.

Thomas A. Edison, the father of the motion picture, was considering the many-angled subject of his invention from a viewpoint which has been forgotten by most of us in the Aladdin-like development that has made it one of the modern wonders of the world. Incidentally he was clearing up a point which many have considered one of the historic mysteries of the industry—why Edison quit as a film producer.

"And they say they are spending a million dollars nowadays to make just one big picture—sometimes more if you believe all that you read." He shook his head ruefully. "If I had been told in the days of our first movie studio—which we built on wheels and called the old Black Maria—that anybody would ever spend a million dollars to produce a single film, I don't know whether I would have swallowed it or not. It would have been some effort."

He thought for a moment, and looked up with the twinkle in his eyes changing to a more serious gleam.

"It may seem curious, but the money end of the movies never hit me the hardest. The feature that did appeal to me about the whole thing was the educational possibilities I thought I could see. I had some glowing dreams about what the camera could be made to do and ought to do in teaching the world things it needed to know—teaching it in a more vivid, direct way.

"I figured that after the novelty wore off the camera would either be taken up by the big educators and pushed as a new agency in the schools—or that it would be developed mostly along straight amusement lines for entertainment and commercial purposes. I guess up to date the entertainment and commercial purposes have won.

"I don't know about the quality of the entertainment always, but I suspect there has been good money in it—for those who knew their business. When the industry began to specialize as a big amusement proposition I quit the game as an active producer.

"A good many people seemed to wonder why I did so—maybe they still wonder. But the answer is simple enough. I was an inventor—an experimenter. I wasn't a theatrical producer. And I had no ambitions to become one.

"If, on the other hand, the educational uses of the camera had come more to the front, as I had hoped, and I had seen an opportunity to develop some new ideas along those lines, my story as a producer might have been very different. I should have been far more interested in going on.

"Do you know that one of my first thoughts for the motion picture camera was to combine it with the phonograph? In fact, that was what primarily interested me in motion pictures—the hope of developing something that would do for the eye what the phonograph did for the ear.

"My plan was to synchronize the camera and the phonograph so as to record sounds when the pictures were made, and reproduce the two in harmony. As a matter of fact, we did a lot of work along this line, and my talking pictures were shown in many theatres in the United States and foreign countries. I even worked on the possibility of an entire performance of grand opera, for example, being given in this way.

"Another thought I had was that such a dual arrangement might record both the lives and the voices of the great men and women of the world. Can you realize the tremendous impetus this would be to the study of history and economics?

"They are producing pictures of this kind now, I understand, by photographing and reproducing the sound waves. We were working, of course, from an entirely different angle—but we had the first of the so-called 'Talking Pictures' in our laboratory thirty years ago.

Mr. Edison Makes a Prophecy

"WE MIGHT have developed them into a greater commercial circulation if we had kept on—but I was interested in the educational and not the entertainment field. When the educators failed to respond I lost interest. What I had in mind was a bit ahead of the times, maybe. The world wasn't ready for the kind of education I had pictured."

He paused again, and his voice became more crisp as he went on. "Maybe I'm wrong, but I should say that in ten years textbooks as the principal medium of teaching will be as obsolete as the horse and carriage are now. I believe that in the next ten years visual education—the imparting of exact information through the motion picture camera—will be a matter of course in all of our schools. The printed lesson will be largely supplemental—not paramount.

"Let's see how visual education might work out in a practicable way. Suppose we take the development of the memory through the medium of the eye. Most of us have never learned how to use our eyes properly—and still fewer of us have ever learned how to remember properly the impressions that our eyes do register. Perhaps I can illustrate what I mean.

"In the early days of the motion picture camera an especial problem for us was to find what kind of pictures people were most interested in. We were pioneers in a brand-new field. You must remember that at that time only a small percentage of the public had ever seen a motion picture film of any sort. And we soon discovered that our problem wasn't so much that of the showman as that of the experimenter, the educator.

"An important fact that we ran up against right at the outset was the need to make our arrangement of scenes just as obvious and simple as possible. We found that if we didn't keep to an easy, straight continuity it was difficult for many of the spectators to follow the picture at all. They hadn't been trained to visualize more than one thought at a time—and it seemed hard for some of them to do that. The average memory faculty had not been developed beyond the most elemental lines.

"If one of the pretentious motion pictures of to-day, with its elaborate titles and multitude of characters and scenes, had been exhibited at that time it would probably have been a conspicuous failure. Half of the audience would have been hopelessly confused before it was finished.

"If the motion picture has done nothing else it has been the greatest quickener of brain action that we have ever had. It has stirred up sluggish brain-cells as all of the printing presses in the world could not do.

"It is easy enough to understand why, and yet this angle has probably never occurred to most of us. The motion picture has a definite physical impression to present to the eye, but it is an impression so swift that in order to register and apply it properly brain-cells that had not been used to hurried exercise had to learn to function far beyond any limits to which they had been accustomed. The automobile got us used to physical speed. It was the motion

WE ALL *know who the father of the movies is. He says in this interview: "If I had been told in the days of our first movie studio—which we built on wheels and called the old Black Maria—that anybody would ever spend a million dollars to produce a single film, I don't know whether I would have swallowed it or not." It was never the financial end of motion pictures that interested Mr. Edison; it was the educational possibilities that appealed to him. To-day he is working on other inventions; but he has some striking ideas as to how we can use the movies to instruct—how we can replace tedious textbooks with thrilling films and color education with romance.*

picture that got us used to mental speed.

"Take the matter of motion-picture captions or titles as an example. When they were first used they required at least fifty per cent more footage than they do to-day. In other words, it needed half again as much time for the audience to read and assimilate them.

"We used to experiment with stop-watches on various types of mentalities, trying to strike a fair average of time to allow for a given impression to register. We picked children and old persons, clerks, mechanics, business men, professional men, housewives, and exhibited titles with varying numbers of words.

"When we showed more than six or eight words at a time it was a revelation to see how many failed to get any connected thought at all. It was necessary either to slow up the projection speed, or to increase the amount of printed footage so as to allow each title to remain on the screen about twice the time necessary for a reader of normal brain action to master it.

"I believe that this kind of experiment, with elaborations, is now a favorite test with professional psychologists. We found some astonishing results by taking a group of children, without any regard to selection, and giving them an elemental course in memory-training, which consisted simply in showing a series of titles at graduated rates of speed, and asking the children to repeat them in order when they were finished.

"In the course of even a few days a twenty-five or thirty per cent improvement was found. In some cases it was startling.

"I'll venture to say that without a very substantial improvement in the thinking apparatus of our movie patrons over what it was—say twenty-five or thirty years ago—the massive productions that we now take as a matter of course would be out of the question.

"The average motion-picture title of to-day of twelve to fifteen words measures about twelve feet of film-footage, and at the usual speed of projection about twelve seconds are allowed for the audience to read it. This is at least fifty per cent more time than should be needed—but at that it is just about fifty per cent better than was the case twenty years ago.

"With this fact in mind, entirely as the result of an incidental, promiscuous development, it ought to be obvious what could be done if we applied motion pictures to a scientific, systematic course of memory-training in our schools, taking our children at an age when the mind is plastic enough to adapt itself most readily to new habits of thought.

"Most of our textbooks fail on two big counts. They are not sufficiently human, and their application is not sufficiently practical. Their tendency seems to be to look upon the whole process of education as a job of dull and uninteresting work—with the apparent argument that the duller and more uninteresting it is made the more credit there is for doing it.

Mathematics Made Easy

"WHEN we have tried to change this viewpoint we have used too much sugar coating, and have applied too many fanciful 'isms,' and have gone to the opposite extreme. Education isn't play—and it can't be made to look like play. It is work, hard work—but it can be made mighty interesting work.

"Suppose we try the illustration of mathematics. Show the average boy a textbook on arithmetic, and he will back away from it as from a woodpile that needs chopping when he wants to go fishing. Show it to the average man, and it will conjure up visions of long, weary hours and splitting headaches that it meant for him as a youngster.

"The reason is that we have not tried to make arithmetic interesting. What could visual education do to remedy this? It might show us how to apply arithmetic to life.

"For a concrete object lesson we might exhibit a motion picture of electricity as the world's great burden-bearer, relating particularly to incandescent lighting. I am picking this as an illustration because I happen to know more about electric lighting than most other subjects. Hundreds of other subjects, of course, will suggest themselves, and would do as well.

"Our film might show one of our modern central power plants, with its giant dynamos and turbines, its atmosphere of driving energy, and its network of wires stretching out to the four points of the compass to carry the unseen power from the place where it is generated to the multitudinous places where it is used.

"Our first purpose is psychological—to eliminate the student's sense of petty classroom drudgery. Our next purpose is more practical—to carry him into the realities of the world's work, and to make him a personal part of it. If we can do this we have made a great forward step right at the start.

"Our visual arithmetic lesson begins with a comparatively simple problem—our pictures changing, of course, as we go along. American power plants now serve 9,500,000 homes. The estimated number of homes in the United States is 21,000,000. What percentage receives electric power?

"From our power plants more than 25,000,000,000 kilowatt hours of electric energy are produced each year. A kilowatt hour means the consumption of 1,000 watts of current for the period of one hour, and it needs about 750 watts to equal one horse power. How many horses working for one hour would be required to produce the same amount of energy generated by our power plants?

"Before the introduction of the incandescent light the average family, using gas and oil lamps, consumed an artificial illumination each year equaling about 50,000 candle hours. To-day the consumption of artificial light has increased to 250,000 candle hours per family. What is the percentage of increase?

"How fast does light travel? The answer is about 186,000 miles per second. How many times is this around the circumference of the globe?

"If sound travels 1,000 feet per second, how much faster than sound does light travel?

"The modern tungsten filament lamp uses about 100 watts (one tenth of a kilowatt) of electric current per hour, and costs about one cent per hour to burn, which means that one cent now buys us as much light as would be furnished by one hundred sperm candles, each costing one cent per hour to consume. If George Washington had wanted to light up Mt. Vernon by candle power to the same extent as the average American home of to-day, whose bill for electric current is two dollars per month, how much would it have cost him?

"In the early days of the incandescent light, when Mark Twain was writing 'Huckleberry Finn,' illumination cost just twenty times what we pay now. Suppose he had used twenty kilowatt hours of current per month for six months, how much would have been his bill?

"From our power plant we might continue with scenes at a great lamp factory producing the globes for the electric current. Let's see what we could do for our arithmetic lesson with such a background.

A New Field of Vision

"IT NEEDS about 280,000,000 tungsten lamps each year to supply the market to-day. And yet the first lamp factory in the world—the Edison Lamp Works, now located at Harrison, N. J.—was not started until 1880, and I was told it would never pay. The output for our first year was about 25,000 globes. How many times that figure would be required for the present market?

"If each lamp measures an average of five inches in length, and they were placed end to end, how many times across the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Liverpool would they reach?

"A household using twenty-one lamps requires about seven new lamps each year. What percentage is this? If these lamps had been bought at the retail prices of the first year of the lamp factory, they would have cost $1.25 each. How much would the family save by the decreased prices of to-day?

"In all of the above no effort has been made to divide mathematics into any formal sections such as addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. All of those, of course, could be worked out in detail along systematic lines.

"Now let us take the class in geography. It seems to me that motion pictures offer here a rather astonishing substitute for the colorless, standardized lessons of the textbooks—not only an opportunity to teach directly from a busy world at work but with all of the atmosphere of adventure, romance, achievement.

"We could teach history, of course, in much the same way, and literature, and biology—and in our advanced courses chemistry, geology, physics. There is no limitation to the camera. It is simply a matter of the right direction."

Collier's

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

STILL MOPPING UP AFTER 1914

IF THE talked-of disarmament conference materializes this year, it will be 1925's most important event. Just as the Washington Conference was the big business of 1922, the funding of the British debt the big business of 1923 and the Dawes plan the big business of 1924.

All these gigantic operations had their origin in activities begun in August, 1914. Ten years after the war began the world's best minds are still engaged in mopping up. Even so, they have made only a beginning. The armament race is still under way in aircraft, submarines, poison gases and vessels below the limits set by the Washington Conference. The Dawes plan may not work, the Allies still hold the Rhine, Germany has not disarmed, the network of government-to-government debts is still a nasty tangle.

No living man will see the end of the war's effects. When we are doddering toward our graves, statesmen will still be clearing away the débris of the war little by little in order that the normal activities of the human race, interrupted in 1914, may be resumed. 1968 taxes certainly will be drawn upon to meet 1918 debts. And no matter how shrewdly leaders may compound war losses that are of record, outside the ledger there lies all the vast incalculable misery of the conflict, suffering that left its mark and is gone beyond relief.

Year by year, as the civilized world goes along mopping up the results of the war, the conviction that war means nothing but loss ought to grow. If anyone still believes that even victors gain by war, let him remember that it is precisely upon the victors that the responsibility for salvaging operations falls.

George Washington

WASHINGTON'S work goes on and many have helped: Marshall, for 34 years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; Lincoln, in saving the Union and freeing the slave; Cleveland, who stood out for strong and honest government; McKinley and Roosevelt, in assuring for our country a greater place in the world; Wilson, consolidating the power of a new United States built on miracles of progress and based on the loyalty of men drawn here from every land on earth.

You cannot keep a great man's hands in the grave. So our hearts are lifted up on February 22d.

But, labor it as we will, what does it all amount to—this tale of a man gone long ago? What have we to do with that dim eighteenth century when the few held their power at the edge of sudden peril and went gay in silks, while the many wore canvas and leather; that age of wigs and powdered hair, of narrow piety and unending toil, of high romance and exalted duty?

Well, you can find out any day at Mt. Vernon. You have seen the pots and pans that cooked his meals, the crude farm machinery that worked his fields, the desk and chair that he used, and then, when the guide is taking your party along the hall upstairs, you hear the man's voice shake a little as he stops by an open door to say, for what must be the ten-thousandth time, "He died in that room." It goes through you somehow. The stout Chicagoan drops his chewed cigar, a New Yorker grabs off his hat, the Boston lady forgets to close her lips on her last question and looks silly with her mouth open like that. It isn't his name on the map from Greenland to the Fiji Islands, his statue in public places of honor, his portrait on the stamps, nor yet that high white shaft of marble soaring to the sky as sunset glory floods the Blue Ridge; not there his fame, but in your sudden hushed sense of the truth of soul and strength of heart by which Washington helped his world.

What word would he have left for us when the fever and pain were on him and he lay waiting for the dawn that he was never again to see coming along the Potomac's silver flood? Perhaps that victorious wisdom which burst so hotly from his heart when the Philadelphia convention seemed bound to end in one more disappointment:

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

That, forevermore, is George Washington.

"Blue Sky" Doesn't Pay Dividends

ARE you all ready to make a killing by investing your money in "wonderful" stocks? Or perhaps you have already made such investments. Either way, here's some information that should interest you.

According to Andrew Ten Eyck, in the "Harvard Business Review," already a billion dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds have been converted into worthless securities. Of course nobody *intends* to buy worthless securities, just as nobody expects to get killed by a train. But people *are* buying worthless paper, reams of it, and they all *think* they are acting wisely. The catch is that they don't know—and they might have found out if they had asked their bankers!

Women are People

THE governor of a Western state was asked whether he was going to appoint a man or a woman to a certain office. There were partisans for both sexes. "I don't care anything about whether my appointees are men or women," he replied. "A person has nothing to do with his or her sex. But citizenship is a matter of personal character. I shall try to appoint 'people' and not males or females."

This is sense. There is too much talk about women deserving this and men deserving that. Only the individual may deserve public honor.

Odd Things Hitch Up

A POOR country boy got rich as the world's greatest salesman of railroad equipment. He lived too well along Broadway, was patched up by the specialists at Johns Hopkins and endowed a research foundation there.

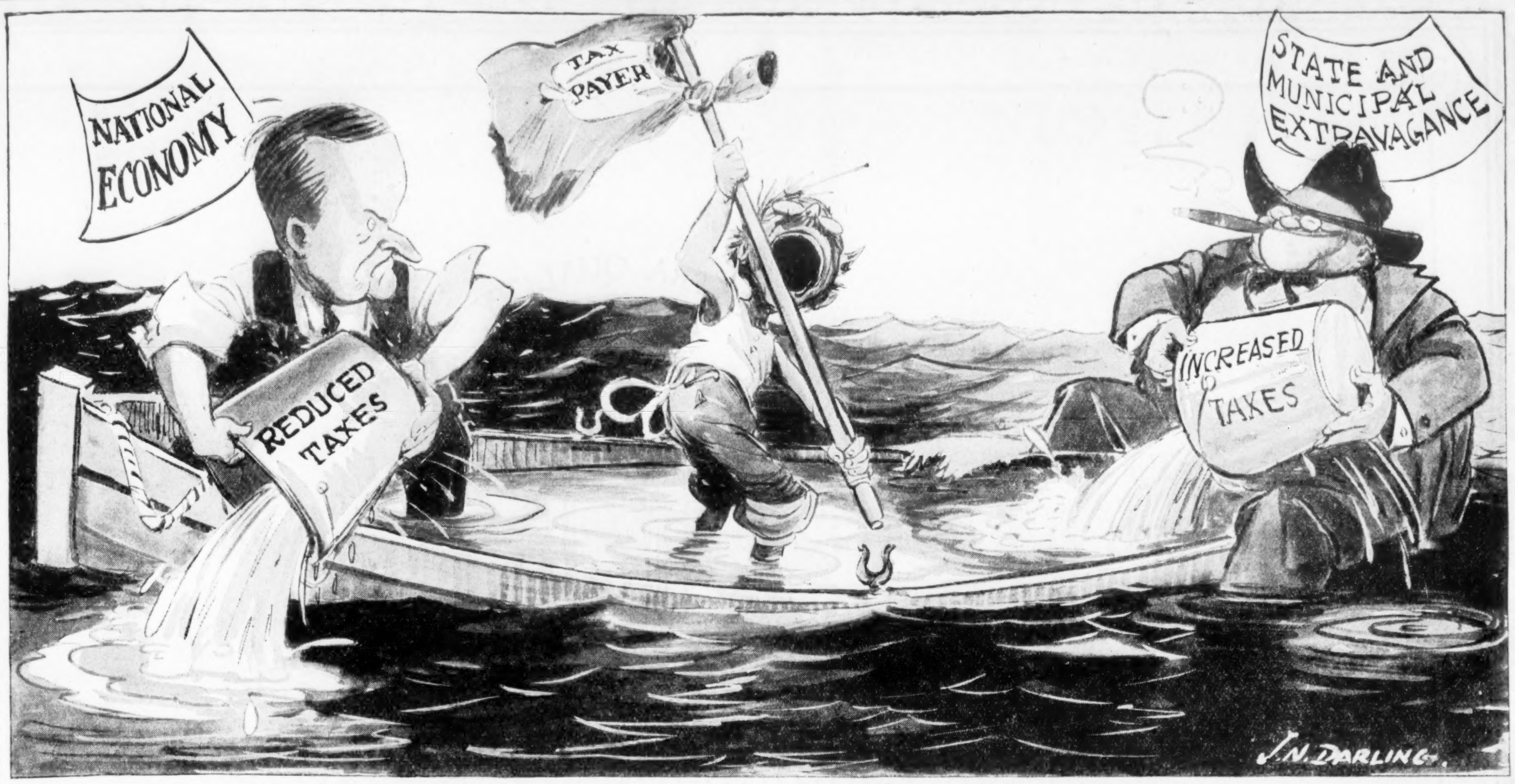
Dr. Hugh Young, who led the cheering for Governor Ritchie's candidacy at the Democratic Convention in New York, now states that the James Buchanan Brady ("Diamond Jim") Institute at Johns Hopkins has succeeded after seven years' work in perfecting the best general antiseptic ever known. Dr. Young predicts that this "mercurochrome" will soon bring about "the greatest conquest of disease in the history of medicine."

And that certainly is a queer thing to come out of a good fellow's success in selling box cars. You never can tell in this world.

Science and the Good New Days

THE scientific workers have had some hard knocks lately from people who thought they were hurting religion. This was foolish, for if a religion is true a little more truth can't hurt it, and whatever isn't true isn't science. It was additionally foolish because, whatever we may think about the next world, science is the best friend most of us have in this one. If science hadn't reduced the typhoid death rate from 36 to 6.8 a hundred thousand, as it did between 1900 and 1924, 30,000 Americans now alive and hearty would have died last year of that particular disease. If science hadn't cut the general death rate from 17.6 a thousand in 1900 to between 11 and 12 in 1924 there would have been at least 600,000 more deaths in this country last year than actually took place. This is about twelve times the number of Americans who were killed or died of wounds in the war with Germany. Mention that to your friends when they talk about the good old days.

Luther Burbank said the other day that "those who would legislate against the teaching of evolution should also legislate against gravity, electricity and the unreasonable speed of light, and should introduce a clause to prevent the use of the telescope, the microscope and the spectroscope or any other instrument of precision which may in the future be invented for the discovery of truth." He might have gone further and suggested that they legislate against lowering the death rate, for that is what blind opposition to science amounts to.



Putting it in faster at one end than we can bail it out at the other

"Main Street" Owns the Railroads

By C. H. Markham

President of the Illinois Central Railroad

THE future of our American railroads is secure not only because they enjoy the confidence of their patrons and the loyalty of their employees but also because their ownership is steadily becoming more deeply rooted and more widely rooted among our people as a whole. It is no idle play upon words to say, as has so well been said, that it is "Main Street" and not "Wall Street" that owns the railroads to-day.

My own railroad, for example, belongs to more than twice as many stockholders to-day as it belonged to December 31, 1916, when we first began to make reports by calendar years. This increase in number of stockholders is representative of a general trend. The railroads, as a whole, at the end of 1923 were owned by more than 800,000 stockholders. That was an increase for the year of more than 30,000.

Financial interest in the railroads, however, is much more widespread than these figures indicate. When we stop to consider that bonded indebtedness composed fifty-seven per cent of our total railway capital in 1923, we can, perhaps, add more than a million bondholders to the more than 800,000 stockholders—which gives us a total of nearly two million direct holders of railway securities among our citizens. This is a figure roughly equivalent to the number of railway employees.

Many of these holdings are joint holdings, for reserve funds of a great many enterprises are invested in railway securities. Every holder of an insurance policy and every depositor in a savings bank is likely to be an indirect holder of railway securities, because in many cases the reserve funds of insurance companies and banks are secured by railway investments. For example: out of every $190 invested on behalf of each of the fifty million life-insurance policyholders of the United States, more than $40 is invested in railway bonds. This means that more than one dollar out of every five of the life-insurance reserve depends for its security upon the continued earning power of our railroads. Similar or larger reserve investments are made in the railroads by many other business enterprises representing millions of persons.

When these many millions of indirect holders of railway securities are added to those directly holding the stocks and bonds, we may well take it for granted that a great deal more than half of our population is vitally interested in the success or failure of our railroads from a dividend-and-interest standpoint. Then, too, we must not forget the millions who look to the railroads for wages and the entire population that is dependent upon the railroads for transportation service.

These figures, of course, contain many duplications. We may as well give up trying to regard the patrons, owners and employees as three separate groups with distinct interests in railway matters and with frequently divergent viewpoints. It is entirely possible for a person to be an employee, a patron and an investor at one and the same time; and a great many persons do play two or even three of these rôles. It is a fine thing that this condition exists. It is particularly important that the number of patron and employee stockholders and bondholders of the railroads should continue to increase.

Customer and employee ownership is giving a firmness and a dependability to public utility financing to-day that it never enjoyed before. The railroads have been particularly fortunate in this respect, for in the past the railroads have been the chief sufferers as a result of thoughtless or misguided public regulation.

By individual purchase of stocks and bonds our citizens are fast establishing an ownership of the railroads that is public ownership in its best sense. It is a public ownership that makes for progress and efficiency. It will continue to grow. As the certainty of adequate railway earnings continues to develop through favorable public regulation of the railroads, the attractiveness of railway investment will draw more and more investors to the railroads at the very time that new railway investment is needed to take care of the increased traffic of the future. The new money and the new opportunity will work together to spread railway ownership even more widely in the future than it is spread to-day. That wider ownership, in turn, will make the position of the railroads even more secure in the future than it now is.

The railroads have shown by their attitude in recent years that they are not afraid of the people. The people now are showing that they are not afraid of the railroads. Understanding is fast displacing distrust and suspicion, to the profit of all. In their continued confidence—that is, in the confidence shown by "Main Street" in railway stocks and bonds—lies the hope of our future transportation under private ownership and regulation by the people.

C H Markham

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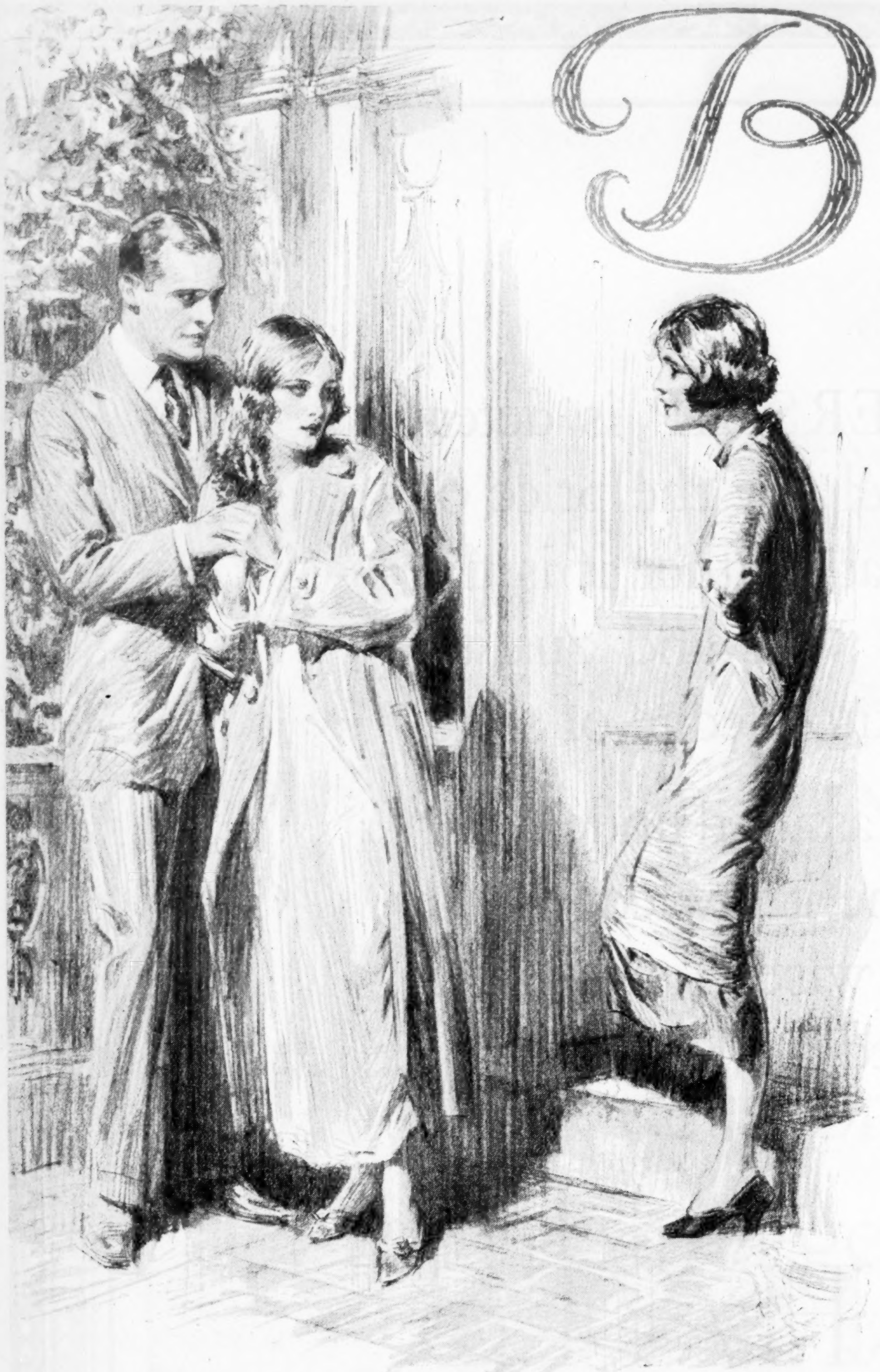
ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL



"Ah!" said Sweetie. "They're comin' up for air at last!"

Conclusion

By George Palmer Putnam

HALFWAY down the stairs, Aunt Celimena caught at the banisters, staying her erratic progress hallward, and rose to her feet. Anyone but Aunt Celimena would have been shaken by the sudden pitching forward into the darkness, but that good lady, after the briefest instant of pause to regain her breath, was once more in command of her dignity. Clutching her dressing gown about her, she dominated, by sheer will power, the strange assembly, half grouped in the front hall of Moorelands, and half overflowing upon the broad porch.

"Connemara," she called. "Will you be good enough to come and tell me what this is all about?"

Instead of answering directly, that young lady voiced an observation of her own:

"And now see who's here! The faithful family lawyer himself, completing the cast of our mellow melodrama." Connemara was on the crest again, her strenuous experiences, apparently even her bruises, for the moment forgotten.

Her sally followed the sudden appearance of Adam Brewster descending in Aunt Celimena's wake, the only one of the gathering who was conventionally clad.

"That, my dear, will do," Aunt Celimena spoke grimly. "Naturally Mr. Brewster heard the extraordinary commotion going on downstairs and came to our assistance. Did you expect anyone to sleep through it?"

Her glance took in with deliberation the group below her, one by one, until it finally rested upon Sweetie in the doorway.

"Were they burglars, or this—this young person's recent associates?" she demanded. "You may remember that I warned you, Constance Mary, what would certainly be the result of bringing her into the house."

Sweetie took the accusation with entire equanimity. Tilting her snub nose to an angle even more acute than nature intended, she grinned impudently into the disapproving eyes of the lady who had thus libeled her, and shrugged her shoulders. It was Aunt Celimena who looked away first.

"I think," she said, to Mr. Brewster behind her, "that there are a number of matters that need explaining—*at once.*"

The lawyer murmured an eager assent. From his expression it was clear that he very much doubted the ability of a number of people to explain—satisfactorily—a number of things, but he charitably refrained from putting this doubt into words.

Aunt Celimena walked calmly down the remaining stairs, and seated herself on one of the straight-backed chairs that flanked the hall mirror. Mr. Brewster, after a moment of hesitation, took the other. It was not his custom to sit while there were ladies standing, but to be waked suddenly in the middle of the night, by such sounds as those which had reached him through his open window, had proved exceedingly unnerving—particularly on top of the unprecedented series of adventures that had occupied the previous day and night.

IT WAS McTish who broke the awkward little pause that followed.

"It's no to be wondered at that ye're a bit upset, ma'am," he said sympathetically. "It's been somethin' of a strain even for mysel', that's been in the service a lang while. But I dinna think I ever laid a trap for smugglers afore that caught so many extrraneous folks in it." He waved his hand to include his entire audience, ending with a forefinger pointed significantly at Sweetie. "With one exception."

"We must get all this straightened out in orderly fashion. From what you have explained," Aunt Celimena addressed herself to McTish, "it is now clear to me that you are a United States Revenue officer. Were those—those people last night, connected with rum running—if that is what it is called? Please continue with what you were saying."

"No, ma'am, those birrds don't touch liquor; it's opium they trade in," McTish said bluntly.

Aunt Celimena caught her breath in a gasp of horror.

"*Opium!*" she whispered painfully. The very word was an offense against all the traditions in which she had been bred. It called up vague visions of evil-smelling dens filled with Chinese cut-throats, incense, heathen idols, and unspeakable people sunk to the lowest depths of iniquity.

She looked at McTish almost pleadingly, upon which that gentleman, with some additions on the part of David Lacy, outlined what lay behind the strange adventures of the past twenty-four hours.

"This gang, noo, the Swede's, I mean," he began slowly, "acted as a sorrt of distributin' agent for the stuff. We could 'a' laid our hands on them any time, but what we wanted was the man higher up. The man, or men, responsible for actually gettin' the dope into the country, past the customs, an' sellin' it to the Swede to pass along. We combed all the porrts, we had spies in lots of places we were a bit suspicious about, but we didna find our man."

He stopped, and rubbed his red head reflectively.

"I can't go into details," he said finally. "Ye'll have to take my worrd for parrt o't. But we got tipped aff, after a while, to watch the Shanghai Line, a little steamship company runnin' three-four ships to the Orient. The line hadna been doin' well for a few years, but somethin'—nobody knew juist what—kep' them goin'. So by pullin' wires I was slipped into the office force, an' after a while I managed to get into the office o' the president himself—in charge o' his special files."

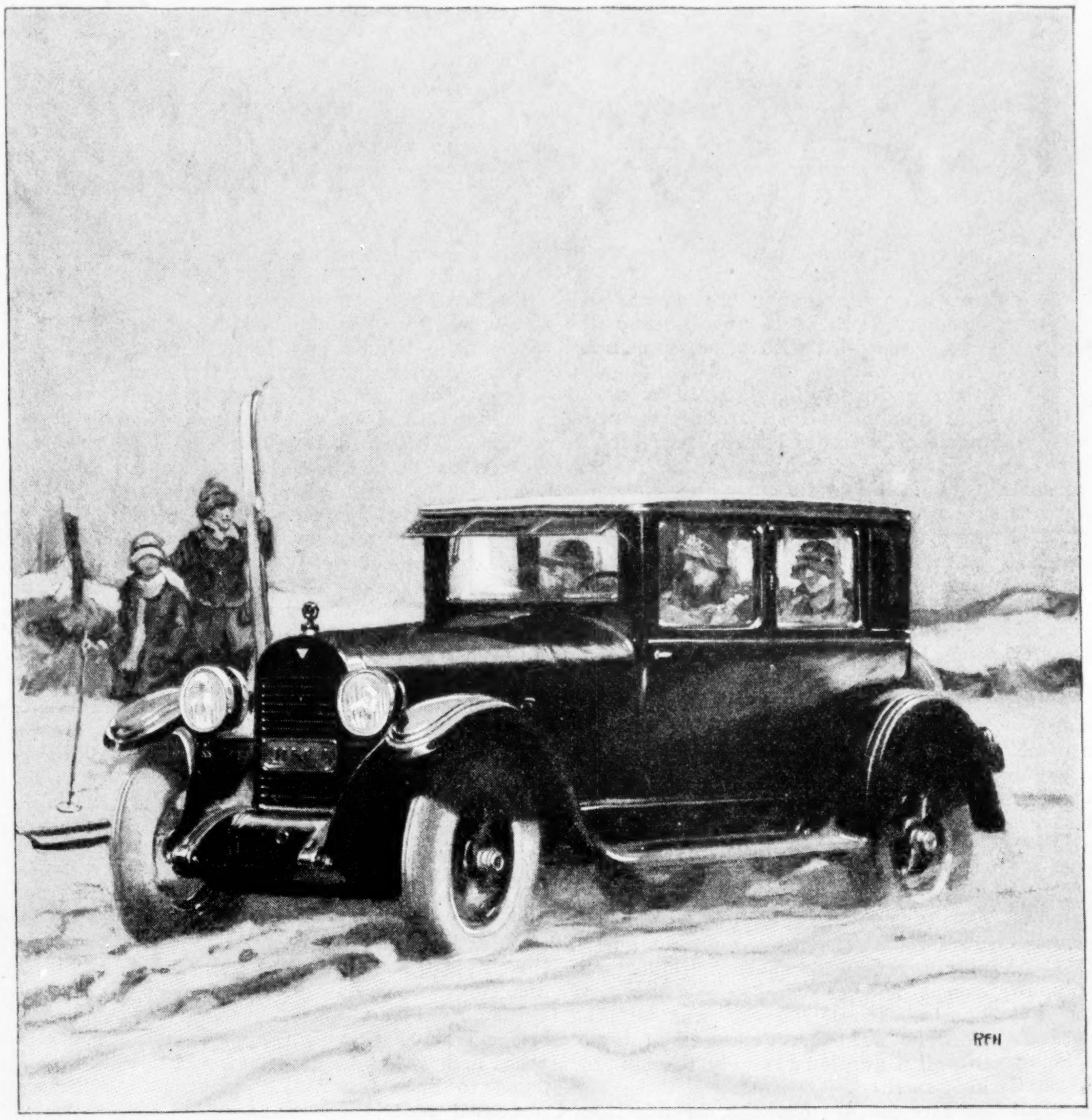
"So that was it," David Lacy broke into the narrative, his blue eyes alight with excitement. "You old fox! Why didn't you give me a hint? When you asked me to lend you the poor old Bloody Nuisance, and told me I could come in blindfold if I wanted to, I never guessed it was anything as big as this."

"Orders," McTish said briefly, though his eyes twinkled. "Canna blab an' catch smugglers—not that I've caught any to speak of the nicht. Weel, as usual, ye were fair dyin' for excitement, an' I promised ye some. I let ye bring that car frae ootside New Haven to meet me at Glen Cove, didn't I?"

"Yes, but, confound you, you didn't tell me I was driving a stolen car," Lacy protested. "Suppose I'd been pinched—I nearly was, in Greenwich, though for another reason," and he grinned at Connemara reminiscently.

"As it happens, I didn't know it was stolen," McTish retorted, "though maybe I'd kind of expected it would be. It was the car the Swede prromised to furnish to the Shanghai's messenger sent to collect the fifty thousand due them when the opium was delivered. I thocht the less (*Continued on page 36*)

HUDSON



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Dirty Work at the CROSSWORDS

Uncle Henry says it gives the effect of improvement with none of the pain

"THESE here crossword puzzles are certainly playin' hob with business," peevishly remarked Mr. Stubbs as he returned to his chair by the stove. "Here I spend twenty minutes lookin' up an aromatic bark for that blamed woman, an' when I finally do manage to think of cinnamon, all she does is borrow my best pencil an' walk off with it. Darned if I've done anything else in weeks except answer questions. What fruit comes from Smyrna? The name of a group of sugars in seven letters? A cereal grass? The plant that linen comes from?

"People dash in here lookin' like they was goin' to buy out the whole stock, an' all they want is the trade name of borate of sodium or a solution containin' alkali. Keepin' a general store makes it worse. I'm supposed to know what agricultural implement's got teeth, the stuff that binder twine's made out of, the headgear of a horse, what headless nails are called, small bottle for holdin' vinegar an' the seeds of leguminous herbs.

"I lost an old customer yesterday because I couldn't remember what they called crude rubber, an' your own wife got mad when I didn't send her up a dime's worth of dried fruit in six letters. Why, last night I actually found a woman down cellar turnin' on every barrel tap in the place. Said she never could think of sorghum until she saw it. What I'd like to know is who started the crazy business."

"Somebody interested in distractin' public attention," said Uncle Henry. "Some say Doheny, some say Fall, an' others blame Harry Daugherty, but confidentially, an' not for publication, I think that John W. Davis is the guilty party. If last November had happened to me, you can bet I wouldn't stop at anything to get people's minds on something else.

"Democratic leaders, however, make no bones about hintin' that Cal Coolidge is the inventor, an' there's ground for the suspicion. Not since the ping-pong mania swept the country has any President been let alone for so long at a time.

"On the other hand, Senator La Follette insists that the railroads of the country are entirely responsible. Well, there's no question that passenger receipts have doubled since the start of this puzzle craze. Women set out from New York to visit an aunt in Buffalo, an' unless it's an easy one, with lots of black spaces, they're in San Francisco before they know it. Kansas City has had to build shelter houses for crossword puzzlers who meant to get off at Cleveland, but couldn't leave words unsaid.

"Commuters suffer the worst. All around New York an' Chicago the towns are filled with homeless men an' women who've been carried beyond their stations while searchin' for a tailless amphibian in four letters or the name of a tropical fruit-eatin' bird in six letters.

"I don't know of anything since the introduction of jazz that has affected the national life more vitally or worked so many changes. The Red Cross has had to reorganize completely, an' now the first aid kit of a nurse consists of a pencil an' a pocket dictionary. Doctors operate with a knife in one hand an' a fountain pen in the other, an' two-handed trades like paperhangin' have been deserted completely.

Pencils Are the Staff of Life

"AN' DID you read where that policeman killed a perfectly innocent man in Philadelphia the other day? Said he made a motion to draw a gun when he called on him to halt. No firearms were found on the poor fellow at all, only a crossword puzzle all filled out except 26 horizontal—'to deprive of liberty.' Y' see, 'arrest' was jes' the word he wanted, an' instead of tryin' to pull a gun he was only reachin' for his pencil.

"Firemen are havin' a terrible time. Not until the very roof is burnin' over their heads can people be induced to give up their search for an ancient beetle in six letters. Printin' shops have been so bedeviled by telephone calls since crossword puzzles come in that they've had banners stretched across their buildin's, 'THE WORD IS EM.'

"When I used to pack up for a trip, the whole house was in a state of excitement as to whether I had my nightshirt, toothbrush, the various necessary changes, etc., but now I take nothin' with me but a celluloid collar an' a sponge. There's no room for anything else what with a dictionary, an almanac, a seed catalogue, a Bible, Roget's thesaurus, French at a glance, an' five or six handbooks on astronomy, chemistry an' botany.

"On a week-end visit in the old days, the prime duty of hospitality was to see that you had towels an' that you knew the exact location of the bathroom. Nowadays the hostess only taps on your door to see whether the maid has left plenty of pencils. My wife used to be scared to death about burglars, but now she watches for 'em hopefully, eager to learn the five-letter thing they open windows with."

"What do you think of it all, anyway?" asked Mr. Stubbs. "Some people say it's good mental exercise an' a wonderful way to increase the vocabulary."

"Did you ever in all your life see a time-killin', energy-wastin' game that didn't have some such alibi?" demanded Uncle Henry. "Ping-pong, dancin', bridge, charades, solitaire, diabolo, pogo, mah jong—all of 'em were supposed to have large ulterior benefits concealed under their simple exteriors.

"Mankind is jes' naturally worthless, 'Lonzo. Work isn't a natural instinct by any means, but a habit that life has wished on us in the face of bitter resistance. Shame keeps most of us from loafin' openly an' boldly, but give us a good excuse—somethin' that will permit us to save our face—an' we spring forward with a low, glad cry of passionate joy. Crossword puzzles come to us as a boon from heaven, for there's no question that the blamed things do give a surface appearance of mental exertion.

"Next to loafin', there's nothin' that we love more than to think that we're thinkin'.

"Why do thousands still go to hear William J. Bryan? You've heard of that doorkeeper in the Senate who complained that he had all of the odium an' none of the pleasure? Well, that's the way with crossword puzzles. They give you all the effect of improvement with none of the pain.

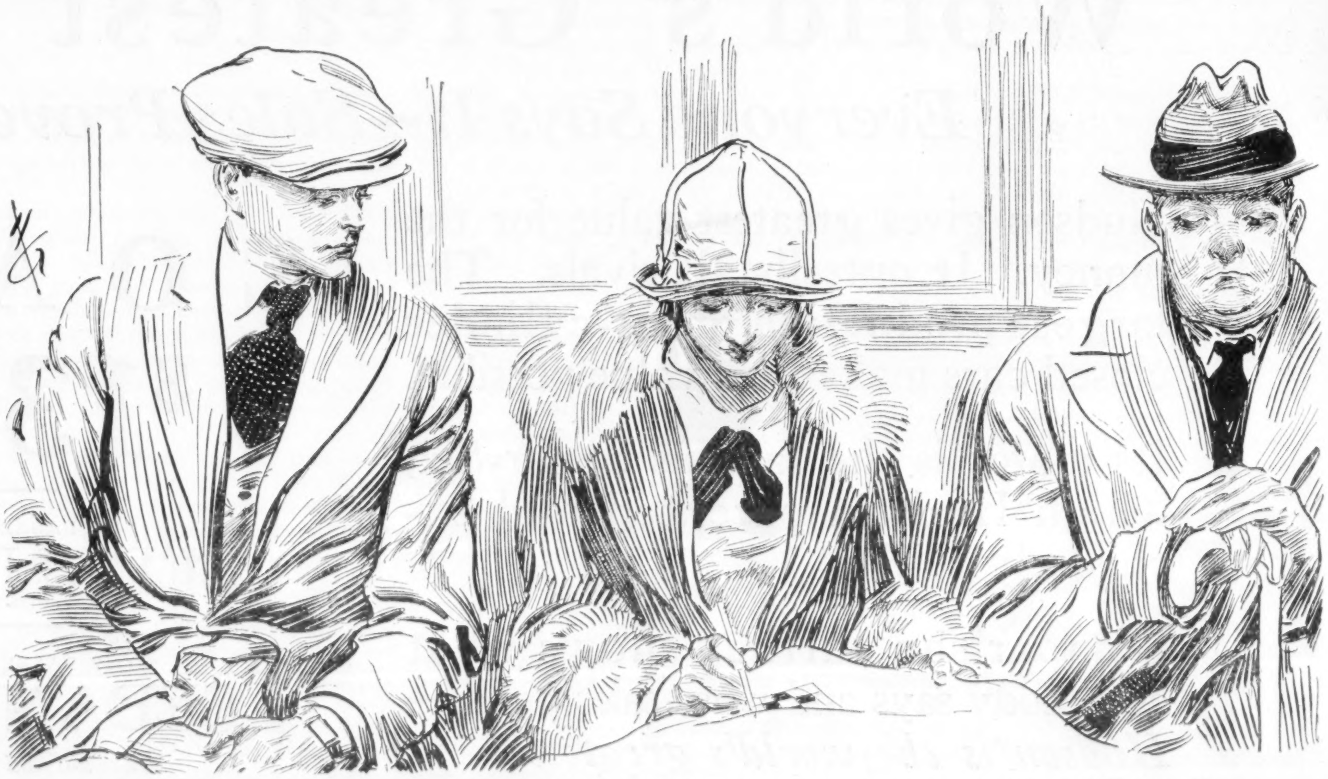
Uncle Henry is Bitten

"AS FOR the increase in vocabulary, it's a doubtful benefit. Words, Congress to the contrary, aren't everything. As a matter of fact, if a man hasn't got anything to say, an enlarged vocabulary only adds to his capacity for makin' a fool of himself. Honest, 'Lonzo, until a human bein' is able to prove the possession of ideas, I believe language ought to be taken away from him. So many people don't know when it's loaded.

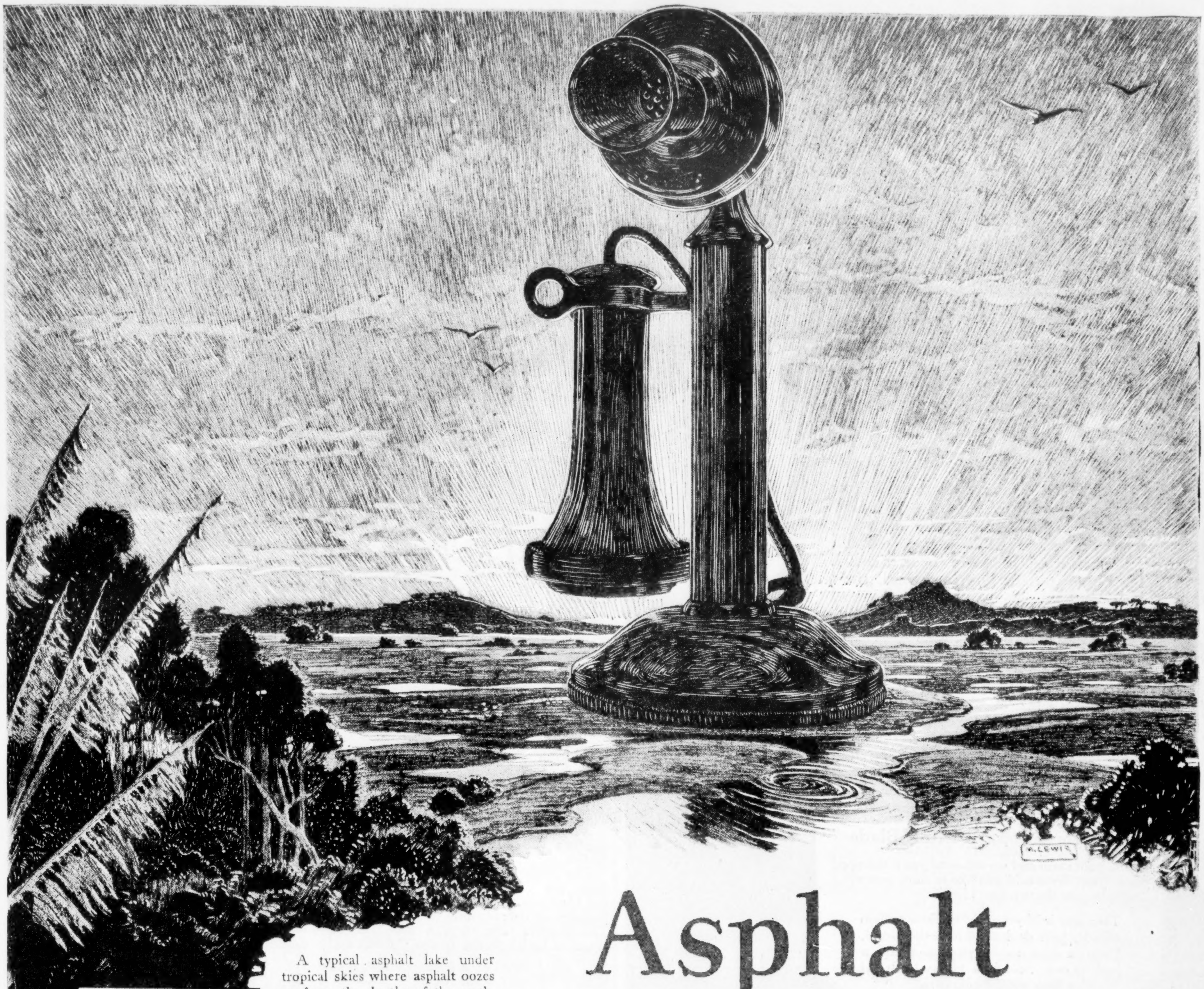
"What good will it do the garage keeper over there to learn that an island is also a uit? Or that glunch is an angry look? Or that Ra is the name of an Egyptian god. Or that Naomi's new name was Mara? That it's all right for him to say frush instead of brittle or digne instead of worthy? Do you think it's goin' to add to my cook's mental equipment to know that bone is os an' that colter-neb is simply another name for puffin?"

"Well," said Mr. Stubbs gloomily. "They'll have me crazy if the blamed thing keeps up."

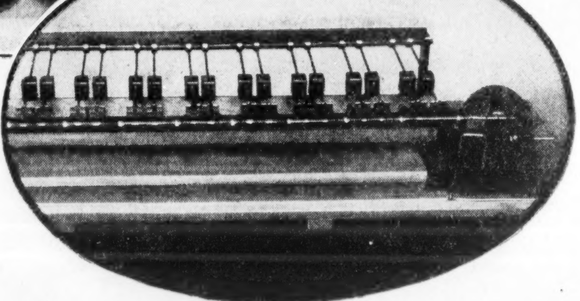
"Crazy!" exclaimed Uncle Henry with a shout. "Disordered in intellect! That's the five-letter vertical I've been huntin' for all day."



"Crossword puzzles are a boon from heaven. There's no question that the blamed things give a surface appearance of mental exertion"



A typical asphalt lake under tropical skies where asphalt oozes up from the depths of the earth. In the United States asphalt is produced in the refining of petroleum.



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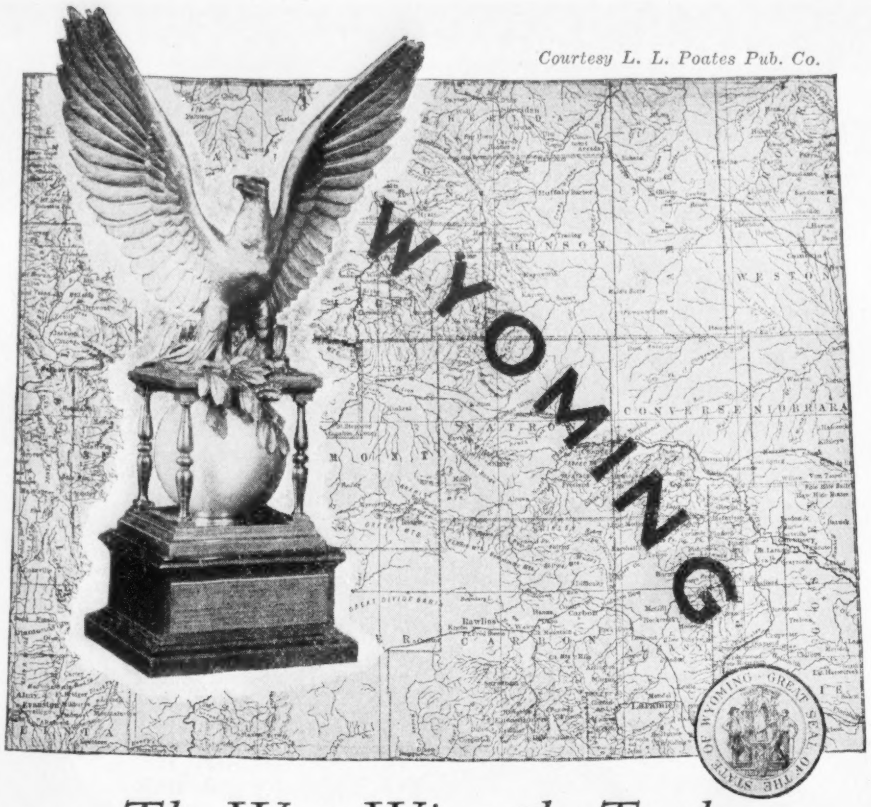


Courtesy L. L. Poates Pub. Co.

The West Wins the Trophy

THE Citizenship Trophy offered by Collier's Weekly to the state leading the nation in making 1924 the Year of the Big Vote has been won by Wyoming. With a proportional percentage increase of 37.7 in its 1924 Presidential vote over 1920, Wyoming leads, its closest contender being Mississippi, with a percentage of 36.1. Texas comes third with 27.0 and California fourth with 26.1. Rhode Island took fifth place for the East with a record of 23.4.

From November 4th until late in January the statisticians have been busy taking the official count, state by state. These figures in, the process of naming the winner was quickly completed.

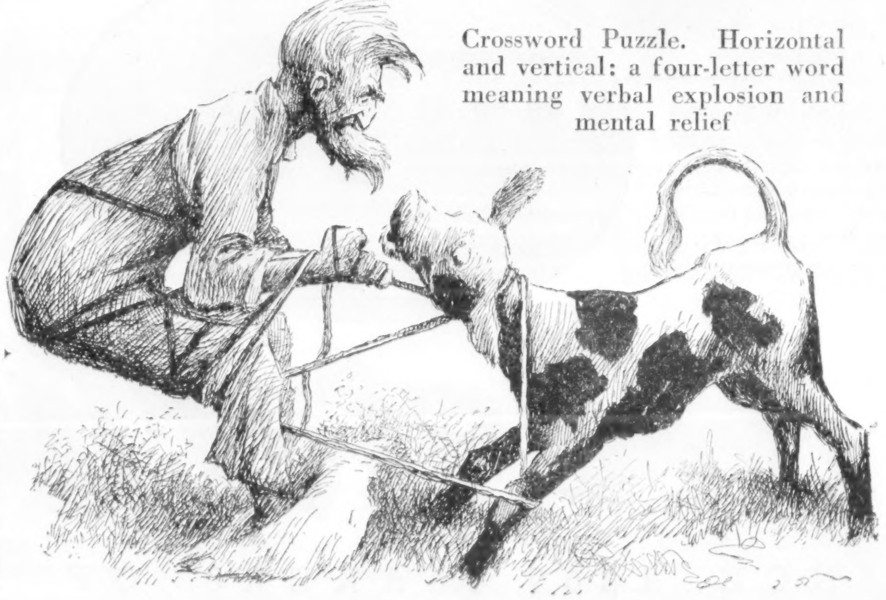
The eligible vote of 1920 was taken from the United States Census report for that year. It included all qualified persons of twenty-one years and over. The eligible vote of 1924 was then arrived at by applying to the Census estimate of population for 1924 the same percentage of eligible vote shown in 1920.

There is no scientifically exact way of determining the eligible vote; but the same method of computing it was applied to all the states, without reference to any figures other than the United States Government estimates.

On this basis Wyoming, the first state to have woman suffrage, wins. Not Wyoming alone—but the nation, for the general proportional increase of 1924 over 1920, with twenty of the forty-eight states actually showing a decrease, was 4.2 per cent.

So the job of making 1924 the Year of the Big Vote, or, to be more accurate, the Year of the Bigger Vote, was accomplished. Not since the days of the Liberty Loans was spontaneous support and practical enthusiasm so widely applied. Last spring Collier's commenced the presentation of the story of the decline in American voting. Organization followed. With allies in the National Association of Manufacturers which alone distributed 15,000,000 pieces of literature, organized labor, the League of Women Voters, the Get-Out-the-Vote Club of Washington, and the coöperation of the press throughout the country, millions of citizens were aroused to their duty at the polls. The Boy Scouts of America took the lead among social organizations in promoting the movement. Chain-store systems, including the United Cigar Stores, Schulte Cigar Stores, Liggett Drug Stores, S. S. Kresge Stores, and national service systems such as the Western Union Telegraph Company, the New York Central, the Lackawanna, the Nickel Plate, and Long Island railroads displayed posters throughout their systems sounding the call to the voter.

In all, more than two thousand civic, industrial, commercial, and public service organizations coöperated; and the radio did more than its bit, for sixty-one of the largest broadcasting stations gave weekly periods to get-out-and-vote talks.



Crossword Puzzle. Horizontal and vertical: a four-letter word meaning verbal explosion and mental relief

What Washington Did

Continued from page 13

The others listened, and at a meeting held in the new house John Carlyle had built in Alexandria in 1752, which still stands, it was decided to send this young surveyor, who knew the trails through the woods, to carry the warning. He set out in October, 1753.

How the French commander of the fort on Lake Erie sent back a defiance; how Washington went out the next year with a detachment of militia and fought them at Great Meadows; how the war which began then lasted seven years in America and sixty in Europe; how Washington, as General Braddock's aide, saved the remnant of the Colonial forces at Fort Duquesne and later won there a victory over the French which gave him a reputation for military genius on both sides of the ocean—it's all in the history books. But they were things incidental, it seems to me, to George Washington's business career and that of his family and friends.

Love at First Sight

IT WAS not of George Washington the soldier that the brick and stone of Alexandria seemed to speak to me, but of George Washington the realtor, the small-town business man. For when he came back from the French and Indian War, in 1758 (with the Ohio Company's land titles firmly established), he made himself one with the life and the business activities of the growing town. He was in the real estate business in earnest now.

There was nothing austere about the George Washington of twenty-six with a mouth like Rudy Valentino's. He joined everything there was to join. If there had been a Rotary Club (or Kiwanis or Lions or Civitas) or a real estate band or a chamber of commerce, George Washington, the "regular fellow," would surely have been a member. As a matter of course, he retained his affiliation with the Alexandria militia company. There are plenty of towns in America to-day where the officers' mess of the local National Guard unit is about the most exclusive club in town; and the traditions of Alexandria are full of stories of the banquets and balls in the old City Tavern, sponsored by the officers of the "Alexandria Blues."

George Washington never missed one of these affairs, when he was within traveling distance. He liked to dance and to dine as well as any young fellow of his age to-day; and, though some historians locate the incident elsewhere, Alexandria has it that it was at one of these public balls at the City Tavern that he met the charming young widow Custis and married her out of hand.

I like that picture, of the energetic young realtor falling in love with a girl he had never met before, at a public dance. That was as human as his "cussing out" Light Horse Harry Lee at Monmouth, twenty-five years later. But even better, I like the picture of George Washington "running with the machine" in Alexandria's first volunteer fire company, "Friendship Hose." Perhaps they don't have volunteer fire companies any more; perhaps, if they do, they are no longer the social institutions they were when I was a boy in a small town. But certainly, in George Washington's day, the volunteer fire company was the most jovial and democratic club in town. Nobody who wasn't a "good mixer" by nature belonged in "Friendship Hose." And *their* dinners at the City Tavern. . . .

It was "George" and "Tom" and "Bill" when the "vamps" got together for a good time, just as it is in the Rotary Club to-day. And they sang songs, as they do at a Kiwanis luncheon. Only they didn't sing "Sweet Adeline" or "The Long, Long Trail." Alexandria tradition has handed down the title and a more or less scurrilous version of the words of at least one of their songs, the one reputed to be George Washington's favorite.

"Give us the 'Derby Ram,' George!" someone shouts across the table, after about the second bottle, and George strikes up the ballad of the famous ram of Derby Town, whose horns were tipped with brass, and the "vamps" join thunderingly in the refrain:

" . . . and maybe you think I lie,
But you go down to Derby Town, they'll
tell you the same as I."

The history books skim very lightly over those sixteen years, from 1758 to 1774, the sixteen years during which George Washington, realtor, was living just such a life as a prosperous young business man between the ages of twenty-six and forty-two might live to-day, making allowance for the differences in manners and customs then and now. And I submit that to the American mind the picture of George Washington as a man who had a job, who worked for a living, who was a business man first and a soldier and statesman only by pressure of circumstances, makes him seem a good deal more like one of our own kind than the pedestaled icon which the historians show us.

Those sixteen years of George Washington's business life would occupy as much space in history, if I were writing it, as the crowded sixteen years of war and statecraft that followed them. There was, of course, the pleasant country life at Mount Vernon, and the oversight and development of the big farm, but there was the life in Alexandria which was even more important. Not a stone remains of Washington's real estate office on Cameron Street, just east of St. Asaph, where a bronze tablet in front of the vacant lot identifies the spot where his town house stood. Here he lived while in town, maintained an office and a secretary and had always a guest-room or two for visitors on their way to Mount Vernon, and from here he administered the estate that had come to him from his brother, and the other estate that Martha Custis had brought him. Between the two he had about $100,000 of capital, a good part of it in land and in shares in the Ohio Company, and his only business during those sixteen years was to make that $100,000 earn just as much as it could.

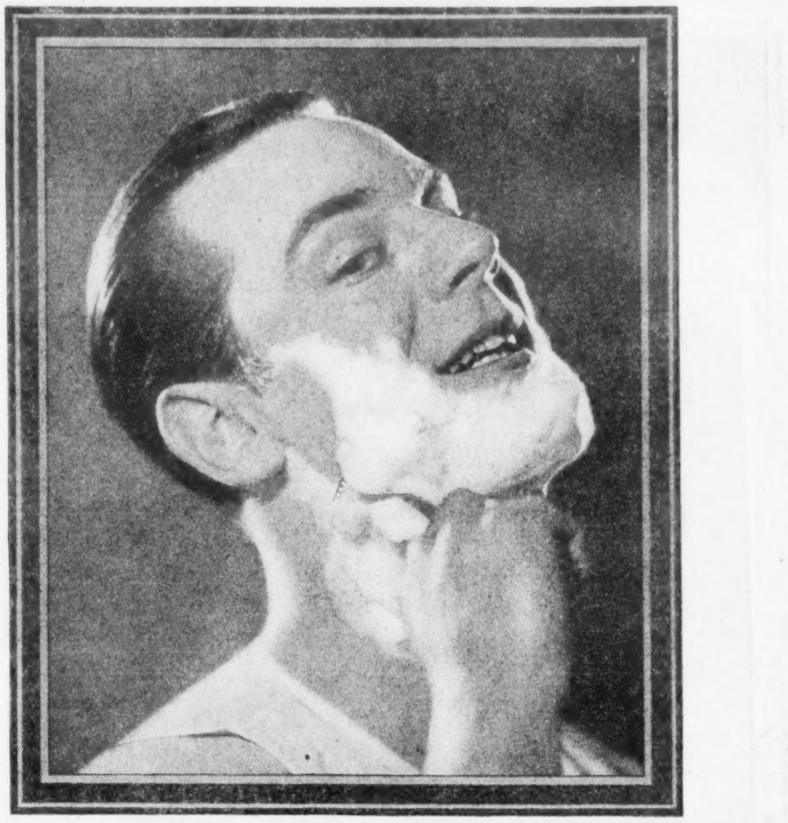
There are records in plenty to prove that George Washington was a shrewd trader, always ready to take advantage of a bargain and never too proud to take a profit. Business didn't seem anything degrading to *him*. He felt no shame over the fact that he was a realtor. Indeed, as a real estate speculator he set a pace which few of his successors have followed with the same daring.

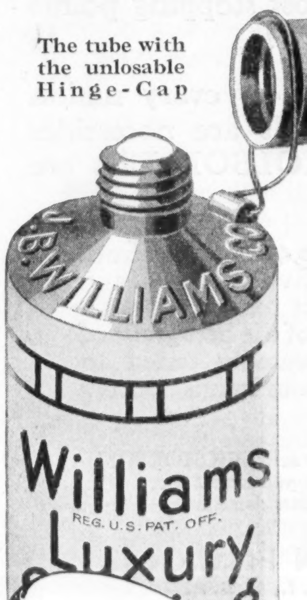
And he made money; he made so much money, in fact, that he became easily the richest man in America! In forty years—for he never retired from business, even when he was President—he had multiplied his original talents ten-fold, like the faithful servant in the parable, and had become the first American millionaire, not merely by comparison of values then and now but in actual dollar values *then*. The same sized fortune to-day would be counted at somewhere around ten millions!

A Beloved Small-Town Realtor

HIS fellow citizens of Alexandria elected him to the town council. The old city records have mostly been destroyed, but it is no wild guess that he was as active in the governmental affairs of the little city as he was in his personal business. To read the histories, one would almost conclude that George Washington leaped from military to civil leadership without any more preparation for the latter than General Grant had, whereas the fact is that he went through the same sort of political apprenticeship that Al Smith and Cal Coolidge in our day have served—member of the town council, member of the House of Burgesses (as they called the Virginia Legislature) before he was sent to the first Continental Congress, in 1774, to represent the colony.

They built a church, among the earlier structures in Alexandria, and Wash-

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Luxury

He says his beard is a music-box cylinder

"Mine isn't a beard. It's an old fashioned music-box cylinder. Worse, my skin is as tender as a mother's love. Then I tried Williams Cream. Now, don't expect me to say that it makes shaving a joy. It doesn't. But it comes closer to it than anything I ever expected to find. I can now shave with comparative comfort. And my face is in better condition than it has been in years."

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Williams Shaving Cream

Send me free sample of your shaving cream. (Sample does not have expensive Hinge-Cap.)

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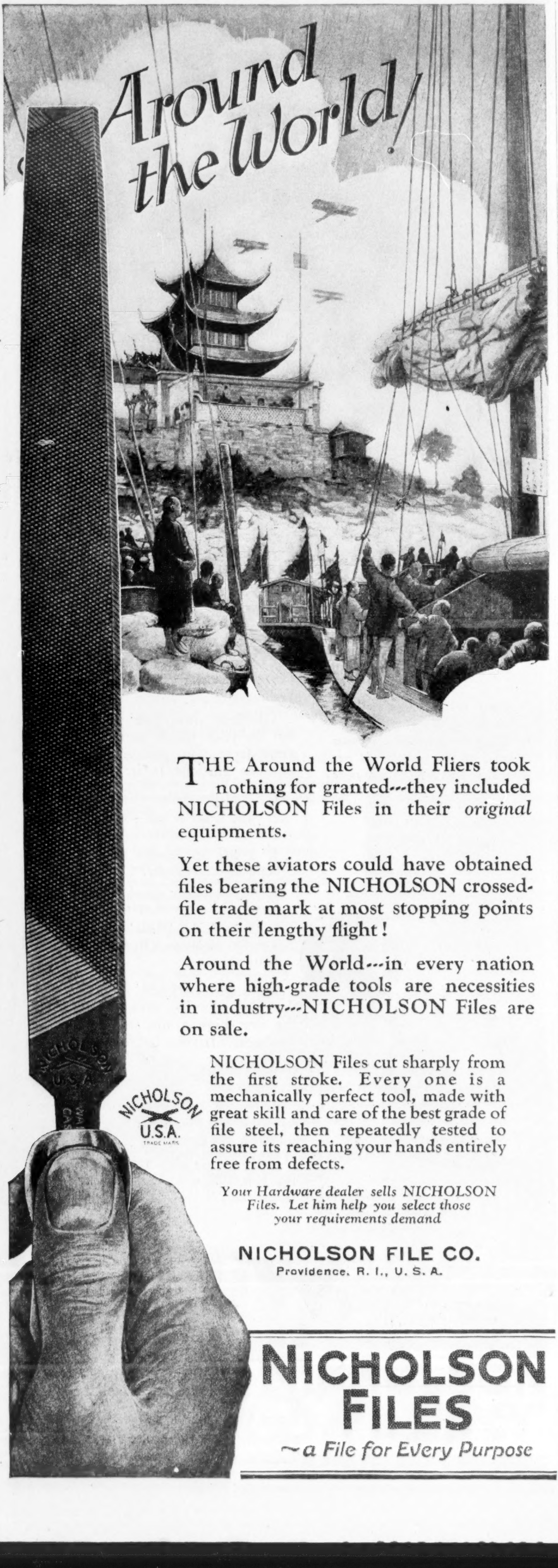
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ington was elected a vestryman by the parishioners. They organized a Masonic lodge, and George Washington was one of its members; later when the lodge, originally chartered by the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge, was reorganized under a Virginia charter, Brother George Washington was elected its master. When the first bank in Alexandria was incorporated, George Washington was one of its original stockholders. The shares in this bank he left in his will to endow the first free school in Virginia, which still goes on in Alexandria.

Not until the day of his death did George Washington cease to be an Alexandria business man. When the federal district, ten miles square, in which the capital of the young republic was to be set up, was established by the grant of land from the states of Maryland and Virginia, including the little cities of Georgetown, Maryland, and Alexandria, Virginia, the plan for the new city favored by Adams, Madison and Jefferson placed the capitol building on Shooters' Hill, on the western edge of Alexandria.

"I own too much land in that vicinity," Washington objected. "I would be accused of profiting at the expense of the Republic." So the capital city was laid out on the Maryland side of the river and the Virginia part of the district was afterward ceded back to the state by the federal government. But George Washington, realtor, could not let the opportunity go by to purchase lots in the new city in anticipation of the rise when the Capitol, of which he laid the cornerstone in Masonic form in 1793, should be completed. He did not live to see any of the public buildings finished in the city named for him, and for once his foresight in real estate matters was wrong, for the city grew westward from the Capitol, instead of toward the east, where he had bought!

It was his brothers of Alexandria Lodge No. 22, his fellow business men, who gave him his first public dinner after his retirement from the Presidency in 1797. Again, at the old City Tavern, the first public celebration of Washington's Birthday was held, on February 11, 1798 (Julian calendar), with the general as the guest of his townsmen. And his very last public appearance was on the steps of the same City Tavern, in November, 1799, less than a month before his death, when he reviewed the "Alexandria Blues," his old militia company.

It was the rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, who said the last words over the body of George Washington, his vestryman, in the parlor at Mount Vernon, on December 18, 1799; it was his brothers of Alexandria Lodge who carried the coffin down the hill to the tomb by the bank of the Potomac; it was the men and women of Alexandria who followed in solemn procession, paying their last tribute to the man whom they knew and loved as a friend, a business associate and a neighbor.

Up on Shooters' Hill, where he would not let them place the Capitol, there is going up now a great national memorial to Washington, erected by his brothers of the Masonic fraternity of all America, to house priceless relics of him in a structure built to outlast the pyramids and to establish a shrine to which hundreds of thousands of pilgrims will come every year who now pause seldom or not at all on their way through Alexandria to Mount Vernon.

It is a charming picture of a great man they get at Mount Vernon, a picture of Old World manorial state, of an English country gentleman of leisure who might dabble in public affairs but whose intimate life and contacts were not with the workaday world. A romantic picture, an aristocratic picture, a true enough picture in many respects, but—

I like the picture of George Washington that I got in Alexandria better.

The World in Peril

Continued from page 9

the world market against nations able to produce manufactured articles at far less cost, owing to cheap labor. The United States will undoubtedly make a serious effort to overcome this difficulty by cutting into the international trade with surplus products on a small margin of profit, but whether they succeed or not does not matter very much to the life and prosperity of their people, who are self-supporting and self-contained. For Great Britain it is literally a matter of life and death as a great power. To feed their population, England, Scotland and Wales have to import more than nine months' food supplies, which can only be paid for by the export of raw material and manufactured goods. In the same way they must pay for the essential services of the nation, including the army, navy, and civil service. At the present time Great Britain has succeeded in regaining her export trade to over seventy per cent of its pre-war standard of money values; but that is not nearly enough now that her population, ten years after, has increased by nearly two millions, and now that the cost of life and production is very much higher than in 1913, owing to the burden of taxation, the higher rates of wages, and the lower purchasing power of English money.

There is no certainty that Great Britain will be able to maintain her present standard of export trade, apart altogether from increasing it. In various classes of goods, in which for half a century the British people had something like a monopoly in foreign markets, there is no longer that advantage. India is boycotting cotton fabric made in Lancashire and has her own mills hard at work. Italy is producing cotton goods at much lower prices than she could formerly buy them in England, owing to the development of water power, which relieves her of the price of British coal—a severe loss to the Welsh coal fields—and cheap labor. In steel and iron England is losing her supremacy. It is alarming to an Englishman to have a vision of future years when conditions may be worse than this, owing to the conditions of labor in competing nations.

Hard Work for Less Pay?

THE price of labor is at the root of the problem. Even before the war the rates of wages in England, as calculated in purchasing power, were far higher than in Germany, Belgium, Italy, France, and most other Continental nations, though very much less than in the United States. During the war, Labor, seeing its chance, demanded fantastic rates of pay and received them. During the last two years there has been a readjustment to the cost of living so that wages have been reduced, but they still stand in nearly all trades, except that of agriculture, at a higher level than in 1913.

But the men were not satisfied. During the war they learned their power and their value. Since the war they have become intensely class-conscious and demand better wages, shorter hours, decent conditions of housing, security in sickness and unemployment, old-age pensions from sixty years on, more money to be spent on their education, and a bigger margin beyond the bare needs of life for leisure and amusement. I am not one of those who blame them. I think it good and right that men who help to save their country should be given the reward of good wages for good work and some chance to joy in life. The point of trouble is not the justice of that but its possibility. Is it possible for these laboring classes in England, Scotland, and Wales to get high wages and work for shorter hours when their export trade is diminishing, when the competition of cheap labor will become more and more severe during the next few years, and when the taxation of the wealthy classes is already extinguishing their wealth?

Labor in the mass, especially the political extremists who accuse Ramsay MacDonald of being a "bourgeois" and Philip Snowden a "reactionary," believe that it is possible. They believe that there is still a vast source of untapped wealth in England which should be distributed in their favor. They believe that they would get far higher wages and work much less if they owned and controlled the machinery and material of labor by some system of nationalization or communism.

The awful failure of the Russian communism, its abandonment by its own leaders, is either unknown or ignored by many British working men. Some of them would like to try the experiment in Great Britain. They do not understand the extreme delicacy of that machinery of international trade and credit by which the industrial life of Great Britain has been maintained. Russia lost its international trade, but its life was secure from the soil, apart from drought. All factories might close down in Leningrad, as they did, but the workers returned to the land and scraped along. In Great Britain if the factories close for lack of markets or credit or capital, the population will surely die unless America comes to the rescue with the A. R. A.

I don't think it will be as bad as that. Before such things could happen madness would have to overtake the British people and they are, as a nation, remarkably sane. Communism is not a spreading disease in the heart of England, though it lurks in cities where trade is worst. But even with full sanity, the moderation of such a Labor Government as that recently led by Ramsay MacDonald, and a gradual redistribution of wealth already taking place, there is bound to be trouble ahead. In my judgment England must steel herself to endure lean years, heavier burdens, fiercer competition, less luxury all around, harder work for less pay.

I'm Not Afraid to Travel Alone

Continued from page 17

tribes. They are always looking for trouble, constantly quarreling among themselves, and they have many times in the past carried their predatory excursions to the very gates of Isfahan. Most of the tribespeople among whom we lived had never seen a European man before, let alone a European woman, but I never felt safer in my life than I did among them. We had come to them with a mandate from their feudal chief, we were the guests of the tribe, and the tribesmen will respect his worst enemy if he enters his tent and claims his hospitality. They invariably treated me with the utmost consideration. Once when I was ill with malaria a day's march of 800 people and many thousand head of cattle was halted because I was unable to travel.

The only annoyance I suffered was from their insatiable curiosity and their light-fingered propensities. Every time I left my tent my baggage was minutely inspected by deft fingers that frequently abstracted small objects. I could never get up or go to bed or go about any domestic task, even with my tent flaps tightly tied, without being conscious of curious, unseen eyes.

After I learned to speak Persian I found that what intrigued them most about me was why I had no husband.

I have usually found in traveling in disturbed countries that the dangers of the road are non-existent or grossly exaggerated. In eastern Siberia I was constantly warned against bandits, but I never ran up against them except once just north of the Mongolian border. I was on my way to Verkhne Udinsk, in an ancient Russian tarantas with a Siberian jamschik (post driver) and a Cossack officer in the Red Army. We had been told that the road was infested with bandits, but for the first two days we met no one except occasional travelers like ourselves. On the third day, as we were passing through a narrow ravine, we saw six mounted figures with rifles evidently lying in wait for us in the thick underbrush that bordered the road. I must confess that I was nervous. Three against six, particularly when you only have two weapons, a rifle and a revolver, is rather big odds, but my Cossack officer only laughed.

They Ran at the First Shot

"I'VE met such gentlemen before," he said. "Most of them are arrant cowards. As soon as they find we're ready for them, they'll beat it. You take the reins; the jamschik and I can handle them all right." So I mounted the box and drove along, cracking the whip very boldly and trying to look unconcerned, while the two men sitting in the back quietly leveled their weapons and fired. The entire bunch promptly made off through the underbrush like scared rabbits. If we had stopped or turned back they would have been on us in an instant. That was the only time in all my wanderings when I ever felt the need of a revolver, and I have never carried one.

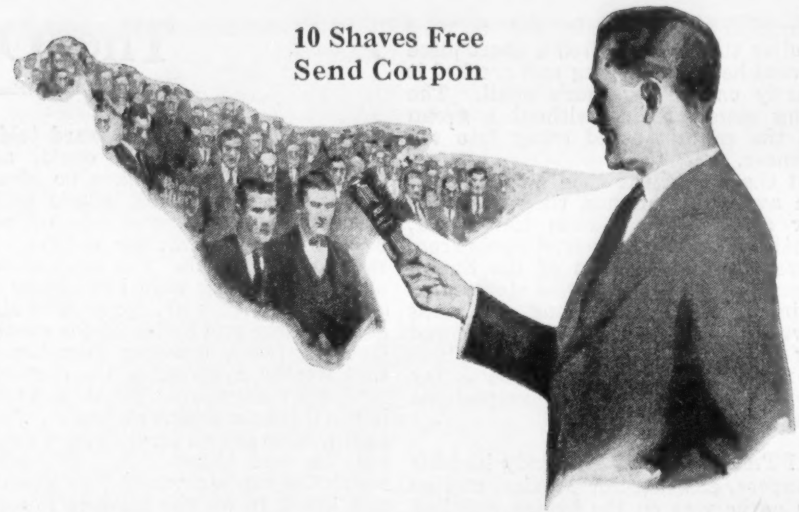
As for the hardships encountered in out-of-the-way places, they are not nearly as serious as most people suppose. In fact, it is surprising how easy it is to keep clean and dainty, and even to have a modicum of solid comfort.

When I was crossing northern Mongolia in my tarantas en route for the Siberian border we put up at night in old Russian post stations, Chinese inns, Mongol yourts and sometimes Buriat villages. If I was received none too cordially at first by the women I had only to open my suitcase and get out some of my belongings to break the ice. Sometimes it was rather a disastrous experience for me, however. Once I spent the night with a Buriat lama, who had four wives, and in an evil moment I opened my bag before them. In an instant four pairs of hands were busy grabbing everything in sight. One wife donned a silk kimono, another tried to ram her feet into my slippers, a third draped herself in my pink crêpe de chine nightie, and a fourth insisted on sticking my comb sidewise for an ornament in her coiffure. As the Buriats never wash from the cradle to the grave, it was an alarming performance.

Sheiks Never Bothered Her

THE native food in all the countries I have ever visited has always proved quite sufficient, except in the famine areas of Europe and in the Moscow prison, where I was decidedly undernourished. All through northern Asia, from the Pacific to the Mediterranean, the staples—mutton, rice, sour milk in various forms, tea, and sugar—are to be had in most places, and the flaps of native bread in central and western Asia, though they remind you of a damp table napkin at first, are not half bad when you get used to them. In Turkish country districts there are dried fruits and honey, and there are plenty of dates all over Arabia. The native princes and sheiks in Arabia and Persia serve the most delicious food at their tables, and I have never found it necessary to carry any canned goods on my various trips, though they add variety if you have the space. So "managing" is not so difficult, after all. In fact, it is delightfully simple.

When I tell all these things to people at home, they are sometimes disappointed, sometimes politely incredulous. They expect to hear tales of terrible hardships and privations and blood-curdling experiences. I have never been captured by bandits, abducted by a Bedouin sheik, or coveted by a Turkish pasha for his harem. I have never been insulted or seriously annoyed in all my travels. Any woman who is and acts like a lady can have the same experience. It is entirely up to her.



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GENTLEMEN:

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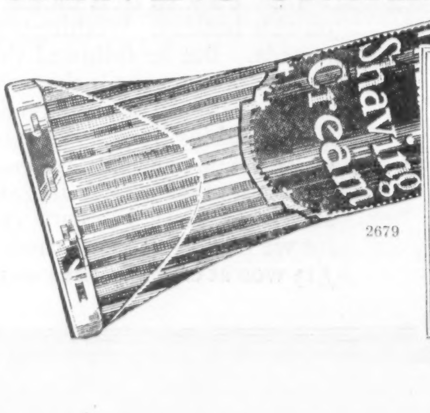

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....

....

Thereafter the captain did a very peculiar thing. He lifted a short piece of wood he was carrying and cracked it smartly on his prisoner's skull. The young man subsided without a groan and the captain oozed away into the darkness.

At the end of the shed he found his men awaiting him and they opened a door and went out onto the wharf, standing about one hundred yards from where loomed the stern of the Sunda Queen. At the foot of some stone steps a dinghy was waiting and all hands stowed themselves aboard. A push and they were off and pulling along the harbor front to where the Martha J. lay tied up and silent as a respectable tramp ship should be.

CAPTAIN JIBBETS already had his papers, clearing for Mexico, and as soon as he was on the bridge and had seen his unconscious prisoner comfortably lying on a bunk, he hauled in his lines and started down the bay. At about that moment a wildly disheveled young man was bursting up the Sunda Queen's gangway and shaking the watch officer by the arm.

"My brother! Do you hear, man? My brother!" And the officer was vainly trying to keep his dignity and to drag the complete tale from this dazed personage, who evidently belonged to suite number three upper deck. And long before the general alarm could be given the Martha J. was steaming through the Golden Gate.

On the bridge the captain grumbled over his pipe and watched the treacheries of the tide rips. He grunted an order to the helmsman as a battleship began to poke around with her searchlight with the usual objectlessness of fighting craft. The finger of whiteness rested dazzlingly on the Martha J. for a moment, traveled aloft to the foremasthead, then went aft to the flag flying on the poop. Eventually it wheeled and flickered away.

"I never had such a scare," said Arthur, wiping his wet forehead. "I was sure she knew something."

The captain glowered and sucked on his pipe.

A steward came on the bridge and touched the captain's arm.

"Er . . . the passenger's awake, sir."

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The 'Ome Builder

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"Here's a drink, sir, an' you'll soon be home."

The captive glared about and found the saloon empty but for the steward and himself. He struggled in vain with his hands, cursed terribly, and then accepted the drink. In ten minutes he was fast asleep.

"Buck Mowry used them knockout drops in th' old days," grunted Captain Jibbets when he stepped into the saloon and observed his handiwork. "They'll put a bull t' sleep fer two hours or more. . . . Lift 'im careful, boys. Mister, is the cab waiting?"

"Aye, sir. An' all lights doused. Th' driver's an old mate o' mine an' will keep his mouth shut for ten dollars."

"Make it twenty an' give 'im th' address I told you." And the captain lumbered away to his room. He discreetly closed his ears to the sounds of soft movement below him. And when at last he heard a car start up with a clatter and then purr away he smiled placidly to himself. He sat smoking for one hour, two, until the ship noises died away. Arthur came in to announce he was going up town, and the captain nodded majestical assent. Then, toward midnight, a taxi drew up at the dockside and a young man in evening dress ran up the Martha J.'s gangway.

He knocked at the captain's door and the captain called, "Come in." The newcomer entered.

" 'Ow do, sir," grunted the captain, rising. "Won't you sit down?"

"You were expecting me?"

"Fer th' last two 'ours," was the placid comment. The huge hand reached sideways and struck the bell on the desk. A steward boy appeared and the captain frowned. The boy nodded and turned away to reappear with two glasses, some ice and a green glass bottle.

THEY both drank in silence, and then the stranger spoke first:

"My brother came home to-night in a rather hazy condition. We found him in the porch, huddled on the mat."

"Now, ain't that peculiar?" asked Uriah Jibbets, his gray eyes wide with wonder. The other laughed.

"I wanted to tell you, Captain, that if you had taken me instead of my brother I would have lost a considerable fortune. You see, I had to be in San Francisco on April the 15th, otherwise certain moneys reverted to my brother."

"An'," said the captain slowly, "wot 'as that t' do with me?"

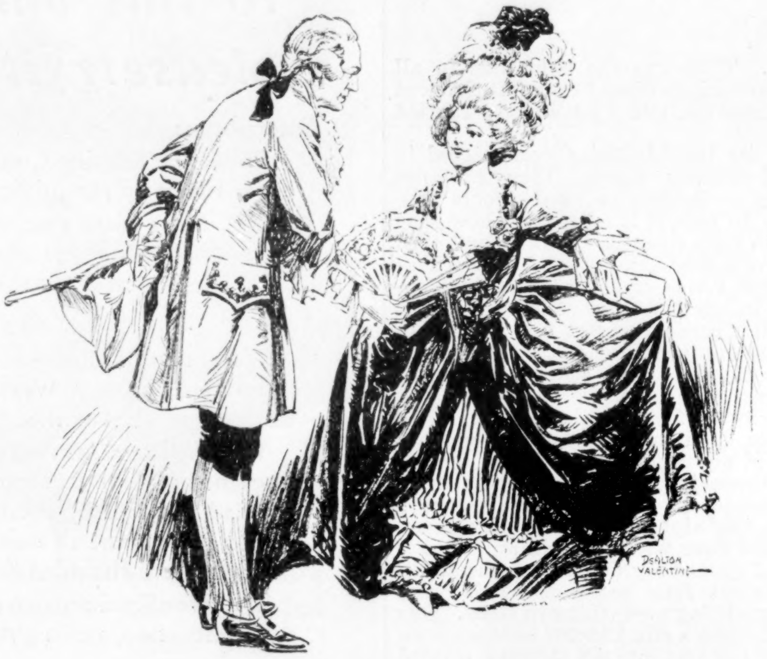
The other laughed again. He reached inside his coat and pulled forth a neat bundle of notes.

"I've brought you a thousand extra dollars. . . . My brother's wife told me the whole plot as soon as she found her husband missing and guessed what had happened. She was very much afraid. It was all fixed that as soon as I disappeared my brother, who had his passage booked on the Sunda Queen, should take the disappearance as an opportunity to cancel his sailing. That would leave him in San Francisco on the 15th, you see? I hold nothing against you. I'm rather tickled, in fact, that you gave George a touch of his own medicine. He can prove nothing on you, of course. Your mistake in taking the wrong man saved me a lot of money so I'm giving you this thousand as a mark of appreciation."

Captain Jibbets sighed vastly and blew smoke up at the deckhead.

"I'm not as young as I useta be," he complained, "an' I find these things wear me out. I'm an' ole man." He took up the bundle of notes in one huge palm.

"You must understan', sir"—and his mild eyes were twinkling—"that it weren't no mistake at all. I made some inquiries about Mister Stevens, an' my missus would never approve o' my 'elping sich an ungodly young man. But I needed th' money awful bad, sir. Y' see, th' missus is already talkin' of a new 'ome in Marshfield. . . ." The captain sighed again. And he was not thinking of the fleshy old woman in ridiculous clothes, but of a starry-eyed maid on the poop of an old bark on a mad, mad night thirty years away.



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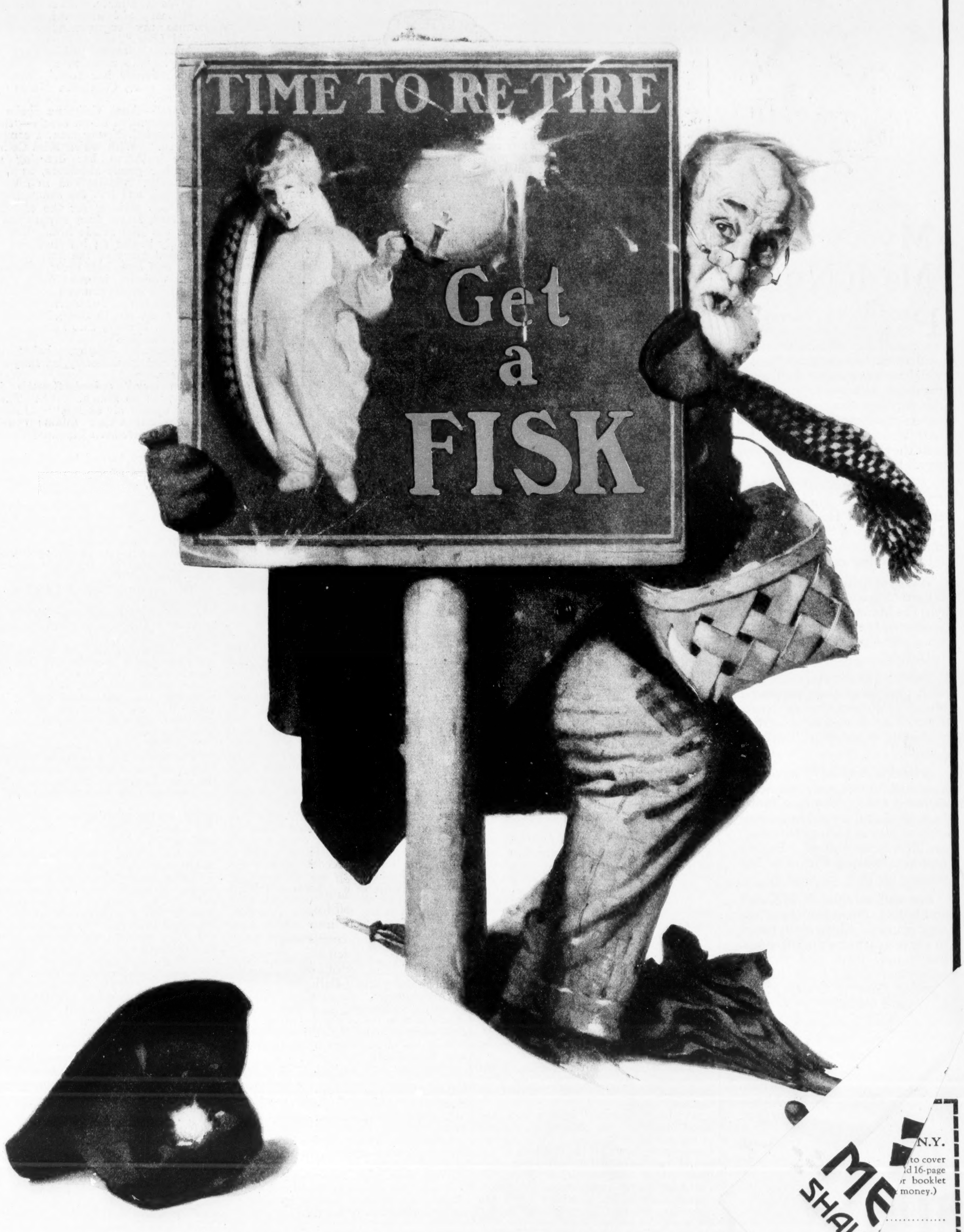
TIME TO RE-TIRE
Get
a
FISK

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The 'Ome Builder

Continued from page 11

Thereafter the captain did a very peculiar thing. He lifted a short piece of wood he was carrying and cracked it smartly on his prisoner's skull. The young man subsided without a groan and the captain oozed away into the darkness.

At the end of the shed he found his men awaiting him and they opened a door and went out onto the wharf, standing about one hundred yards from where loomed the stern of the Sunda Queen. At the foot of some stone steps a dinghy was waiting and all hands stowed themselves aboard. A push and they were off and pulling along the harbor front to where the Martha J. lay tied up and silent as a respectable tramp ship should be.

CAPTAIN JIBBETS already had his papers, clearing for Mexico, and as soon as he was on the bridge and had seen his unconscious prisoner comfortably lying on a bunk, he hauled in his lines and started down the bay. At about that moment a wildly disheveled young man was bursting up the Sunda Queen's gangway and shaking the watch officer by the arm.

"My brother! Do you hear, man? My brother!" And the officer was vainly trying to keep his dignity and to drag the complete tale from this dazed personage, who evidently belonged to suite number three upper deck. And long before the general alarm could be given the Martha J. was steaming through the Golden Gate.

On the bridge the captain grumbled over his pipe and watched the treacheries of the tide rips. He grunted an order to the helmsman as a battleship began to poke around with her searchlight with the usual objectlessness of fighting craft. The finger of whiteness rested dazzlingly on the Martha J. for a moment, traveled aloft to the foremasthead, then went aft to the flag flying on the poop. Eventually it wheeled and flickered away.

"I never had such a scare," said Arthur, wiping his wet forehead. "I was sure she knew something."

The captain glowered and sucked on his pipe.

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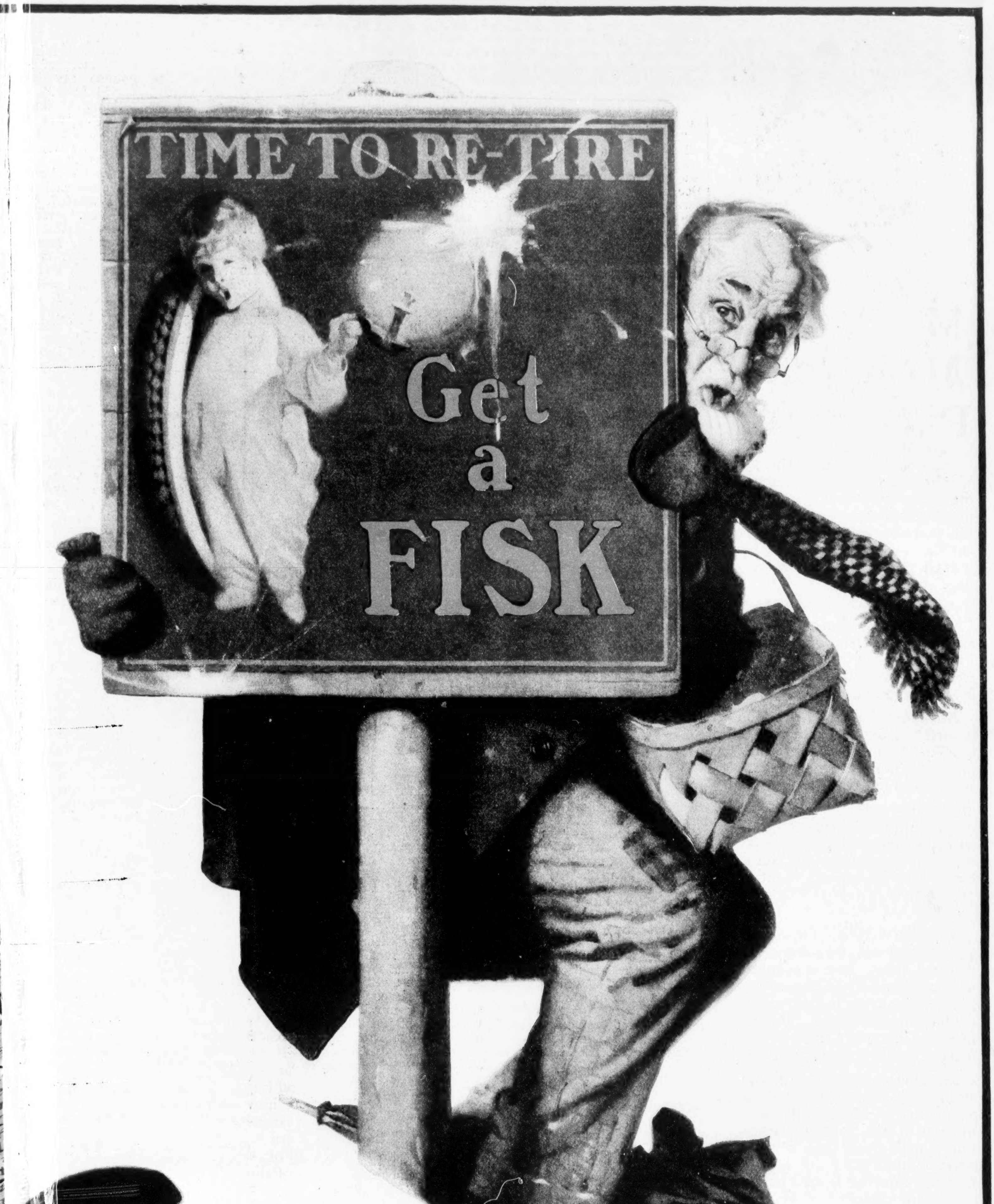

TIME TO RE-TIRE
Get
a
FISK
Co., Inc.

My Mash Notes

PROBABLY no other man in the world gets as many mash notes as I do. Operatic tenors, princes, cinema sheiks and heavy-weight champions get mail assaying more perfume per pound than my correspondence. But their billets-doux can't equal the wild enthusiasm, the perfervid praise, that the postman brings me every day.

An excerpt from a letter on Yale Club stationery: "Jim, you've taken thirty years off my life. By that I mean Mennen Shaving Cream changes my middle-aged stubble into schoolboy eider-down."

A lawyer writes: "Dermutation is hard to pronounce, but easy to do. The Mennen beard-softening process is the greatest discovery since Archimedes got into a bath-tub."

From a manufacturer: "I only wish that my product were as far ahead of competition as yours. Every man in America ought to use your wonderful Shaving Cream."

A banker dictated: "I have read your ads for ten years and never believed them. But now that I have tried your cream I know your claims (even including cold water) are ultra-conservative. Buying Mennen Shaving Cream is like picking up U. S. Steel at 50."

From offices, clubs, Y.M.C.A.'s and homes, the avalanche of eulogy pours in. Many even resort to verse to express their feelings. For a new thrill and shaving emancipation, get a 50c tube of Mennen Shaving Cream at the drug store today.

Then for another eye-opener, squander two-bits for a tin of Mennen Talcum for Men—just the color, consistency and odor that real men like. It won't show white on your face.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 26

ye knew the better for ye later. I trusted ye not to gi' the show away, when ye fell in with whoever the Swede sent with the money, but I didna foresee the complication of ye invitin' a nun to go ridin' in the middle o' the nicht."

Connemara colored. "So naturally he thought I was one of the gang," she laughed. "If we'd only known."

"As long as the beans are bein' spilled all over the place," Sweetie added demurely, "I may as well spill a few more. Maybe you don't any of you know how Doc an' me come to be mixed in. The Swede took a notion that poor Pooch wasn't on the level with him any more. An', seein' as how fifty grand was a pretty big sum, he sent me an' Doc to trail him in the Pierce, to make sure Poochie kept to the straight an' narrow."

"And where did we get off the straight an' narrow, Pooch and I?" Lacy inquired with interest. "Wait a bit—" He held up an eager hand. "I'm just remembering something. Pooch told me to follow that car ahead, and at the Roslyn hill, on an impulse, I turned off toward New York, instead of sticking to the Mineola road."

"You've hit it," Sweetie acknowledged. "We sure thought Pooch was makin' tracks with the fifty thou', then."

"H'mm, I begin to see a lot of things," Lacy chuckled. "And of course I was supposed to be the messenger from the Shanghai Line—in other words, McTish himself. Oh, Lord, what a mess!"

"MR. BREWSTER!" Aunt Celimena's voice cut ominously into the silence that followed Lacy's exclamation.

"Why, yes, Miss Moore?" With an evident stiffening against some expected blow, Adam Brewster faced his client.

And quickly enough, as brief questions and briefer answers flashed between these two, the reasons for the lawyer's discomfiture became apparent. On her attorney's urgent recommendation, it developed, Celimena Moore had invested heavily in the Shanghai Line—so extensively that she was, in fact, a majority stockholder.

"You realize, sir"—in the good lady's rasping voice spoke the outraged sensibilities of generations of God-fearing New Englanders—"you realize that through your advice I find a considerable portion of my income derived from drug smuggling?"

"But, my dear Miss Cel—"

"But me no buts! It's true, isn't it" —she turned again to McTish—"that the company's done this before?" McTish nodded. "It was *your* business, Mr. Brewster, to know, to protect me from such a situation. Oh, it's horrible, shameful! I'm done with such enterprises. I'm done. . . ."

Exactly what else Aunt Celimena was done with remained for that moment undetermined, for Connemara, brisk tactician that she was, seized the opening.

"Auntie, dear," she purred, "you're done too, aren't you, with all that foolery about the will? Just see the trouble it's made. Surely all you want is for me to marry the right man."

"I am. I do." The old lady snapped out the double-barreled affirmative belligerently. "You, Mr. Brewster, I want to draw up a new will to-morrow—no . . . what's that? . . . three o'clock? . . . " a far-away bell chimed opportunely . . . "no, *to-day!* How disgracefully late! We must, we really must, get off to bed at once."

"Just a minute first, please, Aunt Celimena." The note of quiet decisiveness in Connemara's voice focused attention.

As they watched her where she stood beyond the doorway, leading to the porch, with a quick little gesture Connemara threw off the bandeau which bound her head. Her hair—her glorious, gilded hair—tumbled down, its well-kept secret revealed at last Revealed, that is, but partially. For the light was so tantalizingly dim in the shadows, and the moonlight so discreetly pale.

"Ah!" There was triumph in the ejaculation of Bingham Carrington as he rushed to Connemara from one side —the triumph of victory. "Bobbed!" he cried.

Saltonstall Cabot Adams crowded forward on her other hand, seeking the secret's answer as a stray wisp of moonbeam lit the portion of the girl's head that met his anxious eyes. He saw that the lovely hair still reached to her shoulder, and beyond. He had won!

"Not bobbed!" cried Salt fervently. "Not bobbed, thank God!"

"Thank fiddlesticks!"

IT WAS Connemara, irreverent, biting. Then all at once she softened. Putting out her arms she took Bing's nearest hand in one of hers, and Salt's in the other.

She stepped out from the shadows into the full light of the moon. "You see, in a way, you're both right. Also —*look*—you're both wrong!"

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM
Author and Publisher

They looked again, and saw. On one side the hair of Connemara was bobbed. On the other its luxurious fullness was untouched.

"I told you," Connemara continued, very matter-of-factly, "that if I bobbed it it meant Bing; if not, I chose Salt. Well, you see, dear boys, when that blessed barber got started I had a funk and made him stop right in the middle. *I just didn't know.* Then I had to keep the awful mess hidden. I thought that perhaps by midnight I could make up my mind. Then, all at once, I realized positively that I simply couldn't. That was impossible. Perhaps"—she smiled brightly at the disconsolate men—"perhaps it was because I liked each of you too well to be willing to give him up, even for the other. Anyway, I ducked out. You know what's happened since—this madhouse night we've all had."

"A word admirably chosen, Constance Mary—'madhouse,' " Aunt Celimena added judiciously.

"Admirably," Connemara agreed sweetly. "After all, Aunt Celimena, it was you who really started it all with that edict of yours that I'd have to announce my engagement by midnight or lose Moorelands."

Aunt Celimena sniffed. "In a way you've done that already, my dear. The important thing is your marriage by December."

"Exactly," Connemara agreed once more.

Came then, as the movies have it, an interruption unexpected, in the person of David Lacy.

"Why wait until December?"

A startled silence followed. A brief silence, all at once broken by Connemara's mischievous laugh.

"Why, indeed?"

With which curious comment Constance Mary Moore stepped boldly —even brazenly—across the intervening yard of moonlit porch to stand close beside Lacy.

"May I?" He bent toward her.

"Just a minute. First, ladies and gentlemen, and whatever, let me announce my engagement . . . to Mr. David Lacy."

Aunt Celimena nodded her head rigidly. "No news to me." Then a smile softened her face. "This time are you sure, Constance Mary?"

"Quite."

"That"—Aunt Celimena spoke with the deliberation of an oracle—"that is all I wanted. Young man, I congratulate you." With which Miss Celimena Moore gathered her dressing gown about her gaunt shoulders, as regally as angular spinsterhood in dishabille permitted, and left the company.

Without waiting for the exit to be completed, David Lacy slipped his arm about the girl beside him. Her head suddenly rested on his shoulder. The perfumed glory of the hair of Connemara, half long, half short, brushed his cheek warmly, intoxicatingly. Then two strong hands grasped her shoulders and Connemara found herself swung out at arm's length facing him, his fine level eyes burning into hers. . . .

"Oh, David—"

Connemara's happy, choked little gasp ended incoherently, as Lacy's lips met hers.

"The guy," opined Sweetie judiciously, "is no slouch. Ahh! They're comin' up for air at last!"

Saltonstall Cabot Adams coughed. Or it may have been Bingham Carrington.

David Lacy turned toward them, his fiancée on his arm.

"Won't you congratulate me?" he asked.

"Better than that—congratulate *me!*" It wasn't her hand which Connemara held out, but her lips. And first Bing, then Salt, kissed her.

"You dear boys!" she cried. "Please, will you both be our best man—best men, I mean?"

"The wedding," added Lacy, "is this afternoon."

At which point the dour McTish contributed his first mite to the galloping conversation.

"A' verra grrand," he burred, "and my pleasure is to make the first wedding present. Here it is." From somewhere about him the little Scotsman extracted the pretentious roll of bills Lacy had received from Connemara after her talk with Sweetie in the moonlit sitting-room.

"The fifty grand!" exclaimed Sweetie.

"The same. It's coming to my friend Lacy, anyway—it's his capture. As the rest of that precious lot has cleaned out, except this Sweetie girl. . . ."

"OH, SHE'S staying with me," Connemara interposed. "Aren't you, Sweetie?"

To which that young woman vehemently replied, "Unanimous."

"Them being gone, as I said, it's easiest to forget 'em," McTish continued. "The gang's broken up, an' there'll be a reorganization i' the Shanghai Line noo. Anyway, oot o' the roll Lacy can fix up the loss of the Bloody Nuisance and a' the rest o't."

"I knew it right along!" gurgled Connemara ecstatically. "Tear up the child, I have the papers! And to think it could have happened in Connecticut."

"Long Island mostly," corrected Lacy. He added, "and Auteuil."

Her eyes smiled into his.

"Auteuil. I remembered you when I first got in the car. I remember your mother too—charming men have charming mothers, don't they? Connecticut? Auteuil? Everywhere—*always!*" She sighed dreamily. "The happy ending. . . ."

"The happy beginning!"

Whatever reply she may have intended to that final interpolation of his was quite completely crushed from her, as David Lacy drew her to him.

"*Attaboy!*" whispered Sweetie to the fragrant night in general. With a regal gesture she herded Saltonstall Cabot Adams and Bingham Carrington toward the hall door. "Come, youse —this here is a private rehearsal."

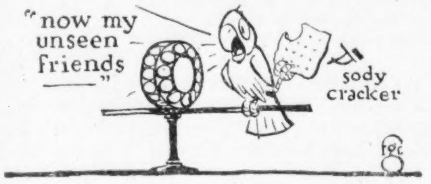
THE END

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Before the Flood

JOHN F. DESMOND, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass., writes that while walking through the woods he stumbled on something solid under the leaves and pine needles. Upon investigation he found an old rusty pipe in the ground, and two feet away an old audion tube with clips and contacts still intact. He would like to know how they got there. Perhaps an ancient experimenter is responsible, or maybe one of those mysterious stations we heard so much about during the war.



A Birdie

BERNARD G. CLARE of Detroit sends this one: Radio fans of station WCX were given a novel treat in the way of entertainment on a Monday evening last October, when "Polly," a nineteen-year-old parrot, the property of Miss Paula, did her stuff in front of the microphone.

Polly is known to thousands for her work in vaudeville, radio, and phonograph under the title of "The Human Bird." Miss Paula has taught this unusual parrot to sing, mimic, talk, cry, laugh, and imitate. The flock of letters received by Miss Paula informed her of the pleasure with which her invisible audience received the bird's program.

Artist or Key

WILLIAM GUISLEMAN of Dayton, Ohio, sends a clipping from his local paper announcing an organ recital from WJAX by C. Sharpe Minor. The gentleman has a euphonious name. We hope his recital was good.

Nation-wide Community Sing

"NOTHING makes for home stability as much as home singing, and radio can be of tremendous help in this connection. Just as a leader at a community sing conducts thousands of voices, so through radio, a single leader, with a good voice, can guide the singers in thousands of homes at the same time. The songs can be announced in advance in the papers, or broadcast by the leader directly before the singing. An orchestra can serve as an accompaniment, and with no trouble whatever a community singing can be achieved such as its most ardent devotees have never dreamed of."

We thank Mr. I. Goodman of New York City for the above.

Or Beesknees-o-dyne

GEORGE MALMUD, a Brooklyn correspondent, assures us that using a crystal with cat's-whisker as a grid leak greatly improved the reception of his one-tube single-circuit receiver. Yours must be a Feline-o-plex, George.

Radio Phone

"THREE people were listening in with head phones over our set. I was not one of them. My telephone rang only once, but it was several seconds before I took the receiver down. When I did I heard Hawaiian music and in a few minutes the regular announcer at WLS, Chicago. I called my husband from the radio to listen, and he said it was the same music that was coming over the radio."

Mrs. Jno. E. Owens of Dallas, Tex., was mystified by this experience and wonders how it happened. The answer, Mrs. Owens, is induction.

Too Many is Plenty

THE time has come to consider seriously whether or not licenses should be given to new stations. The law does not permit the Secretary of Commerce to refuse a license, although he has the power to revoke as well as to regulate operation. A sensible solution to the present congested condition of the ether would be to establish a waiting list, and grant no new license until an existing one had been revoked or had lapsed. The vacancy could be filled in order of application. There are only 47 channels open to Class B stations, and there are already approximately 100 operating in these channels.

Who's the Ostrich Now?

HOW long will it be before the powers controlling the destiny of vaudeville, concert stage and theatre follow the progressive policy of the phonograph companies. Radio cannot be ignored. It is a potent factor in the national life. Sticking one's head in the sand will not help in any way.

Stars by Radio

UNDER the circumstances which have prevented the greatest musical stars from broadcasting, studio managers have been under a severe handicap in securing quality programs. Now there has come a break in the lines of resistance. A well-known phonograph company started it by operating through a chain of stations. It was quickly followed by the competing company which will now permit its stars to sing or play through another broadcast chain. The main point for the fan to realize is that the very highest form of music will now be available over the ether. Those now available for radio include: Lucrezia Bori, Feodor Chaliapin, Renée Chemet, Alfred Cortot, Emilio de Gogorza, Mischa Elman, Amelita Galli-Curci, Beniamino Gigli, Jascha Heifetz, Maria Jeritza, Giovanni Martinelli, John McCormack, Titta Ruffo, Tito Schipa, Antonio Scotti and Reinald Werrenrath.

"SOS!"
meaning, "save our shirts!"

S O S from Land

EUROPEAN fans became quite excited a short time ago upon hearing an S O S call. Hundreds of them called up the nearest commercial radio station with the news. Investigation showed the call emanated from the Sahara Desert. It had been purposely placed there by the Paris broadcast station, which was using it as the climax of a radio play.

We remember a time when an island in the Caribbean Sea actually sent out an S O S call to ships. This was the occasion when the men erecting a station on the island ran out of provisions and were starving.

All you long for

Health, Happiness, Success are the Reward of Internal Cleanliness

THE things that mean most in life—social position, financial independence, personal attractiveness—are seldom gained without health. But health cannot be preserved without internal cleanliness—thorough elimination of waste, day by day. Hence, internal cleanliness is literally the foundation upon which happiness and enjoyment of life are based.

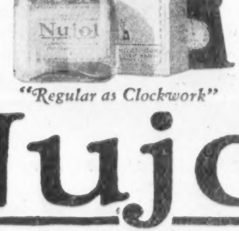
Medical science has pointed out the dangers that result from faulty elimination. "Many bodily and mental ills arise from this condition," says a noted authority. "Dizziness, headache, insomnia, complexion troubles and excessive nervousness have their almost certain origin in clogging of the intestine." Thus, mental and physical abilities are impaired. As this clogging becomes chronic, more serious conditions appear, until you are the victim of some grave organic disease.

How to Maintain Internal Cleanliness

Leading physicians advise against the habitual use of laxatives and cathartics. "They do not overcome faulty elimination," says an eminent specialist, "but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury."

Medical authorities have found in the Nujol lubrication treatment the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, softens and lubricates the food waste, thus hastening its passage through and out of the body. Nujol is not a medicine or laxative and does not cause distress. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol is prescribed by physicians and is used in leading hospitals all over the world.

Remember, if you wish to enjoy continued health and happiness you must maintain internal cleanliness. Take Nujol as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).



"Regular as Clockwork"

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness

Tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

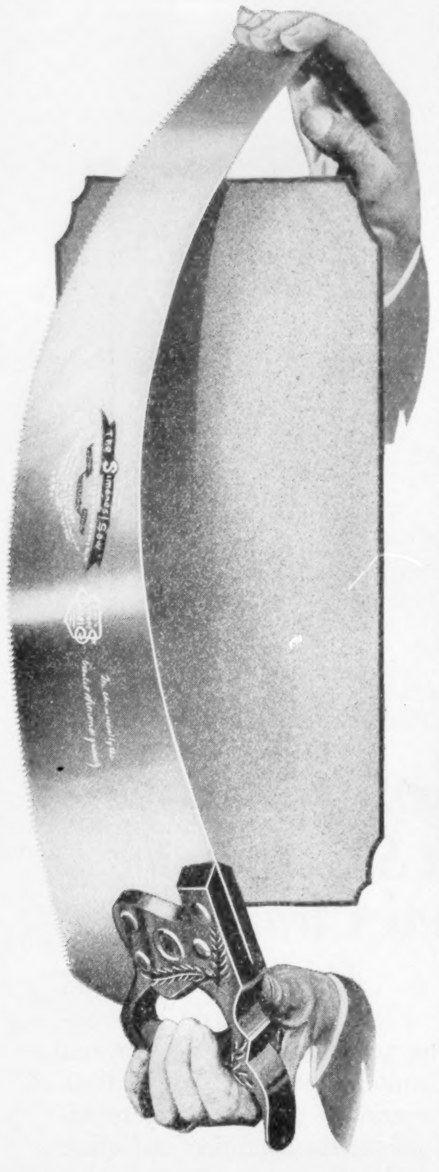
4-DAY TRIAL FREE!

Nujol, Room 832Z, 7 Hanover Sq., N.Y.

For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16-page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness". (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name ....

Address ....



SIMONDS BLUE RIBBON HAND SAWS

It is difficult to appreciate the difference between a Simonds saw and an ordinary saw—until you get BEHIND a Simonds.

THEN you will find that Simonds steel, Simonds design and Simonds workmanship have combined to produce a saw that SINGS its way through a board quickly, cleanly and easily.

The Simonds Blue Ribbon saw is typical of the quality that Simonds has been putting into cutting steel since 1832. The name Simonds on the blade of ANY cutting tool is your guarantee of quality. It will pay you to insist upon a Simonds saw.

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
Fitchburg, Mass.
"The Saw Makers" Established 1832
Branch Stores and Service Shops in Principal Cities

SIMONDS
Pronounced SI-MONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

Sargon

Continued from page 7

rôle, up to the carrying-off point, at any rate. On the first occasion of their being alone together she drew him to her and kissed him on the mouth with a warmth and an intensity and thoroughness that astonished and overwhelmed Mr. Preemby. It was quite different from Meeta's coy achievements. Or anything he had ever met around Norwich. He had not known that there was such kissing.

And in the warm summer twilight Mr. Preemby found himself being carried off to a lonely piece of beach to spoon with Chris Hossett. The light of a rising full moon mingled with the afterglow; pebbles shone out like gems and stars. He carried himself bravely, but he was all a-tremble. He knew that this time the enterprises would not come from him. And the spooning of Chris Hossett was no more like the spooning of Meta than a furnace glow is like that of the moon.

"I love you," said Chris, as though that justified anything, and as they stumbled homeward at an hour that Mr. Preemby called "feefully late," she said, "You're going to marry me, aren't you? You've *got* to marry me now. And then we can *really* make love. 'Soften as we like."

"I can't rightly say that I'm exactly in a position to keep a wife just at present," said Mr. Preemby.

"I don't see that there's any necessity for me to ask a man to keep me," said Miss Hossett. "You're a wonder, Teddy, and I'm going to marry you. It's got to be, and there you are."

"But *'ow* can I marry you?" asked Mr. Preemby almost peevishly—for he was really very tired.

"One would think to hear you that no one had ever married before," said Chris Hossett, "and besides—after this—you must."

"Mind you, I've got to go back to Norwich next Tuesday," said Mr. Preemby.

"You ought to have thought of that before," she said.

"But I'll lose my situation."

"Naturally, Father will find you something better. We aren't poor people, Teddy. There's no need to be scared about it. . . ."

IN SUCH terms was Chris Hossett wooed and won by Mr. Preemby. He was scared, dreadfully scared, but also he was tremendously roused. It impressed him as being a wildly romantic affair and very terrifying and a little hard on Meeta Pinkey. But he was bustled along too fast to think very much about Meeta Pinkey. He was introduced over again to the Hossett parents next day as their daughter's affianced husband, and in secret she gave him three golden sovereigns to buy her an engagement ring as a surprise. Mrs. Hossett behaved at first as though she approved of Mr. Preemby and disapproved of the marriage, and then after what was clearly a stormy scene upstairs with her daughter, she behaved as though she approved highly of the marriage and thought Mr. Preemby a very objectionable person. Mr. Hossett would not speak to Mr. Preemby directly, but he spoke of him to his wife and to imaginary auditors in Mr. Preemby's presence as a "scoundrel" who had "got hold" of his girl. Yet he too seemed to regard the marriage as desirable, and no one made any reply to his *obiter dicta*.

It was all very puzzling and exalting to Mr. Preemby. He did little except what he was told to do. He was carried over his marriage as a man might be carried over a weir. He left any explanation to Mrs. Witcherly of what was happening for some more favorable occasion. He went off on Tuesday with his little valise as though he was going back to Norwich. He wrote a simple letter of regret to the house agent and coal merchant. Private affairs, he said, of an urgent nature prevented his return to his duties. Mrs. and Miss Hossett went up to London with him. They all took rooms at a temperance hotel in Bloomsbury, and Mr. Preemby was married by special license at St. Martin's by Trafalgar Square.

Then he went down to the Limpid Stream Laundry to live with his parents-in-law and master the duties of assistant manager, canvasser, and publicity agent. Mr. Hossett never spoke to him and sometimes talked rather unpleasantly about him when he was in the room, making accusations that were better ignored, but Mrs. Hossett gradually became cordial again. And presently Mr. Hossett had a heart seizure and died, and in the course of a few months Mr. Preemby found himself a father. When he was first confronted with his daughter and, as it proved, his only child, he thought her an extremely ugly little red object. He had never seen a baby at so early a stage before. She had a lot of very fine moist dark hair which subsequently gave place to a later crop; she had large indeterminate features and remarkably large feet and hands. Mr. Preemby had an absurd impression that he had seen her somewhere before and hadn't liked her. Then in a day or so she became a quite ordinary pink baby and wonder gave place to affection.

Collier's Builds Another House

Harold Cary is at it again. He's building another Collier's house. On the one he built last year he saved more than one third. That house cost $10,767. But this time he won't spend $8,000. Next week he begins to tell of his progress.

She was christened Christina Alberta after her mother and Mr. Preemby.

IN TIME all these experiences mellowed in Mr. Preemby's memory into a vague, glorious, romantic, adventurous past. He continued to be rather dreamy and distraught, but on the whole he made a dutiful, faithful husband, and he got on very well with his masterful and capable wife.

She was, he had discovered on his marriage, three years his senior, and she continued to be in every respect his senior to the day of her death. But she treated him with proprietary affection, she chose all his clothes for him, she cultivated his manners and bearing and upheld him against all other people. She dressed him rather more like a golf champion than he would have done himself if he had had any say in the matter. She would not let him have a bicycle for many years, she was a little exacting about his ways of keeping the laundry accounts, she fixed his pocket money at ten shillings a week, and she was disposed to restrict his opportunities for conversation with feminine members of the laundry staff. But he made no marked protest against these slight deviations from the customary obedience of a wife. A tendency to plumpness manifested itself and he grew quantities of blond mustache without apparent effort.

Their home was an agreeable one, the more so after Mrs. Hossett had followed her husband to his resting place, under a marble crucifix with a dove and olive branch in relievo at the intersection of the arms, at Woodford Wells. Mr. Preemby became a great reader, reading not only romantic novels—he had a great distaste for "realism" in any form—but ancient history, astronomy, astrology, and mystical works. He became deeply interested in the problem of the Pyramids and in the probable history of the lost continent of Atlantis. Mental science also attracted him, and the possibility of increasing will power very greatly. He would sometimes practice will power before the looking-glass in his bedroom when Mrs. Preemby was not about. At nights he would sometimes will himself to sleep instead of going to sleep in the usual fashion. He gave a considerable amount of attention to prophecy and eschatology. He developed views of his own about the Day of Judgment that might have led to a breach with the Established Church if Mrs. Preemby had not thought that such a breach would react unfavorably upon the laundry. As time went on he accumulated a library of upward of a thousand volumes, and a very considerable vocabulary.

HIS wife viewed these intellectual preoccupations with friendly sympathy, at times even with pride, but she took little part in them herself. The laundry was good enough for her. She loved the laundry more and more; loved its piled clean and starched shirts and collars and its folded and stacked sheets, loved the creak of its machinery and the sudsy bustle of the washing-room. She loved to have it all going on, orderly and right; to feel everything going through the tubs and washers and wringers, sure and safe; nothing astray, nothing missing at the end. When she walked about the place voices were hushed and scrubbing became respectfully assiduous. And she liked making things pay.

On Sunday afternoons and on days when the laundry had no need of his services Mr. Preemby took long walks. In fine weather he would walk into Epping Forest or to Ongar or even into the rustic peace of the Roothings, but in dull weather he would go Londonward. After a while the trams were extended as far as the present terminus at Woodford and it became possible to ride very pleasantly into the very heart of London by way of Seven Sisters Road and Camden Town or, with a little extra walking, by the Lea Bridge Road and the Angel and Holborn.

The greatness and multitudinous activities of London stirred slumbering strands of Mr. Preemby's imagination. He would go in and lunch at an Aërated Bread shop on a scone and butter with a cup of cocoa and perhaps a jam puff, and he would spend hours looking into shop windows and sometimes even making small purchases. He loved Charing Cross Road with its bookshops, Tottenham Court Road, Holborn, Clerkenwell and the Whitechapel Road, but Piccadilly and Bond Street and Regent Street seemed costly and lacking in true intellectual interest and he felt his baggy tweed knickerbockers and cap a little out of place in these smart places. Sometimes he would go to the British Museum, and look very hard at objects connected with the Pyramids. Great public events always drew him to London. If there was a great murder or a great fire or a royal wedding or a royal funeral, Mr. Preemby would be sure to be looking at it where the crowd was thickest, often with a little packet of provisions, a sandwich, an orange, or so forth, that Mrs. Preemby had provided. But he never saw illuminations and fireworks because Mrs. Preemby liked to have him at home when the day's work was over. He enjoyed the Great War of 1914-18 gravely and profoundly. Once he passed a man who he thought afterwards was almost certainly a German spy. The thought thrilled him for days. He had given him a good look, anyhow. He attended air raids in plenty and he saw the Potters Bar Zeppelin shot down. He was a good four years too old for compulsory military service when the time came, and Mrs. Preemby would not let him be a special constable because she thought he might catch cold.

Mr. Preemby's work in the counting house was not very onerous, but he also gave thought and attention to the extension of the business outside. He invented several attractive circulars. His experience as a house agent had trained him to note the existence of large comfortable-looking houses that might otherwise have escaped his observation and to ascertain whether they were occupied; he would then find out whether the Limpid Stream Laundry got the washing from such establishments and if not he would send a circular and even follow it up with a personal letter. He was vaguely observant about the premises. He would go sometimes and look for quite a long time at the furnaces or the delivery vans or any new piece of machinery like the new calendering machine until he got used to it. But if he stood about where there were girls working, Mrs. Preemby would make some excuse to get him back into the office because, as she explained, she thought a man standing about affected the girls' work unfavorably. He took in and sometimes read the "British Laundryman" and the "Dyers' and Cleaners' Gazette."

Occasionally he had happy ideas. It was his idea to paint the delivery vans bright blue and decorate them with a swastika, and to paint exactly the same color and design on the front of the laundry and put it on the bills. But when he wanted to put the van drivers into swastika caps and blue the clothes baskets, Mrs. Preemby said she thought the thing had gone far enough. It was also Mr. Preemby who suggested Ford cars instead of horse vans as early as 1913. This change was made in 1915.

And at home, with her peaceful, interested father and her busy, occasionally rather astringent mother, Christina Alberta grew to girlhood and womanhood.

THIS story, it was clearly explained in the first paragraph of the first chapter, is a story about Mr. Preemby in the later years, the widower years, of his life. That statement has all the value of an ordinary commercial guaranty, and on no account shall we ever wander far from Mr. Preemby. But the life of his daughter was so closely interwoven with his own during that time that it is necessary to tell many things about her distinctly and explicitly before we get our real story properly begun. And even after it has begun, and while it goes on and right up to the end, Christina Alberta will continue to intrude.

Christina Alberta was never what is called an engaging child. But she always had a great liking for her daddy, and he had the greatest affection and respect for her.

She had little or no tact, and there was always something remote and detached, something of the fairy changeling about her. Even her personal appearance was tactless. She had a prominent nose which tended to grow larger, whereas Mrs. Preemby's nose was small and bright and pinched between her glasses, and her father's delicately chiseled and like some brave little boat shooting a great cascade of mustache; she was dark and both her parents were fair. As she grew up, the magic forces of adolescence assembled her features into a handsome effect, but she was never really pretty. Her eyes were brown and bright and hard. She had her mother's thin-lipped, resolute mouth and modestly determined chin. And she had her mother's clear, firm skin and bright color. She was a humming, shouting, throwing, punching child with a tendency not to hear admonitions and an almost instinctive dexterity in avoiding sudden slaps. She flitted about. She might be up the drying ground or she might be under your bed. The only thing to do was to get down and look.

She danced. Neither Mr. Preemby nor Mrs. Preemby danced and this continual jiggeting about perplexed and worried them. A piano or a distant band would set her dancing, or she would dance to her own humming; she danced to hymn tunes and on a Sunday. There was a standing offer from Mr. Preemby of sixpence if ever she sat quiet for five minutes, but it was never taken up.

At her first school, a mixed day school in Buckhurst Hill, she was first of all extremely unpopular and then extremely popular and then she was expelled. Afterward she did fairly well at the Taverners' Girls' School at Woodford, where she was recognized from the first as a humorist. There was always a difficulty in calling her any other name than Christina Alberta. People tried all sorts of names, but none of them stuck but Christina Alberta. Babs and Baby and Bertie and Buss she was called at home and Ally and Tina, and at school they tried Nosey and Suds and Feet and Preemy and Prim. Also Golliwog because of her hair at hockey. These all came off again and left the original name exposed.

SHE was quick at her lessons and particularly at history, geography, and drawing, but disrespectful to her teachers; at school hockey she played forward right with marked success. She could run like the wind and she never seemed blown. Her pinch was simply frightful. She could make sudden grimaces with her nose, that gave the weaker sort hysterics. She was particularly disposed to do this at school prayers.

Between her mother and herself there was a streak of animosity. It was not a very broad streak, but it was there. Her mother seemed to cherish some incommunicable grievance against her. It didn't prevent Mrs. Preemby from doing her duty by the child, but it restrained any real warmth of affection between them. From an early age it was daddy got the kisses and got climbed over and pulled about. He returned this affection. He called her "my own little girl" and would even say at times that she was a wonder. He took her for walks with him and told her many secret things that were in his mind, about the Lost Atlantis and the Lamas of Tibet and the fundamentals of astrology preserved indecipherably in the proportions of the Pyramids. He'd often wished, he said, to have a good look at the Pyramids. Sometimes one man saw things that others didn't. She would listen intently, although not always in quite the right spirit.

He would tell her of the virtue and science of Atlantis. "They walked about in long white robes," he said. "More like Bible characters than human beings."

"Good for the laundries, Daddy," said Christina Alberta.

"All we know of astrology is just fragments of what they knew. They knew the past and future."

"Pity they were all drowned," she remarked without apparent irony.

"Maybe they weren't all drowned," he said darkly.

"You don't mean there's Atlantics about nowadays."

"Some may have escaped. Descendants may be nearer than you suppose. Why, you and me, Christina, we may have Atlantis blood!"

His manner conveyed his conviction.

"It doesn't seem to help much," she said.

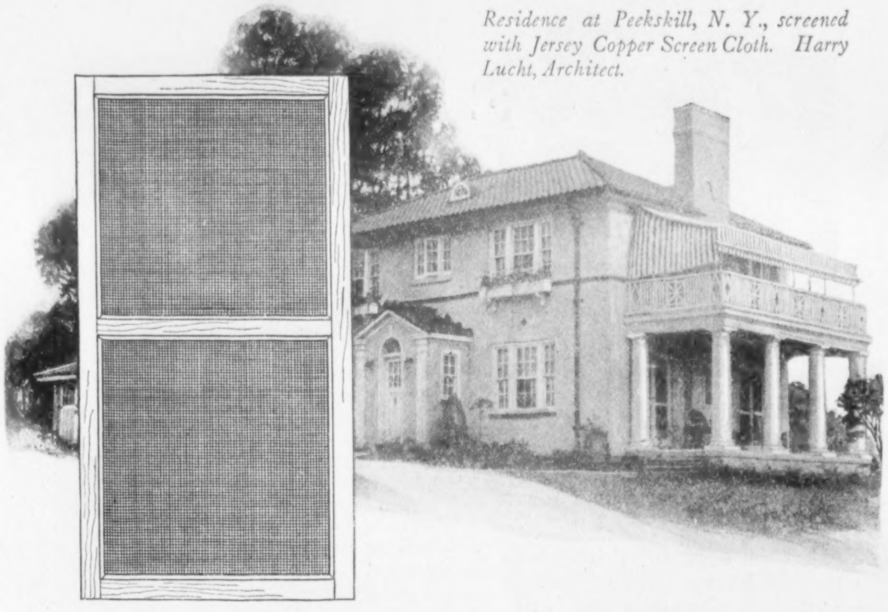
"Helps more than you think. Hidden gifts. Insight. Things like that. *We* aren't common persons, Christina Alberta."

For some moments the two of them pursued independent reveries.

"Still we don't *know* we're Atlantics," said Christina Alberta.

AFTER she had fought her way to the sixth form in the Taverners' School the educational outlook of Christina Alberta was troubled by dissensions both within the school and without. The staff was divided about her; her discipline was bad, her class work rank or vile, but she passed examinations, and particularly external examinations by independent examiners,

(*Continued on page 40*)

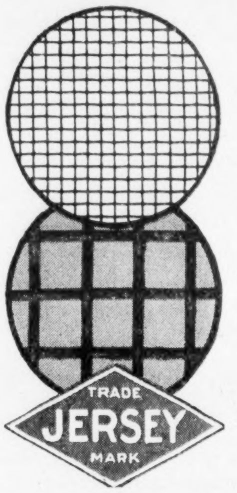


Residence at Peekskill, N. Y., screened with Jersey Copper Screen Cloth. Harry Lucht, Architect.

Five Reasons Why

THE next time you buy insect screen cloth bear these facts in mind:

1. Jersey Copper Screen Cloth is 99.8% pure copper and cannot rust.
2. Due to a special Roebling process it has stiffness and tensile strength comparable to that of steel.
3. Jersey Copper Screen Cloth, 16 mesh, is a true *insect* screen cloth. The wires are spaced uniformly and keep out not only flies but mosquitoes and other small insects.
4. It is made in a dark finish as well as the ordinary bright. The dark finish goes through no weathering process, is nearly invisible, and *stays* that way.
5. The worse the climatic conditions, the more desirable that you use Jersey Copper Screen Cloth and end your screening troubles.



In the upper circle is shown an unretouched photograph, actual size, of Copper Screen Cloth (heavy grade) made by The New Jersey Wire Cloth Company, which has been subjected to the action of salt air for more than twelve years.

In the circle below is the same Copper Screen Cloth enlarged 4 diameters.

In our files is an infinite amount of proof, in the form of testimonials from satisfied users, as to the unusual durability of Jersey. Talk to your hardware merchant or custom-made screen manufacturer regarding Jersey Copper Screen Cloth. If he cannot supply you, write us. We will supply the name of a distributor near you and send you samples and descriptive matter.

THE NEW JERSEY WIRE CLOTH COMPANY
All Grades of Wire Cloth Made of All Kinds of Wire
622 South Broad Street
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TRADE JERSEY MARK
Copper Screen Cloth
Made of Copper 99.8% Pure

Could she earn her own living?

SHE'S your daughter—and perhaps you hate to think of her having to work for a living.

But this sort of thing does happen in very nice families—and too often the girl is utterly unprepared for any well-paid occupation. So she takes a poorly-paid job as sales girl, waitress or clerk.

* * * *

It's different when there is a Corona in the home. A child who has learned to use Corona Four, with its standard office keyboard, can operate any office machine—and you've provided her with the best kind of an insurance policy. Write to the Corona Typewriter Co. Inc., 104 Main St., Groton, N. Y., for full particulars.

CORONA

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn $18 to $60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. B-5, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

INVENTORS Write for free guide book "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch for Examination and Instructions.
RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 156, Washington, D. C.

Delicious! Delightfully flavored and good for health—its daily use is "a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

Sargon

Continued from page 39

with conspicuous success. There was a general desire to get her out of the school; but whether that was to be done by a university scholarship or a simple request to her parents to take her away, was a question under dispute. The games mistress was inclined to regard murder as a third possible course because of the girl's utter disregard for style in games, her unsportsmanlike trick of winning them in irregular and unexpected ways, and her tendency to make drill and gymnastics an occasion for a low facetiousness far more suitable for the ordinary classroom. The English and Literature mistress concurred—although Christina Alberta would spend hours over her essays working in sentences and paragraphs from Pater and Runkin and Hazlitt so that they might pass as her own original constructions. It was not Christina Alberta's fault if ever and again these threads of literary gold were marked in red ink, "Clumsy" or "Might be better expressed" or "Too flowery." Only the head mistress had a really good word for Christina Alberta. But, then, the head mistress, as became her position, made a specialty of understanding difficult cases.

And Christina Alberta was always quietly respectful to the head mistress, and could produce a better side to her nature with the most disconcerting alacrity whenever the head mistress was called in.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA, as soon as the issue became clear to her, decided for the scholarship. She reformed almost obtrusively; she became tidy, she ceased to be humorous, she lost sets of tennis to the games mistress like a little sportswoman and she stopped arguing and became the sedulous ape of Stevenson for the estranged English mistress. But it was uphill work even in the school. There was a little too much elegant surrender in her reformed tennis and a little too much parody about her English in velveteen. The possibility that she would ever join that happy class of girls who go in from the suburbs to classes in London and lead the higher life beyond parental inspection and sometimes until quite late in the evening in studios, laboratories and college lecture-rooms, seemed a very insecure one, even without reckoning with the opposition of her mother.

For Mrs. Preemby was not the woman to like a daughter educated above her parentage and station. She came to lament her weakness in not bringing Christina Alberta into the laundry as she herself had been brought in at the age of fourteen. Then she would have learned the business from the ground up, and have qualified herself to help and at last succeed her mother even as Mrs. Preemby had helped and succeeded Mrs. Hossett. But the school with its tennis and music and French, and so forth, had turned the girl against this clean and cleansing life. She was rising seventeen now, and the sooner she abandoned these things which lead straight to school-teaching, spinsterhood, Italian holidays, "art" clothes, and stuck-up incapacity, the better for her and everyone.

She made a campaign against Christina Alberta's habit of sitting about in unladylike attitudes and reading; and when Mr. Preemby took the unusual and daring course of saying that it was a bit hard on the girl and that he didn't see any harm in a book or so now and then, Mrs. Preemby took him up to Christina Alberta's own little room to see what came of it, and more particularly to see the sort of pictures she'd stuck up there. Even when he was confronted with a large photographic reproduction of Michelangelo's creation of Adam as the master had painted that event on the roof of the Sistine Chapel in Rome, he still made a feeble show of resistance and said it was "Art."

"You'd stand anything she did, I believe," said Mrs. Preemby. "Look at it. Art! Look at these books! Darwin's 'Origin of Species'! That's a nice book for a girl to be prying into."

"Very likely she doesn't see the harm of it," said Mr. Preemby.

"*Her!*" said Mrs. Preemby compactly. "And look at this!"

"This" was Howe's "Atlas of Biology." She opened it to display its large pages crowded with pictures of the detailed dissection of a frog.

"Reely, my dear!" said Mr. Preemby. "It's one of her school books. There reely isn't nothing what I could call *improper* in that. It's Science. And after all; it's only a frog."

"Pretty things they teach at school nowadays. What with your Art and your Science. Doesn't leave much to the imagination. Why, when I was a girl if I'd asked Ma what was inside *any* animal, she'd have slapped me and slapped me hard. And rightly. There's things rightly hid from us—and hid they ought to be. God shows us as much as is good for us. More. No need to *open* animals. And here—here's a book *in French!*"

She Knew George Washington

She was a little French girl who lived near Mt. Vernon. "Monsieur de Washington" was her hero, but never did she forget to curtsy, as all little girls should. In letters to her grandmother—charming letters in the stately phrases of long ago—she wrote about the Washington she knew, not the Washington of the history books.

The Princess Radziwill has translated these delightful letters, hitherto unpublished, and they will appear in next week's Collier's.

"H'm," said Mr. Preemby, yielding a little. He took up the lemon-yellow volume and turned it over in his hand.

"All this reading!" said Mrs. Preemby and indicated three shelves of books.

Mr. Preemby assembled his courage. "You mustn't expect me to go against reading, Chris," he said. "It's a pleasure and a light. There's things in books. . . . Reely, Chris, I believe you'd be happier if you read a bit. Christina Alberta is a born reader, whether you like it or not. She gets it from me, I suppose."

Mrs. Preemby started and regarded his flushed opposition; the anger in her eyes was magnified through her glasses. "It's wonderful," she said; "it's truly wonderful how Christina Alberta manages to get everything she wants."

MISS MALTBY-NEVERSON, the head mistress of the Taverners' School, called upon Mrs. Preemby and shook her resolution a good deal. She was obviously a lady, and the school washing ran in term time to twenty pounds a week. She was taken to see the scandalous picture and she said, "Very beautiful, I'm sure. One of the really great paintings in the world. Pro-foundly religious. It's the very words of the Bible made into a picture. What do you find in it to object to, Mrs. Preemby?"

Whereupon, as if by a trick, the picture ceased to be scandalous and Mrs. Preemby was ashamed of herself. She saw now that there never had been anything wrong about that picture.

Miss Maltby-Neverson said that Christina Alberta was a difficult type, but a thoroughly interesting personality, a *real* personality. She had a great capacity for affection.

"I haven't found that," said Mrs. Preemby.

"It is a type I have studied," said Miss Maltby-Neverson, simply but conclusively.

She explained that Christina Alberta was an *active* type. Left to herself without employment to *stretch* her faculties, she might easily get into almost any sort of mischief. Almost any sort. Not that there was anything wrong in her essentially. It was just energy. Given good hard work and a scope for ambition, she might become a very satisfactory woman indeed—possibly even a distinguished woman.

"I've no use for distinguished women," said Mrs. Preemby shortly.

"The world has," said Miss Maltby-Neverson gently.

"I'm afraid I'm one of the old-fashioned sort," said Mrs. Preemby.

"Christina Alberta isn't."

"Let the man be distinguished abroad and the woman distinguished at home," said Mrs. Preemby. "I'm sorry to differ from you, Miss Maltby-Neverson, but one cannot help one's opinions."

"It depends upon ourselves," said Miss Maltby-Neverson.

"I'm afraid I like men to rule," said Mrs. Preemby. "Woman has her place in the world, and it isn't man's."

"But I thought Mr. Preemby rather favored the scholarship idea."

Mrs. Preemby was baffled. "He *did*," she said as though she did not see clearly what that had to do with the matter.

"Give the thing a trial," said Miss Maltby-Neverson. "After all, she may not win this scholarship."

But Christina Alberta won it with marks to spare. She took no risks. It was a biennial scholarship which had been established by a benefactor of advanced views. It was tenable at the London School of Economics. As soon as Christina Alberta knew she had secured it she went, without consulting her mother or anyone, to a hairdresser's, and had her hair bobbed. To Mrs. Preemby this was almost a worse blow than the scholarship. She surveyed her shock-headed, handsome-nosed daughter in her short gymnastic skirts with a qualm of sincere hatred.

She wished she could make her daughter feel about herself as she felt about her. "I wish you could only see yourself," she said with concentrated bitterness.

"Oh, *I* know," said Christina Alberta.

"I suppose you're a judgment on me," said Mrs. Preemby.

BUT Christina Alberta had only studied in the London School of Economics for a year; she was beginning her second year when her mother obliged her to resign her scholarship. Christina Alberta had stayed late in London one evening without telling her mother she was going to do so; she had gone to a discussion of the Population Question at the New Hope Club in Fitzgerald Street and she had come home smelling so strongly of tobacco that her mother had repented of and revoked all her concessions to modernity right there and then.

She had been waiting for that moment for many months. "This ends it," she said as she let her daughter in.

Christina Alberta found there was no immediate way round or through that decision. She worked her father and Miss Maltby-Neverson in vain. But instead of resigning her scholarship right out as she had been told to do, she played for time and explained her absence by a vague reference to family trouble.

Mrs. Preemby in those days was already in very bad health, but this fact was completely overshadowed in the minds of both her daughter and her husband by the far more urgent fact that she was now constantly in a very bad temper. Everything was conspiring to worry her—except Mr. Preemby, who knew better than to do anything of the sort.

The closing years of the Great War, and still more so the opening year of the Disappointing Peace, were years of very great difficulty for the laundry business. The munitions business put laundry girls above themselves and there was no doing anything with them. Coal, soap, everything was at unheard-of prices, and it was impossible to get back on the customers by raising the charges. People, even the best sort of people, were giving up cleanliness. Gentlemen of position would wear their dress shirts three or four times and make their undervests and underpants last a fortnight. Household linen was correspondingly eked out. People moved about; the new army officers' wives came and went, here to-day and gone to-morrow, leaving unpaid bills. Never had Mrs. Preemby known so many bad debts. Van men came back from the army so shell-shocked and militarized that they embezzled out of pure nervousness and habit. Income tax became a nightmare. Outside as within, Mrs. Preemby's life was a conflict. She kept the Limpid Stream Laundry paying all through that awful time because she was a wonder at management, but she did it at a terrible loss of vitality.

SHE became bitterly critical of the unhelpfulness of Mr. Preemby and her daughter. When they tried to be helpful she criticized their incapacity. They did more harm than good.

Mealtimes were awful. She would sit flushed and glowering through her glasses, obviously afflicted by a passionate realization of the world's injustice and eating very little. Mr. Preemby's attempts to start a cheerful conversation were rarely successful. Even Christina Alberta was overawed.

"Things going a little better this morning?" Mr. Preemby would try.

"Can't I rest from business even at my meals?" the poor lady would complain.

Or, "Looks like pleasant weather for the Derby."

"Pity you can't go there for all the help you are in the place. I suppose you haven't heard what's happened to van number two."

"No!" said Mr. Preemby.

"You wouldn't. Hind mudguard smashed. Been done for weeks. And nobody knows who did it. One would think that that was a man's business, anyhow. But it's left for me to find out. And pay for. Like everything else in the place."

"I'd better make inquiries."

"I know those inquiries of yours. Better leave the whole thing alone now. Grin and bear it. . . ."

The silence of the meal would be restored.

She seemed to set a high value upon these awful silences. She even complained that he ate his cheese biscuits audibly. But how else can one eat cheese biscuits? Christina Alberta was made of sterner stuff and became controversial. Then her mother would flare out at her insolence and declare that "one or the other of us" leaves the table.

"I'll read upstairs," said Christina Alberta. "It isn't *my* wish to be lunching here."

Before the abrupt ending of Christina Alberta's university career she was present only at breakfast and supper; supper wasn't nearly as awful in quality as breakfast, and breakfast could easily be bolted and got away from; but after the New Hope Club catastrophe she was present at all the meals, a sort of lightning conductor for her father and something of a restraint upon and an added exasperation to her mother. She took the line of agreeing that if her university career was to end, then she must go into the laundry business; but she argued very stoutly that to do that with any hope of success under modern conditions meant a "proper business training." If she could not go to the London School of Economics then she ought to go to Tomlinson's Commercial Training School in Chancery Lane and learn bookkeeping, shorthand, typing, business correspondence, précis, commercial French, and so forth. And after three weeks of painful midday meals this proposal was adopted under stringent conditions and her season ticket to London was renewed. She worked her way very passably through another winter with Tomlinson's as her school and most of London as her playground. She learned all sorts of things. She added a new set of friends and acquaintances, some with bobbed hair and some without, of the most various social origins and associations, to the circle she had already acquired at the London School of Economics.

When presently Mrs. Preemby began to speak of a gnawing pain that oppressed her, both her husband and daughter took it at first as a new development of her general grievance against them and felt no particular apprehension about it. Mr. Preemby said he thought she ought to take advice or see someone about it, but for some days she treated the suggestion with scorn. If once she got in a doctor, she said, they'd have to find someone else to look after the laundry. Doctors put you to bed and give you things to keep you there. Otherwise how could they get a living?

Then suddenly she changed. One morning she confessed she felt "dreadful." She went back to bed and Mr. Preemby, with strange premonitions that the world was coming to an end, trotted off for a doctor. The clinical thermometer showed a temperature mounting above one hundred and one. "It hurts; my side hurts," said Mrs. Preemby. "I've had it once before, but not like this."

Christina Alberta came home that evening to discover herself capable of fear, remorse and tenderness.

She had some strange moments with her mother in between phases of weak delirium and insensibility. Mrs. Preemby's face seemed to have become smaller and prettier; the feverish flush in her cheeks simulated youth. She was no longer hard or angry, but rather pathetically friendly. And Christina Alberta hadn't seen her in bed for years.

"Take care of your daddy," said Mrs. Preemby. "You owe more to him—and less to him—than you think. I had to do—all I've done. Take care of him. He's gentle and good and easily persuaded and not to be trusted alone in the world. . . .

"I've never been quite all a mother should be to you. But you've been *difficult,* Christina. . . . I've had a great respect for you. . . .

"I'm glad you haven't my eyes. Glasses are a curse. . . . "

ANXIETY about the laundry occupied a large part of her thoughts.

"That woman Smithers in the washing-room is a thief, and I'd get rid of the new man Baxandale. I don't know why I've kept Mrs. Smithers on so long. . . . Weakness. . . . I'm not sure about *him,* there's nothing positive yet, but I feel he's not straight. . . . I'm very much afraid we've let Lady Badger's account run too long. Nowadays titles—want watching. I've been misled by her. She promised a check. . . . But I doubt about you two in the laundry altogether. He can't and you won't. *You* might have done it. . . . Never mind that now.

"Sell it as a going concern. The Widgerys might come in. He's hard, but he's straight. Straight enough. They might like to come in. . . .

"It's never entered my head I wasn't good for twenty years yet. . . . I wish the doctor wouldn't think of operating. It won't do any good."

She repeated many of her phrases.

"I hate the thought of being opened," she said. "I suppose— Like those frogs in your book. . . .

"Packed like a bag. . . . Never get it back again. Loose bits. . . .

"Washing basket or something to keep it together."

Then her mind went off at a tangent to things beyond Christina Alberta's understanding.

"Sneaked off and left me to it. . . . I wonder what he's doing now. . . . Suppose. . . . Fancy, if it should be him that had to operate. . . . Operate. . . .

"Children we were."

She seemed to recollect herself and regarded her daughter with a hard, inquiring eye. But some instinct in Christina Alberta told her to assume an incurious expression. Her mother's mind had been wandering, she thought, and it would hurt her mother's pride if she realized that her daughter had noted that she wandered.

(*To be continued next week*)

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The Wild West

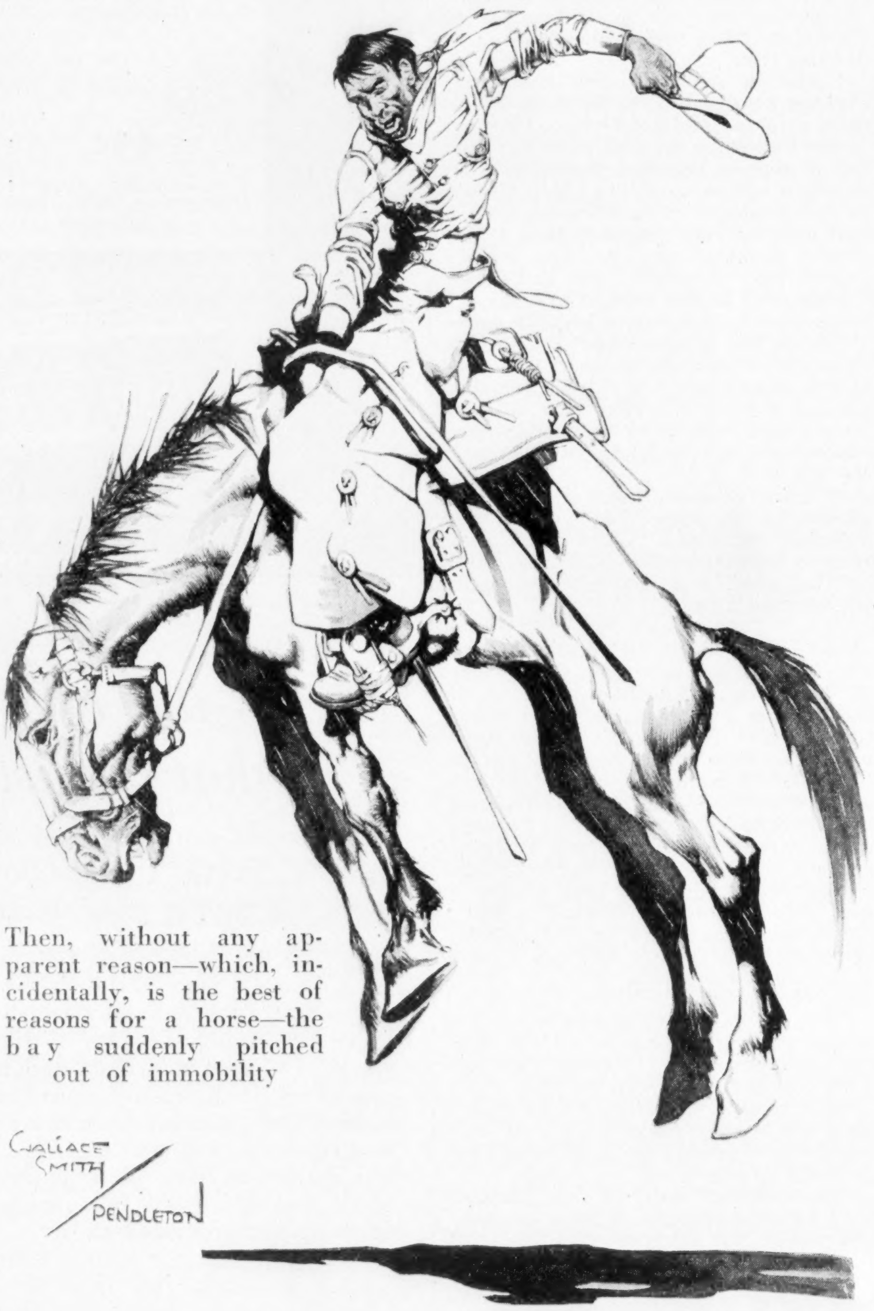
Continued from page 12

The owner of the gambling joint wore his mustache black and long and drooping. And he had on a velvet vest, embroidered florally, over a frilled shirt. He allowed as how his games were "fa'r and squar'" and offered now and then to defend this statement with an old, stem-winding revolver he personified as "Betsy."

It was all very atmospheric. The dance was more so, even to the point where this historian was overtured by a lady who, without the slightest doubt, was known as Lou. Shortly after this incident came the gent who wanted to play incidental music with his six-shooters while I danced.

Sentimentally it was all very gratifying but puzzling. This was not like any West of my experience, yet there was something familiar about it.

My first clew to the mystery came at the Pendleton roundup, where the top buckaroos of the world were assembled for their yearly meeting of great riders and splendid horses. In the bucking tryouts and steer-wrangling preceding the show itself I was mounted one day on a borrowed bay mare with a coquettish bang of black over her saucy right eye. She behaved well all during the early part of the afternoon. Then, without any apparent reason—which, incidentally, is the best of reasons for a horse—my bay mare suddenly pitched out of immobility. Before I could get her in hand she was galloping for the far end of the arena. There, rearing high, she came to a halt. When I recovered, I observed that she had stampeded straight for a motion-picture camera. She now set up a stylish prancing in front of it, coyly nudging other horses out of range of the lens.



Then, without any apparent reason—which, incidentally, is the best of reasons for a horse—the bay suddenly pitched out of immobility

"Outside of a few of the highest-priced stars," said the camera man, "that horse is the most confirmed film-hog that ever was in front of a camera. She's been working in the movies for a month now with Hoot Gibson's company and she'd rather see a director's megaphone than a sack of hand-picked oats. No foolin'—they get that way. Even horses."

That night—now that the cinema is mentioned, one may write in that subtitlish way—that night I asked Ed Sedgwick about this. Sedgwick is a veteran director who specializes in "westerns." He had been on location around Pendleton for six weeks or so.

"Sure; and it isn't only the horses get that way," said Sedgwick. "When I get back to Hollywood I know that at least fifty cowhands from around here will show up there, if they have to bum their way to do it. They'll want to be actors. We've had a bunch of them working as extras here and they'll never get over it."

The mystery began to clear up. After that I watched the cowboys with new understanding. The youngsters, who ride in the preliminaries at $2.50 a ride—which is like getting the same amount for tying into a healthy earthquake, no holds barred—kept their eyes on the film stars present. Especially on Gibson who, ten years ago or so, actually rode at Pendleton and won a championship belt. Also he rode the range in that part of the country. Gradually, as nearly as their $2.50 per ride would allow, they imitated the dress of the star who once had ridden for $2. The price has risen since Hoot was a sure-enough buckaroo.

In the show, we saw the fall of the champion, Yakima Canutt. As literal a fall—headlong out of the saddle—as was Willard's fall at Toledo. Before he arose, dazed and bleeding, there was mighty gossip among the buckaroos sitting at the inner edge of the track. Not about the fact that Yakima had been flung from a horse. But that his defeat might mean a difference in his movie contract!

The new champion, Paddy Ryan, a grinning, shock-headed little fellow, was no less conscious of movie possibilities. The night after he had busted his championship horse in a ride that was "high, wide and handsome" he turned that grin of his on the company with which he celebrated victory.

"That's my movie smile," declared Paddy. "Won't I be a romantical-looking actor?"

It wasn't so much of a mystery, at all. I knew now why Three-Notch Haskins had broken into Bret Harte dialogue; why the cowhand rhetorically promised tears over any mishap to Faro, the pinto pony, and why the lady known doubtless as Lou had behaved in that brazen manner. I wondered no longer that all I had seen, while never of the actual West that I knew, was so definitely familiar.

All these good people were *living* scenarios and *talking in sub-titles*. They were being types and using the whole West as a location. They were getting their styles from the Hollywood wardrobe rooms and their manners from the actors who were, in turn, getting their Western tradition from the director's megaphone.

A flash back—to keep in the cinema atmosphere. In a town in the southern Oregon marsh country, another town that has a shooting, gambling, roaring reputation, we went to a moving picture theatre. A raw pine building that might have been a barn with lurid one-sheets pasted on its front. In the audience were cowboys, Indians, half-breeds and Mexicans. They smoked and commented aloud on the performance. It was a "western," a picture as lurid as its posters. It would have gratified the producers to see how closely the film representation tallied with the outfits and the conversation of the audience.

Half a Century Lost?

"THEY won't have nothin' but these 'westerns,'" the owner of the movie told us. "Once I tried one of them bigger and better pictures, like the movie people call 'em, and I came near being lynched."

The last of it came from an old cattle man, whose ranch is so big that the check received for part of his wheat crop is photographed for community publicity. He shook his head over the situation.

"It's past me," said the cattle man, as we rode the rise of Emigrant Hill, "how these hands will turn down a good living to starve in the movies. But you scarcely meet up with one of 'em these days who ain't got one eye on Hollywood while he's bustin' a steer wide open with the other.

"For a while I had hopes our country was getting a little civilized. But the movie stuff has throwed us back fifty years. It would be comical the way they get up if it didn't spoil 'em for honest work. I've had to order my foreman to fire the first hombre he caught growing sideburns like these actors sport.

"And their talk is fit to stampede cattle. They talk cowboy till I can't read their sign any, and I was weaned in a saddle, you might say. No, sir. It's getting so that what we need most is a back-to-the-ranch movement for cowhands."

As he spoke we reached the top of Emigrant Hill. Below us and dropping across the edge of the horizon were wheatfields. Wheatfields and wheatfields! And beyond that, wheatfields. A world of wheatfields stretched like an immense crazy quilt in rich browns and pure yellows. An overwhelming allegory of national strength.

We were silent for a minute. It is a sight that commands silence. The old cattle man spoke first.

"Say!" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't that be a wonderful scene in a movie?"

The Gravel Forty

Continued from page 15

Mina's head was buried in Lew's shoulder when he turned around. And the girl was sobbing there. Lew's eyes looked across the light to him, with pleading—helpless pleading. There wasn't anything to do.

Jeff knew that. They didn't know Clem like he did. Clem had money—he'd always pinched money. Was independent now. He could see Clem's point. Didn't need to sell the gravel—good deal like selling some of the farm. That was kind o' th' way Clem saw it. And Clem didn't have to sell. So what did he care about his shiftless brother? Clem wasn't the sort to care about anybody—not even a brother. Jeff knew that. They didn't know Clem. He did. He was afraid to tell them what he knew about him. And yet he loved Clem. Kind o' tore his heart to get so angry at him. He felt the letter crackle again, and he reached back toward his coffee cup at the table. Drank a swallow of the liquid—now cold. Wasn't anything else much to do.

"Le's be goin'," he said. It was all there was to say.

Silently Mina moved about the table, stacking up the dishes, putting on the water to heat, setting out the dishpan. Lew smoked, with his face averted. Jeff finally went out toward the barn to hitch up. The boy and girl heard the murmur of his voice as he said something, softly, sort of sadly, out there in the dark.

Sarah came in, her eyes red, but her lips hard, determined.

"I wish I could do something," Lew faltered.

"Well, you can't. Nobody can—but Jeff himself!" she snapped. "Time he was gettin' hold o' himself!" Then her voice softened. "I oughtn't to have got so mad. Mighty foolish to get mad that way. Sorry I talked that way to Jeff. He's mighty good to all of us. Always has been. Works like a dog, but he needs a guardian, Jeff does! Needs more spunk in him!"

Lew took down a cloth from the string behind the stove, and helped with the drying of the dishes.

Jeff came in and said the horse and buggy were ready, waiting.

LEW and Mina climbed in. Jeff squeezed in and clucked to the sorrel. They drove a time in silence.

Then Lew spoke, softly, tenderly, seeking something new for them all to think about, "Moonlight's nice, isn't it, Mina?"

The girl stirred a bit—turned so she could nestle closer against his shoulder. Jeff drove stolidly—blindly. Turning out from the lane into the Cloverill Road, the sorrel shied—snorted. Jeff pulled him up sharply—sang out cheerily to a figure walking there in the moonlight beside the road, " 'Lo there! That you, Ben?"

A lantern swung out from behind the man. They could see his face, except for the low-set hat brim.

"Why, it's Clem!" Jeff said. "Out a little late, ain't you, Clem?"

"Y' ought t' have a lantern on that rig," the other spoke, in colorless tones.

"Yep, that's right, Clem. You're right. We forgot it." Jeff agreed heartily and then felt a swift rush of anger against his brother. Lew Knight could feel the muscles of his left arm tightening, where they touched his shoulder.

"G'night, Clem," he said as they drove on. They couldn't hear that Clem answered anything.

"A little surly—as usual—to-night, wouldn't you say, Jeff?" Lew felt he had to say something.

"Yep, Lew. He is, damn 'im!" Jeff almost whispered the oath.

"Why, Daddy!" Mina said. "You mustn't feel that way about folks—not even Uncle Clem!"

"Wonder where Clem's going?" Lew asked.

"Mebbe over t' Bart Summers," said Jeff. "Long way round, though, if he is. Lot shorter down through th' clover there an' 'cross th' foot log at th' ford. Guess Clem's got over his woods-walkin' o' nights, though. Me an' him used t' hunt coons down Big Walnut all winter, an' ye couldn't keep 'im out o' th' woods at night. Clem's a lot older now, though. Jest like me. Jest like everybody gits, I guess. S'pose it's easier t' walk th' road than t' tramp through th' underbrush. Good boy, Clem was, in a lot o' ways. Used to have a lot o' fun t'gether, me an' him, in th' old days."

Jeff mused on. The two lovers, with hands close linked, answered him now and then, but their hearts were with the moon and the cool darkness around them—and with each other. The buggy crunched in the gravel as it rounded the hill, there below Clem's big house, and they turned on northward toward Lawrence. It was a long ride. Mina dozed off into a shadowy, jolting dreamland, a bit sad, but where strong arms now and then drew her closer as the buggy struck a rut, to shield her from the bump—where a big, calloused hand became gentle as it patted the soft curve of her cheek sometimes.

Jeff drove into Lawrence and up to the picture show; let them down from the buggy; watched them go in, through the glaring lights and the gaudy pictures in the little foyer; clucked to the horse and drove on down to the First National; saw the light back down the Logan Street side of the building; knew that meant Hayes was already there—he hoped alone.

IT WAS a long hour before he drove back and pulled up before the garish little theatre; leaned back in the buggy to wait for Lew and Mina. Hayes had been mighty nice about it, Luce had. He could see that. But Luce had some things to worry about too. Lots o' farmers jest now not makin' ends meet.

Reluctantly, slowly, his mind went to Clem. Hayes had urged him to settle things with Clem once and for all about the gravel—had pointed out how a few thousands from the gravel would save things and save 'em quick! Thousands o' yards th' state needed right now! And Clem and he had it—millions o' yards o' th' stuff—back there along the crick, in the Gravel Forty. Washin' down, right now, it was, into Eel River. Fillin' up th' mouth o' Big Walnut. Slippin' away—slippin' away! Quicksand there below the foot log now! An acre of it—looked like! He'd seen it yesterday.

Dimly he sensed some sort of unrighteousness in his father's will. Why had he chosen to tie up the Gravel Forty so that neither of his boys could benefit from it unless both agreed? And Clem so mulish about it! Jeff wondered—thought maybe he knew. Clem'd always told him he'd never git anywheres. Too blame' easy-goin'! Ought to git out an' hustle more. An' save more—in good crop years! Clem'd said once he s'posed sometime he'd have to be buyin' Jeff's land himself, to keep it from th' mortgages. Jeff remembered that—with a start. S'pose Clem was waitin'—waitin'—

No, he couldn't believe that. Not his own brother. And yet—

Well, there just wasn't anything more to do about it. He knew what was in the back o' Clem's head all the time. Clem'd hinted at it, once. Sell out—Jeff's part to Clem—for a thousand dollars! Jeff had never told Sarah that—knew it would just raise her anger again, at his brother. And mebbe Clem hadn't meant it jest that way!

Mebbe he'd ought to go to court. Hayes said he could do that. But what if he'd lose? Wasn't any mortgage on the Gravel Forty. Clem'd seen to that. And a court might make him sell—or something!

He gazed at the glaring lights of the little picture show, unseeing. The quicksand! Slippin' away—his hope and Sarah's and Mina's! Down into Eel River. He'd been in quicksand once himself, up to his hips! Mebbe that'd be th' way t' go—quick an' sure that way! He could drive down there after he got back home—

(*Continued on page 44*)

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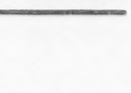

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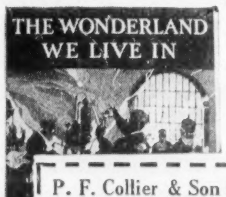

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The Gravel Forty

Continued from page 43

He shook himself—roused. The doors of the little show house were opening. Among the first to come out were Lew and Mina. Their eyes were shining, like the lights of the inclosure. And they were laughing at something, whole-heartedly, youthfully. Jeff winced as he saw them.

With an effort he forced a slow smile, and called to them. They had turned, wanderingly, down the street, forgetting even where they were, it seemed.

They climbed in, telling him about the funny antics of a piecemeal cat they'd seen upon the screen. Jeff forgot himself and laughed with them as they started back, down the main street of Lawrence, weaving through the parking places where automobiles stood in long rows, and turning finally into the road down to the Blackhawk Hills.

It was an hour before they came to the red, covered bridge that spanned Big Walnut Creek and, at the south end, when they came out upon the road again, they saw a light up on Clem's hill. It was almost midnight, and Jeff spoke—startled:

"Must be somethin' wrong at Clem's. Never knew 'em t' have a light this time o' night. Not for years. We better drive up there, Lew, 'fore we turn off for your place. We kin come back this way!"

They found Clem's wife frantic. Clem had started early in the evening to walk to Bart Summers'. Bart had a cow Clem was wanting to buy. As it had grown late, Nora grew worried and finally telephoned Summers. Bart wasn't at home. His wife, Ellen, said Clem had been there, waited for Bart a while, and then started back home—maybe ten o'clock, she guessed. She hadn't seen him since. Bart had gone to town. Wasn't back yet. No, she hadn't any idea where Clem had gone from there. Thought he intended going straight home.

Jeff and Mina quieted her—said Clem had met somebody on the road and was talking to them. Jeff said he and Lew would go and look for him—for her to sit down and get hold of herself again. Mina got a wet cloth and bathed her face. Then she called her mother on the farmer line and told her why they would be late. The two men drove off down the hill.

They said nothing until they were on the road below Clem's house, then Jeff spoke: "Where you s'pose he is, Lew?"

"We might drive down to the ford, Jeff. He might have struck across from Bart's through the woods and down to the foot log above the ford, there below the Gravel Forty. Might've sprained his ankle, or something, Jeff. Mighty funny, Jeff."

JEFF turned the horse into the clover, when the moonlight showed them the double track leading down to the junction of the streams.

"It'll be dark in there, Lew. Better git out th' flashlight. It's under th' seat. Here—I'll stand up, while you reach for it."

Lew rummaged for the light—tried it with a brief gleam across the clover, and then turned it off. They came to the fringe of tall poplars, west of the ford.

"Better call 'im, Lew?" Jeff asked, his voice tense. "Awful dark an' slippery in there, Lew."

The boy gave a long hail into the darkness. Jeff drew up the horse sharply, and they listened. The cry reverberated back and forth between the hills, there to the east of Big Walnut. Suddenly they heard faintly a cry up the creek, perhaps a hundred yards or so.

"Th' foot log—he's up there!" Jeff almost whispered. "Lew, th' quicksand's up there! Deep, it is, now too! Was up there yest'day! My God, Lew. Sounded like he was smothered like, didn't it?"

He touched the sorrel with the lines—turned him back through the clover, northward, into the wheel tracks that led away from the ford. The buggy crashed against young sassafras and elder, growing in the long-neglected path.

"We're comin', Clem!" Jeff shouted, once. They were making so much noise against the brush that they couldn't hear the answer, if there was one. Finally the sorrel stopped—the wheel of the buggy against a fallen log that barred the way.

"Guess he'll stand there," Jeff said, as the two climbed down and plunged through the willows toward the bank. They came at length to the sand and gravel below the willows that fringed the stream. Lew threw the beam of the flashlight outstream, shouting again as the ray ranged the sluggish water. It stopped against a strange, black strip out there, almost against the far bank.

"Clem!" Jeff shouted.

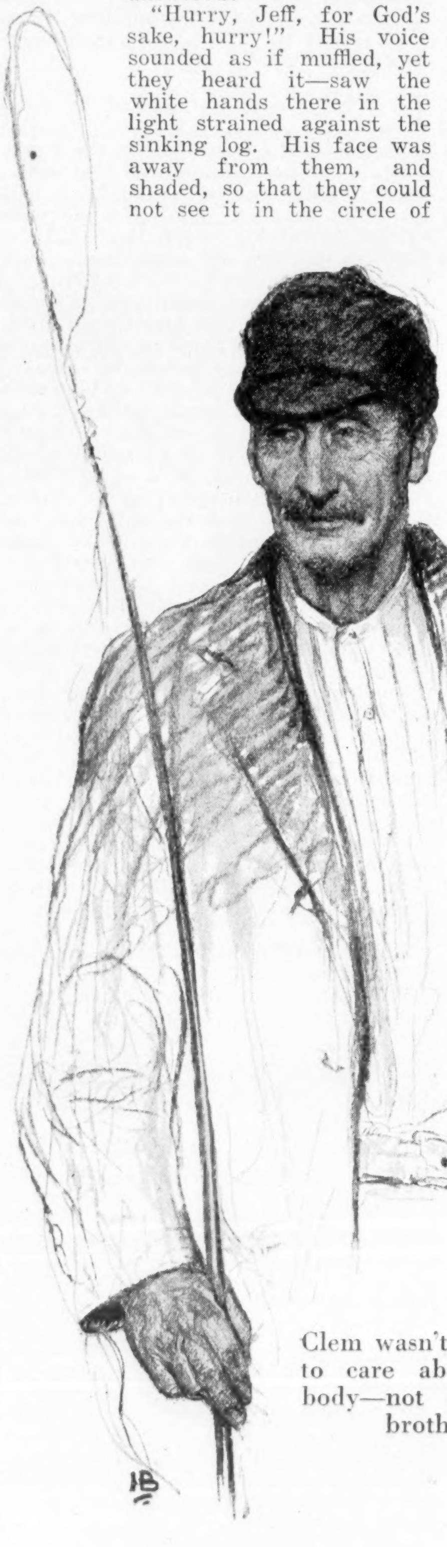
FEEBLY, in the round circle of the light, they saw his white hand signal them, a bare six inches above the water.

"The foot log! Jeff, it's gone!" Lew said and jerked at Jeff's sleeve to pull him around so that he might see, then ranged the other bank again with the light.

"Ain't that it he's holdin' to?" Jeff almost whispered. "That's th' quicksand out there, Lew! Th' log's caught there at one end on th' willows. But she's sinkin' out this way, Lew. See? Th' log's half buried—out this way!"

They shouted to Clem. Feebly he answered:

"Hurry, Jeff, for God's sake, hurry!" His voice sounded as if muffled, yet they heard it—saw the white hands there in the light strained against the sinking log. His face was away from them, and shaded, so that they could not see it in the circle of the light. Another half hour, and—



Clem wasn't the sort to care about anybody—not even a brother

He began to struggle again—they could hear him splashing feebly there beside the log. Hope he felt again surging through him, warming his blood, clearing his brain once more.

"Hurry—Jeff!" he screamed.

They were coming now, Jeff and Lew in the boat. Chained, the boat had been. He wondered how they'd got it loose. Must've cut th' willows. Sure. They could do it that way. God, they were slow. Good old Jeff! A brother, Jeff was! His brother! Needed th' gravel, Jeff did! My God, th' gravel! This was it! It had him in its clutches! Payin' for his bullheadedness! That was it! Maybe God—

"Jeff, I'm slippin'—quick!" he screamed again.

The cry tore at Jeff's clouded brain. He drove the paddle down—down into the ooze of the sand and water beneath him. Knew the scow wouldn't go farther into the sand. Quivering, gluelike, it held them back!

"Push 'er to th' bank and I'll get out," Lew whispered. Jeff drove the paddle down in front, felt the boat's nose turn grudgingly to the eastward, finally felt the scrape as it touched the hard gravel of the bank, felt Lew's weight go from it as he leaped out, watched the boy race upstream and throw the light full on the black strip there—and Clem.

THE craft went through the clutching sand more easily now. Jeff shouted to Lew that he could make it—to hold the flashlight steady—shouted encouragement to Clem, threw his weight against the paddle's end—felt it slip down—down, into the ooze. Seemed like the boat was out of water, skatin' there on th' sand! His back and his shoulder muscles ached terribly. He wished he might stand up. Knew that wouldn't do. Sink down all th' worse if he moved now! He wondered about Lew. What was he doing? Oh, yes, he had to stand there and hold the light. The light! The center of it—that was what he was straining like this for—

Finally he heard a scraping sound again, saw the end of the fallen foot log—long, thin strip of gray, it was, sunk there in the watery sand—coming slowly alongside. He dropped the paddle—oh, how his shoulder muscles were breaking—ran forward, grasped the log's end. Wet, slimy, it was, down there beneath the water. It wouldn't come closer. He went back and threw his aching muscles again against the paddle—moved another yard!

"Reach him the paddle," Lew shouted from the bank.

Jeff stood up again, then lay flat down in the prow and stretched out his arms full length, holding the paddle toward Clem. He could see his eyes now in the light. Pleading with him, they were! Sort of hopeless—as calves' eyes looked at you when they were butchered!

"Kin you take hold, Clem?" he panted when he saw the paddle end scrape against the white, gripping fingers on the log.

Clem couldn't answer. He was fighting to keep his chin above the log. Jeff couldn't see the log any more. It had gone. Jeff stood up, threw the paddle back into the boat, and shuddered as he saw Clem's eyes there on the water—still open. Sort of unbelieving, they were now! Bubbles came from where Clem's mouth had been. He was trying to say something—choking!

Jeff slid out into the sand, holding the boat end with one arm locked about it. He felt the log sinking deeper beneath his feet—wondered if he'd be able to keep his own head above water with that awful sucking at his hips—wondered if Clem was drowning. Pushing the log down from underneath him, as he had to, he felt the terrible pull of the sand as he went on down to where the boat kept him stationary. Then he tried to step toward Clem through the awful, clutching stuff that held him back, hitched the boat along a bit, felt his muscles cracking with the new strain, did it again—

"Grab him, Jeff, grab him!" Lew's cry brought him back to clear, wide-eyed consciousness again. Why, there was Clem—his forehead, his hair—right there in front of him! Couldn't see his eyes now. God, that wasn't Clem—that was his hat. Floating it was now, floating away—

He thrust his hand down beside the log—felt Clem's fingers clutching, tugged at them, felt them come free—wet, slippery—had to grab up above the wrist. Wasn't no hold in Clem's fingers! Then an awful weight! His arms seemed to be pulling from their sockets! He knew he could not let go either of the boat or the hand! Gave another great lurch—upward! Ages afterward he felt relief from the awful strain. His shoulder muscles were easing again. He was drawing his two arms together—

"You've got him, Jeff—you've got him! Keep pulling!" Lew's shout woke him again from the lethargy of exhaustion he was in. He felt the boat sliding along, against his breast. With the log down there for his feet—for a moment, anyhow—he knew he could save himself. He gave another great heave at the hand he held. The sand was giving down there, somewhere. He saw the white face coming up through the light to meet him.

"Clem!" he heard himself whispering. "Take a-holt here! On th' boat."

Knowing that he must do it all himself, he reached—pulled—up—up—found the boat's side with his hand, locked Clem's hand under his atop the board; hung his weight again on the boat himself! Relaxed then—somehow felt new strength. Clem's hand was locked there under his! They were safe!

"Thank God!" he heard Lew mutter almost in his ear. Looking up, he saw Lew bending over him. Why, they were at the bank! Lew was letting go of a great white piece of driftwood, with a limb hooked across the boat. He'd pulled them in, Lew had!

Somehow the two of them, standing up in the boat, the water and sand trickling down inside Jeff's clothes, and their feet slipping in the muck of the boat's bottom as they tugged, got Clem's body up and across the boat, Jeff holding to his hands, keeping Clem safe from the demon that sucked at them—out there below the boat!

Finally they stumbled out, up the bank a foot or two, bearing their burden. Jeff felt his muscles softening. Exquisite the pain was now. Then he thought of Clem—felt of his heart. Beating!

"Just fagged, I guess, Lew," he heard himself mutter. "Be all right in a minute. Clem seems awful cold, somehow. Got a match for a fire?"

LEW KNIGHT hadn't come across the ridge the next night as early as he sometimes did. He was busy picking some late transparents that they'd buy down at Cloverill, so they'd phoned him. He missed Clem at Jeff's house. Mina had to tell him all about it later in the evening.

"Mother and Dad were sitting there, looking at each other across the table. Dad looked mighty tired—and droopy. He almost killed himself last night, Lew.

"I just wanted to cuddle him up in my arms like you do a sick puppy, or a little, unfeathered chicken that's been out in the rain in April. I heard the car come up outside the front gate, and it sounded like Uncle Clem's. But I couldn't believe it, Lew. He hasn't been over here for years. You know—not since Dad and he had the words about the Eel River dike.

"Well, Mother was all ready to jump at him—she was worn out with all the trouble he'd made for us. But Dad met Uncle Clem at the door—shook hands with him. Asked him how he was feeling. Said it was a mighty narrow time they'd had of it down there last night! And Uncle Clem—well, you should've seen him, honey. Good as a show. He didn't act like I remember Uncle Clem at all. Terribly embarrassed, he was—dropped his eyes after he'd looked at Mother standing there watching him. Then he tried to talk. Finally he sat down in the big hickory chair over there behind the stove. He put his feet up on the stove, but it was hot, and he almost fell over backward getting them down again. Mother was glaring at him, when he gradually got to talking. She was crying, with her arms around Dad's neck, before he got through.

"It was funny, the way he began: 'Folks, I've been a blunderin' idiot for th' last ten year! I've come up t'night—t' try an' make it right!'

"Dad begun to ease over toward where he was, and finally patted him a little, on the shoulder; 'Oh, pshaw, now, Clem! Don't talk like that!' he said.

"But Uncle Clem went right on:

"'Jeff—' he said, 'I've brought ye up ten thousand in Liberty Bonds that I drug out o' my safe-deposit box in th' bank at Lawrence, t'day. I'd a talk with Hayes about ye. I'm a loanin' 'em to ye until th' gravel money begins to come in. Then ye can pay me back, Jeff! An' not until then!'

"THEN he shuddered, Lew—I suppose he was thinking of last night—and the gravel and sand! Wasn't that awful, honey—last night? I went down there to-day to look at it, Mother and I. And then we thanked the Lord that Dad was as strong as he is. Nobody else ever would have made it, out of there, Lew!

"Well, Dad got up and started toward Uncle Clem again. Stuttering, Dad was. And Uncle Clem just got up and threw the bonds down on the kitchen table and almost ran out of the door! 'Come over an' see us—once in a while, folks!' he almost whispered, embarrassed, as he shut the door. And Mother and Dad and I just stood there, with our mouths hanging open! Finally Dad sort of wakened up and looked at us. There were big tears in his eyes, Lew. And I'll bet you never can guess what he said—"

"I'll bet you I can!" Lew Knight drew his arm a little closer about his wife-to-be. "Jeff said: 'Now, ain't that jest like Clem?'"

"That's just what he said, Lew—good old Dad! Isn't it all wonderful, honey?" And Lew told her it was, wordlessly—with his lips!

Sarah Clark came, then, to the lighted doorway—peered out into the darkness of the porch:

"Lew, oh, Lew!" she called, a bit stridently, it seemed to Lew.

"Yes, ma'am!" he answered, sheepishly.

"Clem left a big envelope here, addressed to you. I found it wrapped up in the bonds. Come in here—away from Mina for a minute—an' see what's in it, Lew!" There was excitement, tenseness in her voice.

Fumblingly Lew's big calloused hands tore open the flap. He pulled out a folded sheet of paper, with a great gold seal at one corner, looking at it under the yellow lamp—

"Why, Mina—lookee here—" He drew in his breath in a low whistle. "What's this, honey?"

Jeff Clark took the paper from the boy's hands—thrust his face down toward it beneath the light, studied it for a time.

"It's a deed, Lew! A deed to Clem's in'trest in th' Gravel Forty—made out t' ye an' Mina jointly! That's Hayes' name down there in th' corner, Lew. He must 'a' drawed it up for Clem. Now, ain't that jest like Clem?"

Big tears gleamed again on Jeff's wind-battered cheeks, as he folded Mina in his arms.

"Good—gosh!" said Lew Knight.

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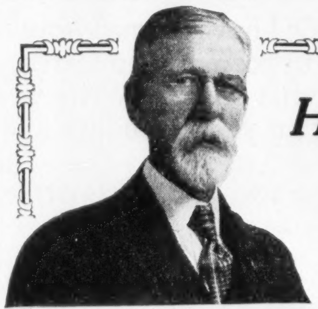

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Finns and Fish

To the Editor of Collier's:

I LEARNED something yesterday from the daily paper which I, in common with Bruce Barton and many others, have been side-stepping somewhat.

I have always known that a fin was all important to a fish, but I never realized how much a fish meant to a Finn till I read about Nurmi's diet in the daily paper.

I would like to ask if the Finns are not pretty largely abstainers from the use of alcoholics, and if this has any bearing on their staying powers?

DAN PATCH, Stoneham, Mass.

Like Infant, Like Flapper

To the Editor of Collier's:

It is amazing how seriously the young people take themselves these days, and yet it is not to be wondered at so much. From infancy they are pushed into the limelight by adoring parents and family—paraded and shown off, until their ego is tremendously overdeveloped. In many cases, as they grow up and get some sense and have the rough edges of the old world rub them into place, they learn to know their relative unimportance, but in too many cases the deformity persists and leads to serious consequences.

Fifty years ago children were taught that they should be "seen and not heard," but not so these days. Now older people have to keep still while kids show their superior wisdom. Just recently a young girl in a letter to you boasted that a girl of thirteen now knew more than her grandmother did at thirty.

The grandmother had been taught that it was neither wise nor decent to tell all she knew.

"JAMES SMOKEFETTER,"
Badger, S. D.

This Week's Word Puzzle

To the Editor of Collier's:

Why *Muscle* Shoals instead of *Mussel* Shoals? The Tennessee River is full of mussel shoals, caused by clam beds. Maybe all the other soldiers in the parade are out of step but me, but still I ask, why *Muscle?* Surely not to designate the strength of the dam!

F. G. WORDEN, Springfield, Mass.

Another Way With Daughters

To the Editor of Collier's:

Thank God, mine was not a "modern father." He could not afford to send me to a private school. I mixed with the rest of the common children. I worked evenings while attending college. I worked for wages. I chose my own husband. I feel that I am really an American.

With one "modern father" who wrote to you, I agree that our children are not playthings nor even possessions. It is only our place to equip them for the fullest enjoyment and usefulness in life—but is it not possible to over-equip? It sounds as though his daughter's equipment was to include everything but freedom to live her own life.

I intend to equip my daughters (and I will have them if I must adopt them) thus: Well-chosen Mother Goose rhymes at the proper time; carefully selected stories; kindergarten and Sunday school or a home substitute; training in all branches of my chosen career, homemaking; music lessons of their own preference; public school; high school—oh, happy memories!—a vacation job, and the rest is up to them.

I think this program will embrace self-reliance, decisiveness, independence and good sportsmanship. Can someone improve on the plan?

"MODERN DAUGHTER,"
Little Rock, Ark.

Workers for Better Schools

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am greatly interested in your "Better School Program." Even superficial observation proves the need. The great need of all centuries has been, and is, to find that element which will preserve civilization. Up to date everything has been tried of which man can think, and man is not thinking of any new thing to-day, but insists on trying the old again.

The one and first great need is the development of true character. The one thing needed in the upper grades and high schools is Christian moral ethics, not just moral ethics. We ministers of Jamestown have a program of Protestant Bible instruction in all grades from first through high school, and it is being carried out with pleasure and profit and getting fine reaction. L. L. GRAY, Jamestown, O.

To the Editor of Collier's:

We are endeavoring in this school to make self-governing, free and loyal American citizens; to leave to the child the right to untrammeled expression so far as possible; to have them respect the rights of others and in all their work or play act on the square; to shun and abhor the evil and cling to that which is good; to feel that the teacher is their friend and they may come to her at any time with their troubles and get sympathy and advice. In fact, we are trying to make this school just one big family, where joy and peace abound as well as learning.

JOHN E. WRIGHT,
Principal, Miramonte School,
Los Angeles, Cal.

The High Cost of Current

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have just finished Mrs. Bruère's article, "A Cure for Smoke-Sick Cities."

It is unfortunate that the impression should be left that the heating of a home in London, Ontario, by electricity is cheaper than heating it with a coal furnace. We know that the unit of heat is a British Thermal Unit and that there are 3,412 of them in a kilowatt hour. There are 11,000 B. T. U. in a pound of good anthracite coal.

Mrs. Bruère says 35 per cent of the coal burned in the furnace goes up the chimney. This would leave us 65 per cent of 11,000 B. T. U., or 7,150 B. T. U., which means that burning one pound of good anthracite coal in the cellar furnace puts 7,150 B. T. U. into the house. With coal at $20 per ton in the cellar, one pound of it would cost one cent.

Therefore for one cent we get 7,150 B. T. U. into the house for heating. If we paid only one cent for a kilowatt hour, we would get only 3,412 B. T. U. into the house for one cent.

If coal costs $20 per ton in the cellar and electricity costs one cent per kilowatt hour at the house meter, it would cost us twice as much to heat our houses by electricity as it would by a furnace in the cellar.

WILLIAM S. MURRAY, New York.

The Gift No One Wants

To the Editor of Collier's:

A good friend came into my office and dropped into a chair, saying, "I am feeling pretty tough to-day. I guess I'm coming down with the flu or something."

He was correct, and a few days later I was laid up with the same contagious disease. Then my wife had a more severe attack, and a little later the children took their turn, each suffering several days and missing school. Incidentally, there was the doctor bill to pay.

Now, if some member of my family had died, would my good friend have been a murderer? He was intelligent and educated, but simply failed to realize that he was under any obligation to protect his friends from the contagious disease which he had contracted.

Aren't there about one hundred million other individuals in the United States whose moral training is deficient at just this point? Would not the spread of all contagious diseases receive an effectual check if every afflicted person conscientiously endeavored to protect others? Isn't it about time to arouse the American people to recognize that the careless spreading of disease is an immoral act? It seems to the writer that here is a task for both Church and School?

R. L. PARKER, Traer, Ia.

The Moral Code in Kansas

To the Editor of Collier's:

The Wichita Lions Club congratulates Collier's upon the Children's Code. We are considering placing it in all city schoolrooms.

E. EICHELBERGER, Wichita, Kansas.

We Aren't

To the Editor of Collier's:

When are you going to begin printing cross-word puzzles in Collier's?

C. W. P. FAN.

Enter the Wise Spenders' Contest

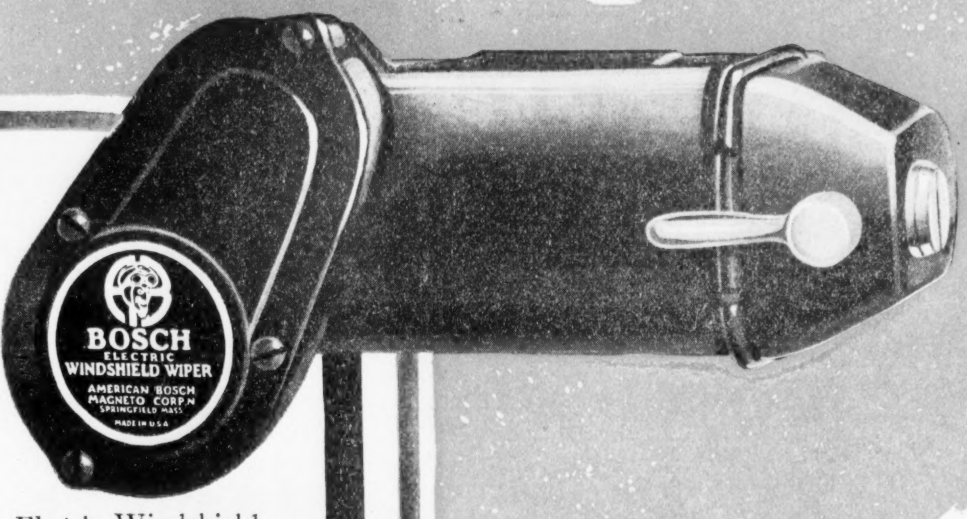
IF YOU have learned how to do much with little, there is an opportunity to fatten your budget through Collier's $350 prize contest. Write us a 200-word letter, telling how you plan your spending and what your plan has done for you.

Here's what Mr. Hawtree, an Illinois reader, has to say:

> To the Editor of Collier's:
>
> While working as a lad in England I got my first idea of looking ahead by joining a "slate club"—the members of which set aside a small sum each week to spend for Christmas or summer vacation.
>
> I worked for a manufacturer's purchasing agent and learned to apply his business methods to my personal spending. With not so much money to spend, I applied his calculations to the purchase of a pair of boots, for instance, and found that there were startling differences in the cost-per-day of cheap boots versus good ones.
>
> The same planning led to my coming to the United States. I believed the opportunities were better. They were.
>
> My family lives in a spacious house surrounded by valuable land. The investment, fifteen years ago, called for sacrifice, but we made our plan and stuck to it. Values have grown.
>
> Life is a "slate club" affair. Spend for the future, for results. Measure the cheap against the good, stick tenaciously to your "slate" after you have made it, and in the right time and place you will enjoy the benefits.

For the best letter we will pay $200; for the second best, $100; for the third best, $50. Letters should not exceed 200 words, should reach us by March 7th and cannot be returned. Address Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

SNOW



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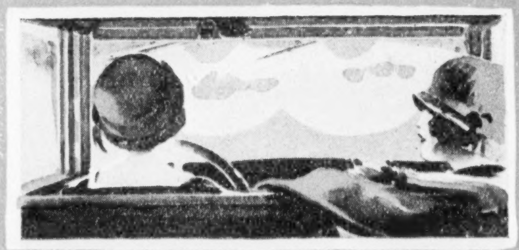

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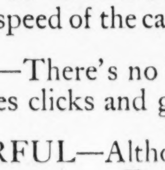

BOSCH
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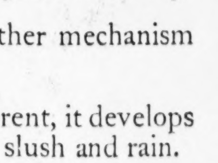

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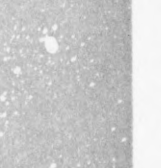
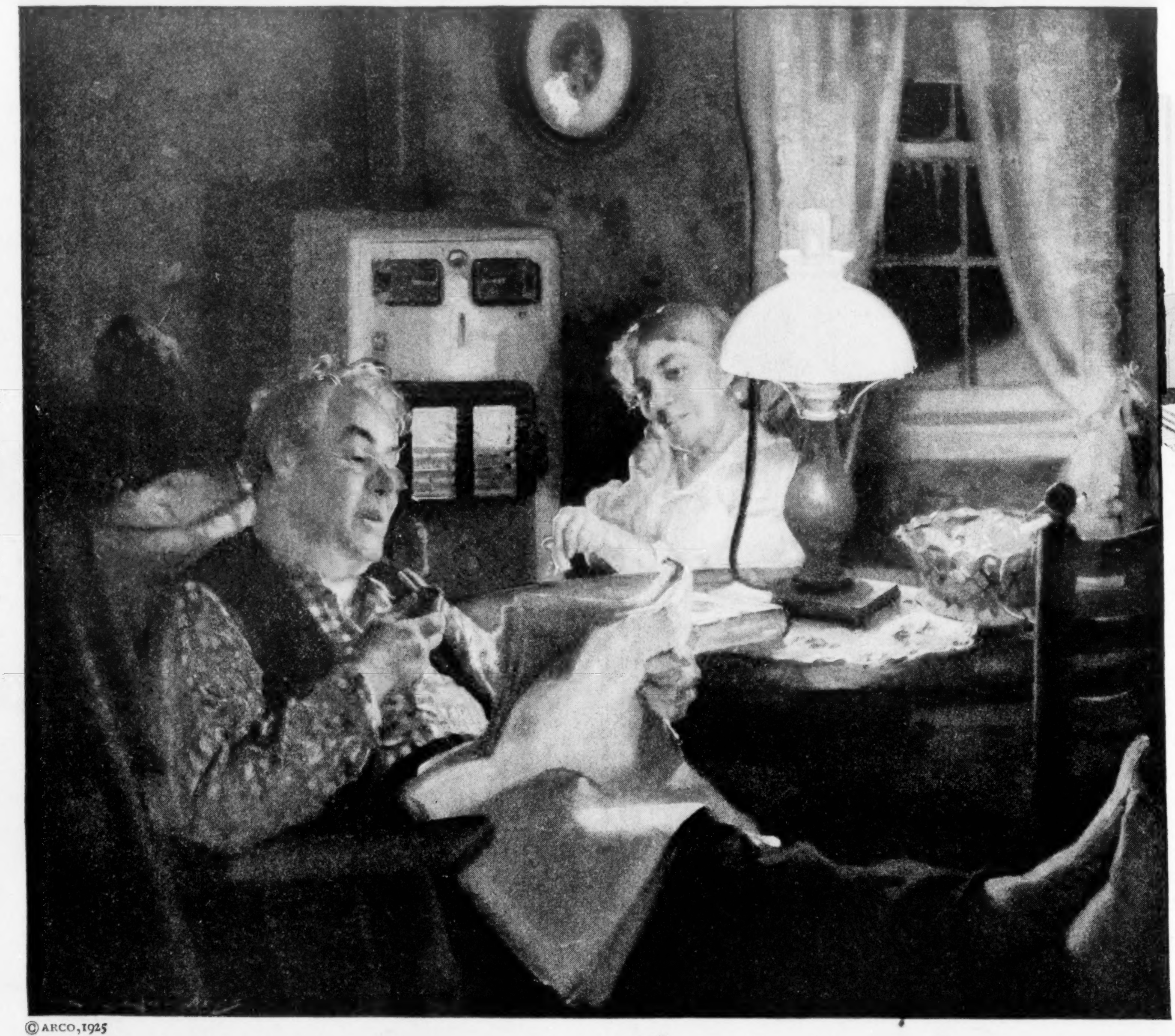


"Why keep a good thing to yourself?" *writes Mrs. Hartzell*



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Through the Pyrex-glass door panels the hot coals glow with the genial friendliness of an open fire. And the glistening gray enameled jacket can be kept as clean as fine china—an ornament in any room. Send for the new ARCOLA book. It's *worth* having.

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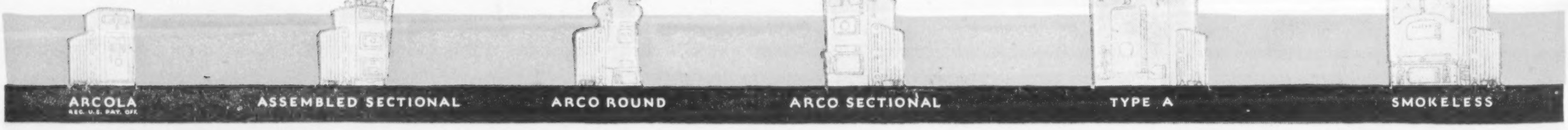IDEAL BOILERS AND AMERICAN RADIATORS FOR EVERY HEATING NEED